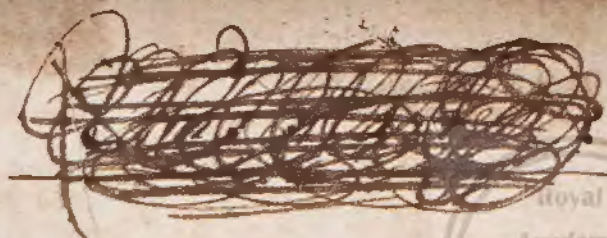




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Charterhouse }



Bought at Warren Hornes Sale.



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1st Bk 3rd ed. 1714

Bk II. 2nd ed. 1714



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Harmonia Sacra:
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 DIVINE HYMNS
 A N D
 DIALOGUES:

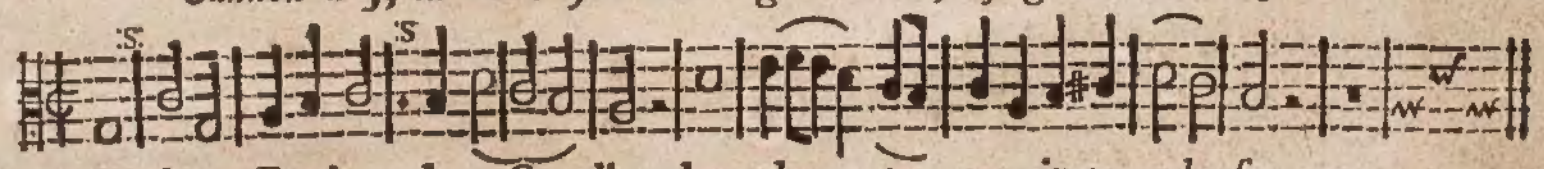
WITH
 A THROUGH-BASS for the Theorbo-Lute,
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Composed by the Best Masters of the last and Present Age.

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

The First **BOOK**. The 3^d. Edition very much Enlarg'd and Corrected; also Four Excellent Anthems of the late Mr. *H. Purcell's* never before Printed.

Cannon a 3, in the Fifth and Eighth below, rising a Note every time.



Laudate Dominum de Cæ-lis, lau-da-te eum in ex-cel-sis.

Where Musick and Devotion joyn,
 The way to Canaan pleasant is;
 We travel on with Songs Divine,
 Ravish'd with Sacred Extasies.

No longer do' we pass,
 Thro' a dry Barren Wilderness;
 But thro' a land where Milk and Honey flow,
 The Paths to Heav'n above, leads thro' a Heav'n
 (below.)

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *S. H.* and Sold by *John Young*, Musical Instrument-seller, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard. **MDCCXIV.**

Where may be had Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Orpheus Britannicus, Compleat.

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DIVINE HYMNS

AND

PSALMS

WITH

A PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE VOICE AND PIANO

By the Rev. J. H. W. [illegible]

London: [illegible] 18[illegible]

Printed by [illegible] and [illegible]

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To the QUEEN's
MOST



Excellent Majesty:

MADAM,

THE Best of Authors have been always Presents for the Best of Princes, and it would have been a great breach of Duty in me, to lay these Excellent Performances any where but at Your Majesty's Sacred Feet. Your Majesty has a double Right to their Patronage, from Your Love to Musick, and affection to Devotion, and as You are an Encourager of Both, so both apply themselves with all Humility for Your Protection.

Your Majesty was pleased to give Mr Purcell Your Royal Approbation when Living, and it is Humbly hop'd the Memory of him will not be unpleasing to You now He is Dead; and though the Publisher has no Merit in himself to Recommend Him to Your Majesty's Presence, Your Majesty will Graciously receive what begs Your Acceptance, for the sake of those Ingenious Gentlemen that Oblig'd the World with these Compositions.

The Encouragement of Arts and Sciences is one of the Prerogatives of Royalty, and the most Glorious Reigns have allways had the Reputation of being the most Learned. What may we not then expect under Your Majesty's Auspicious Government? This makes me presume to hope, that the Piety of the Words, and Artfulness of the Musick, will not appear undeserving of Your Majesty's Favour. Which if they may be so Happy as to obtain I shall think it my Glory to continue my great cost and Pains in contributing to the Publick satisfaction, and ever make it my endeavour to approve my self, Madam,

Your Majesty's most Dutyful,

Most Devoted, and most

Faithful Subject

HENRY PLAYFORD.

Handwritten initials or mark in the top left corner.

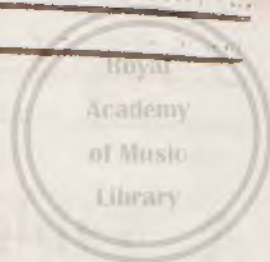


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TO THE
READER.



THE Youthful and Gay have already been entertain'd with variety of Rare Compositions, where the lighter Sportings of Wit have been Tun'd by the most Artful Hands, and made at once to gratify a Delicate Ear, and a wanton Curiosity.

I now therefore address to others, who are no less *Musical*, though they are more *Devout*. There are many Pious Persons, who are not only just Admirers, but excellent Judges too, both of *Musick* and *Wit*; to these a singular Regard is due, and their exquisite Relish of the former ought not to be pall'd by an unagreeable Composition of the later. Divine *Hymns* are therefore the most proper Entertainment for them, which, as they make the sweetest, and indeed the only, Melowdy to a *Religious Ear*, so are they in themselves the very Glory and Perfection of *Musick*.

For 'tis the meanest and most Mechanical Office of this *Noble Science* to play upon the Ear, and strike the Fancy with a superficial Delight; but when Holy and Spiritual Things are its Subject, it proves of a more subtle and refined Nature, whilst darting it self through the Organs of Sense, it warms and actuates all the Powers of the Soul, and fills the Mind with the brightest and most ravishing Contemplation. *Musick* and *Poetry* have in all Ages been accounted Divine, and therefore they cannot be more naturally employed, than when they are conversant about *Heaven*, that Region of *Harmony*, from whence they are derived.

Now as to this present Collection, I need said no more than that the *Words* were penn'd by such Persons, as are, and have been very Eminent both for Learning and Piety; and indeed, he that reads them as he ought, will soon find his Affections warm'd, as with a Coal from the Altar, and feel the Breathings of Devine Love from every Line. Here therefore the *Musical* and *Devout* cannot want Matter both to exercise there Skill, and heighten their Devotion; to which excellent Purposes that these two Books may be truly effectual is the hearty desire of

Your humble Servant,

Henry Playford

A Table of the Divine HYMNS and DIALOGUES
contain'd in this Book.

<p style="text-align: center;">A</p> <p>A Wake, awake and with attention hear, - <i>H. Purcell</i> Page 13 And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove! - <i>Blow</i> 25</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C</p> <p><i>Locke</i> Come honest Sexton, take thy Spade, 5 Close thine Eyes, and sleep secure, thy Soul is safe, <i>H. Purcell</i> 41</p> <p style="text-align: center;">E</p> <p><i>Blow</i> Enough my Muse of Earthly things, and Inspirations but of Winds, 31</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p>Great God and Just! <i>H. Purcell</i> 60</p> <p style="text-align: center;">H</p> <p>How art thou lall'n, from Heav'n O Lucifer! - <i>Blow</i> 27 How long great God, how long must I, - <i>H. Purcell</i> 33 Hark how the wakeful cheerful Cock a Dialogue, - <i>Blow</i> 44 Help, Father Abraham, help a Di- alogue, - <i>Blow</i> 49 <i>H. Purcell</i> How have I stray'd, my God, 57 Happy the man, to whom the sacred Muse, - <i>Widom</i> 73</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p>In the black dismal Dungeon of De- spair, - <i>H. Purcell</i> Page 7 I know that my Redemer Lives, 39</p> <p style="text-align: center;">L</p> <p><i>Locke</i> Let the Night perish, <i>H. Purcell</i> 10 Lord, I have sin'd - <i>Hampden</i> 37</p> <p style="text-align: center;">N</p> <p>Now, that the Sun hath veil'd his Light, - <i>H. Purcell</i> 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;">O</p> <p>O that mine Eyes wou'd melt into a flood, - <i>Blow</i> 64 O the sad Day, - <i>Hampden</i> 66 O God for ever Blest, - <i>Church</i> 69</p> <p style="text-align: center;">P</p> <p>Peaceful is he and most secure, <i>Blow</i> 55</p> <p style="text-align: center;">T</p> <p>The Earth trembled, - <i>H. Purcell</i> 3 Thou wakeful Shepherd, <i>H. Purcell</i> 6 Thus Mortals must submit to Fate, 36</p> <p style="text-align: center;">W</p> <p>With sick and famish'd Eyes, <i>H. Purcell</i> 22 We sing to him whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, - <i>H. Purcell</i> 63 Wilt thou forgive that Sin, <i>Hampden</i> 67</p>
--	--

The four following Anthems by Mr. H. Purcell.

<p><i>H. Purcell</i> Blessed is he that considereth the Poor, Psal. 41, v. 31 Page 91 I was glad when they said unto me, Psal. 122 the 7 1st. verses, 98 O give thanks unto the Lord, Psal. 106 the 4 1st. verses, 106 My Song shall be always of the Loving kindness of the Lord, Psal. 89. 121</p>

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Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The First BOOK.

An EVENING HYMN.

On a Ground.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Henry Purcell.



Slow.

Ow, now that the Sun hath

veil'd his Light, and bid the World good night; to the soft Bed, to the soft, the

soft Bed my Body I dispose, but where, where shall my Soul repose? Dear, dear

God, even in thy Arms, ev'n in thy Arms, and can there be a—ny so swee—t

Se—cu—ri—ty! Can there be, a—ny so sweet, so sweet Sa—cu—ri—ty!

Then to thy Rest, O my Soul! Then to thy rest, O my Soul!

and sing, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days; and

sing, praise the Mercy that prolongs thy Days.

Hallelujah, Hallelu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-

-le-lu-jah, Hallelujah, Hallelu-jah, Hal-

le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle-lu-jah, Hal le-

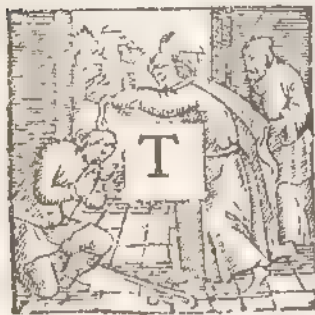
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lu-jah, Hal ————— le — lu —

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Below the staff, the lyrics are written: "-jah, Hal—" followed by a long dash, and then "-le--lu-jah." The bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment, written in bass clef with the same key signature. It features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Both staves end with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

On our Saviour's Passion.

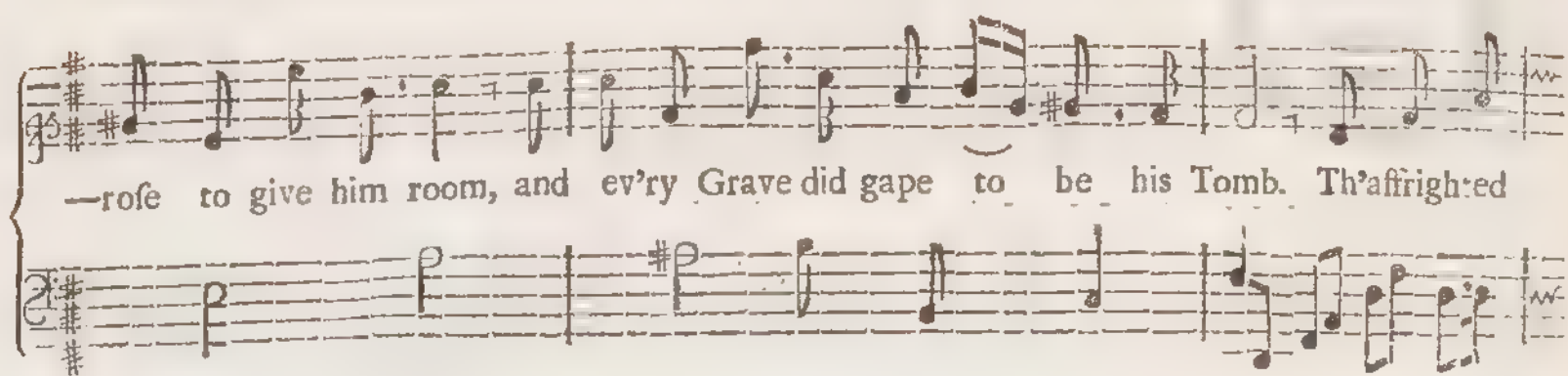
Mr *Henry Purcell.*



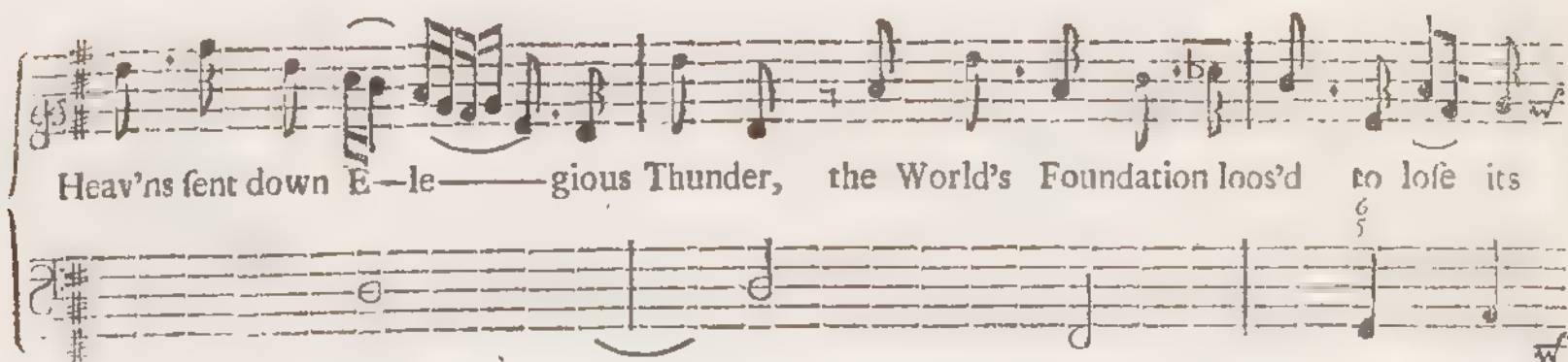
He Earth trembled, and Heav'ns clos'd Eye, was loth to

See the Lord of Glo---ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres

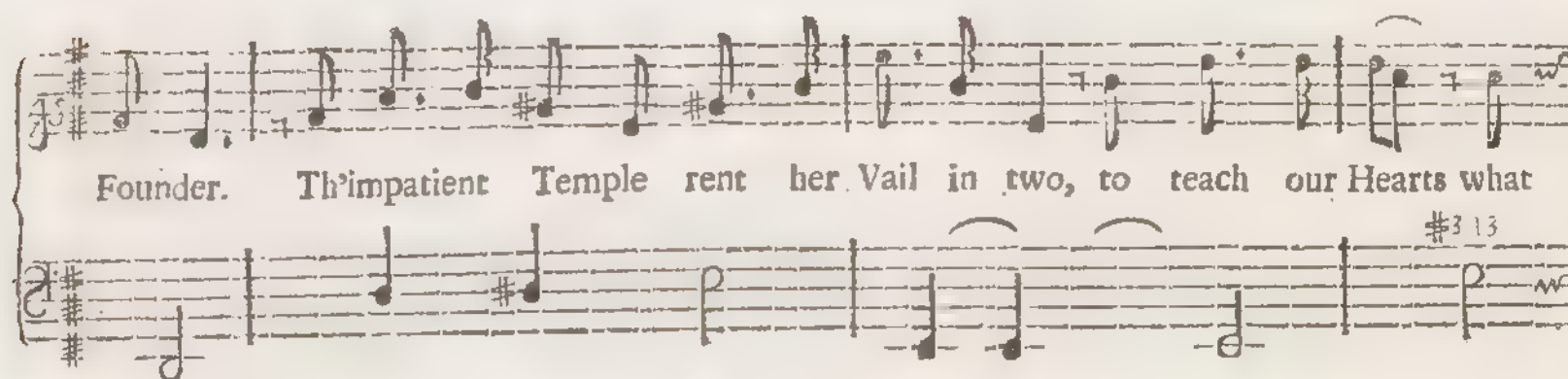
for-get their Har-mo—ny, the Clouds drop'd Tears: Th'ambitious Dead a—



—rose to give him room, and ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb. Th'affrighted

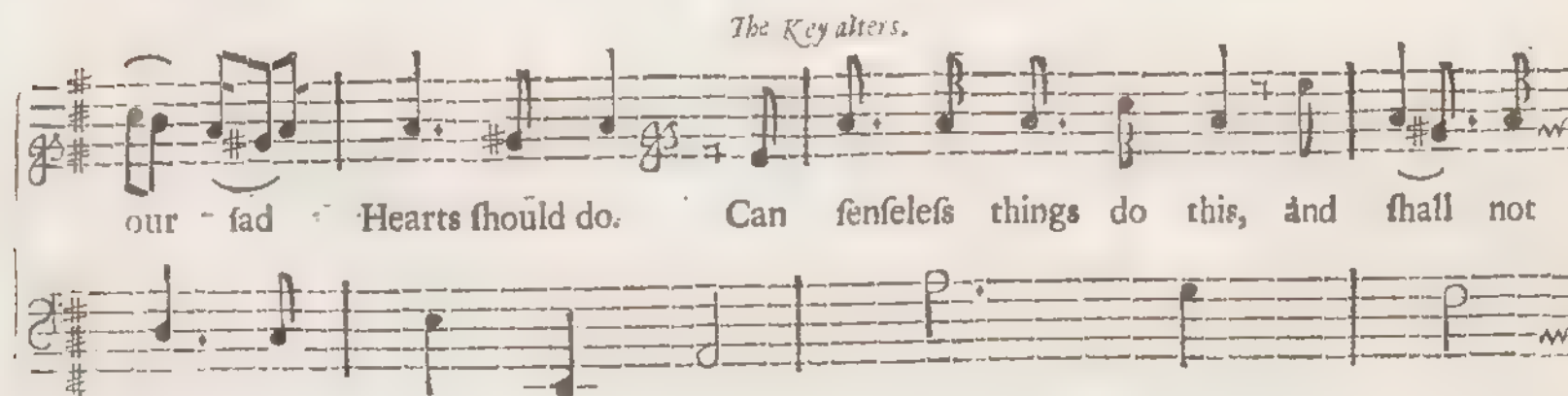


Heav'ns sent down E—le—gious Thunder, the World's Foundation loos'd to lose its

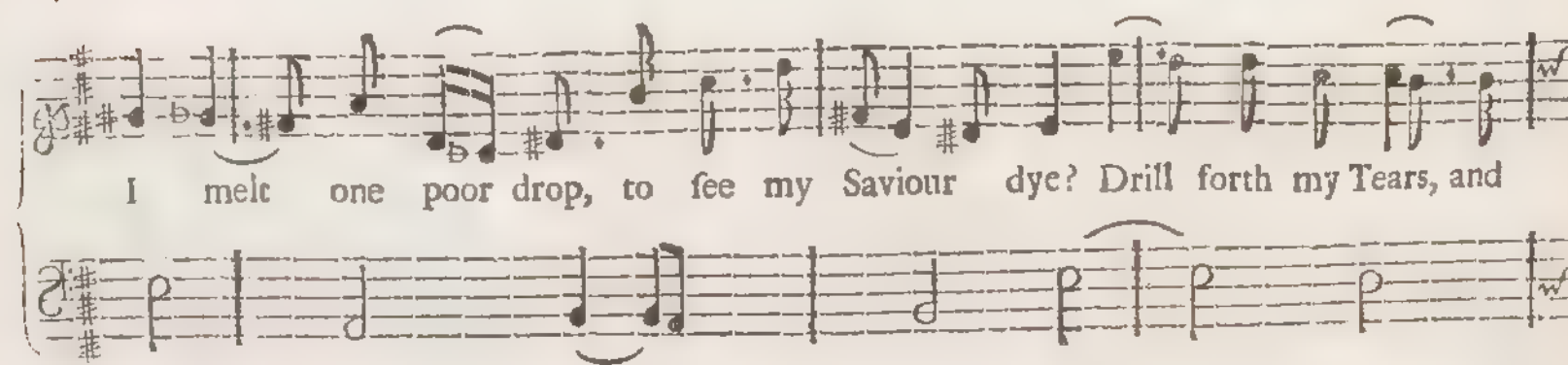


Founder. Th'impatient Temple rent her Vail in two, to teach our Hearts what

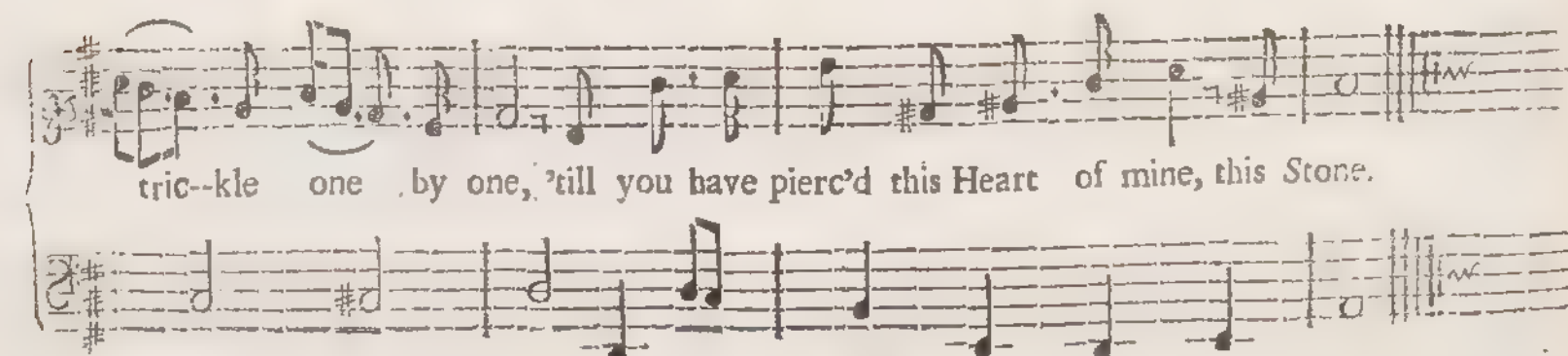
The Key alters.



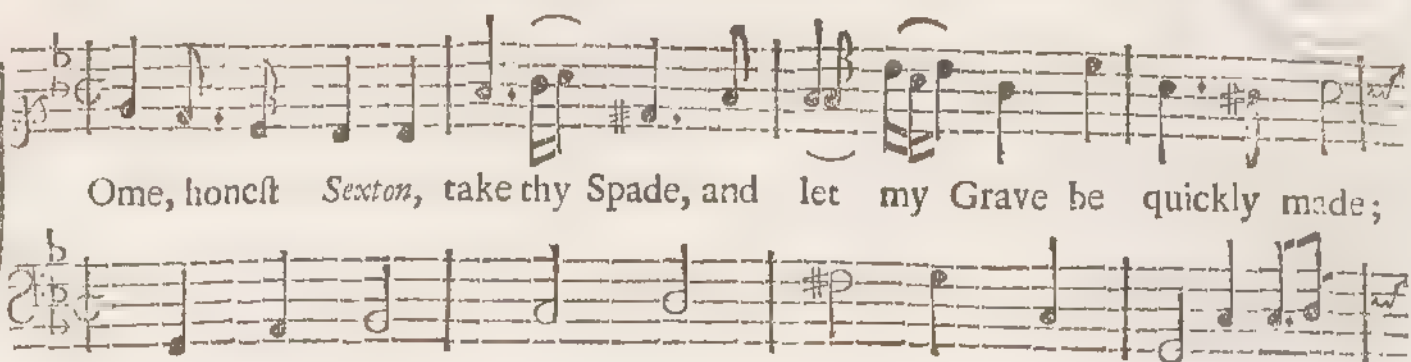
our - sad - Hearts should do. Can senseless things do this, and shall not



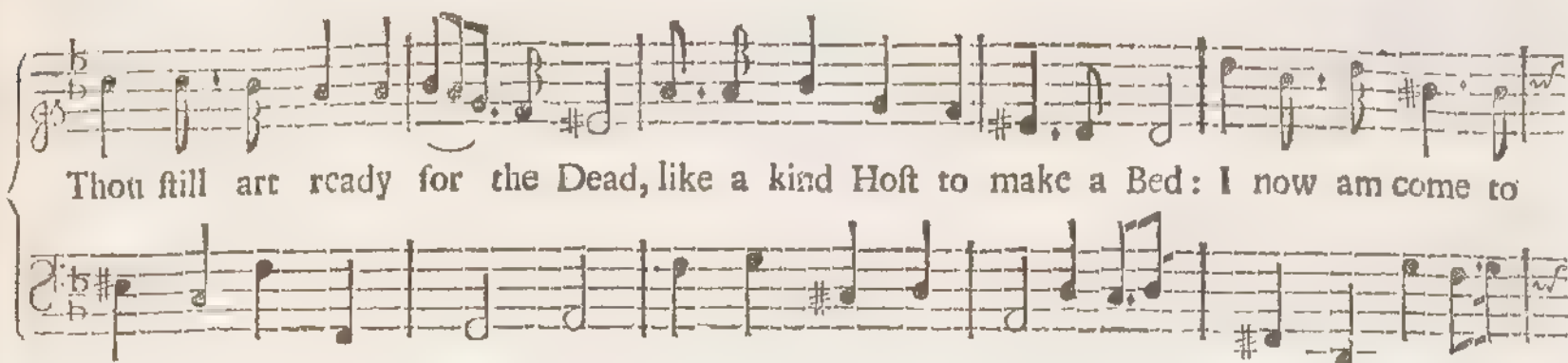
I melt one poor drop, to see my Saviour dye? Drill forth my Tears, and



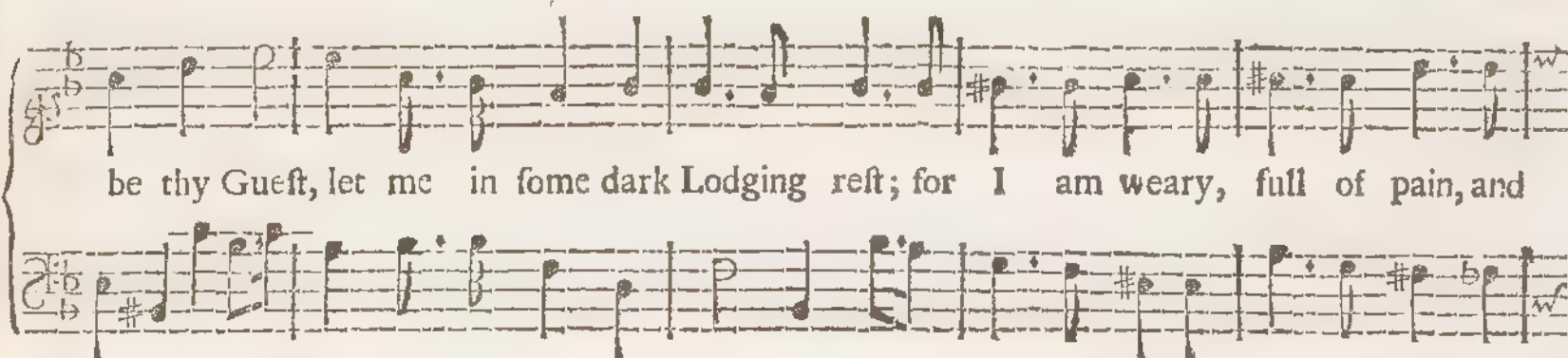
tric-kle one by one, 'till you have pierc'd this Heart of mine, this Stone.

The PASSING-BELL. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.

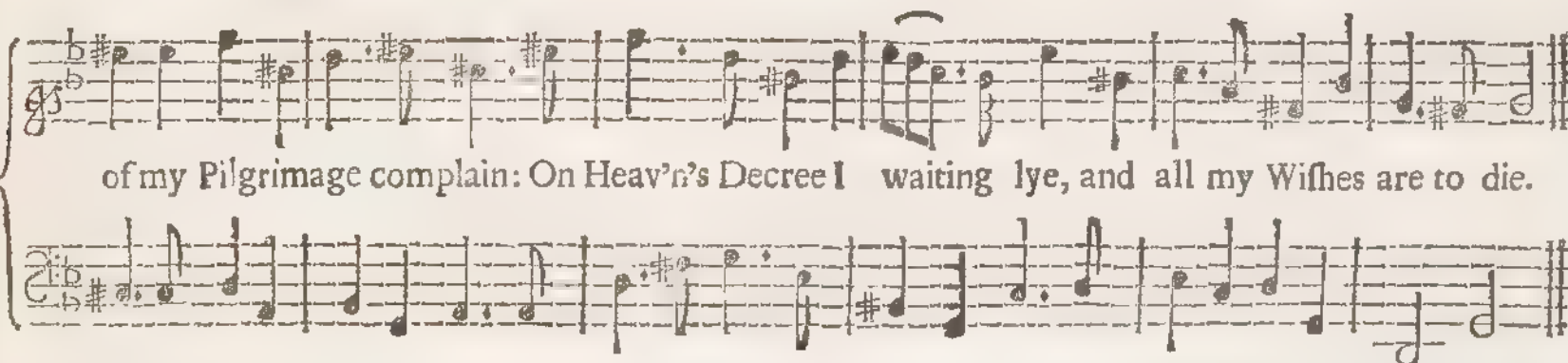
Ome, honest Sexton, take thy Spade, and let my Grave be quickly made;



Thou still art ready for the Dead, like a kind Host to make a Bed: I now am come to



be thy Guest, let me in some dark Lodging rest; for I am weary, full of pain, and

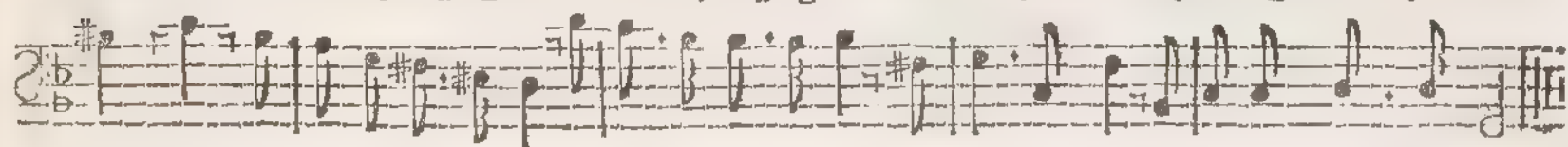


of my Pilgrimage complain: On Heav'n's Decree I waiting lye, and all my Wishes are to die.

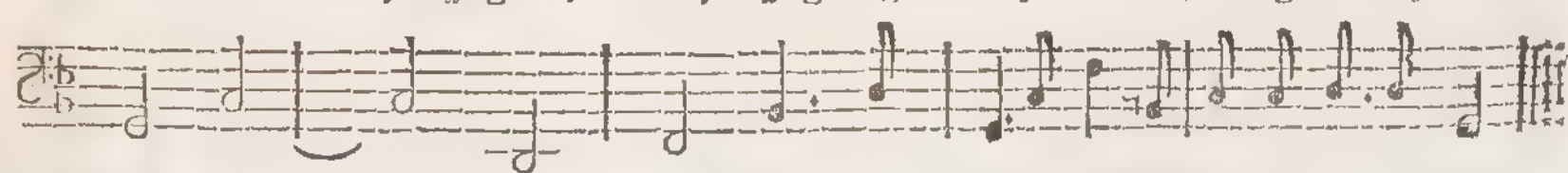
CHORUS.



Hark! bark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.



Hark! bark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.



Make my cold Bed (good Sexton!) deep,
That my poor Bones safely sleep;
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, life up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you rise!

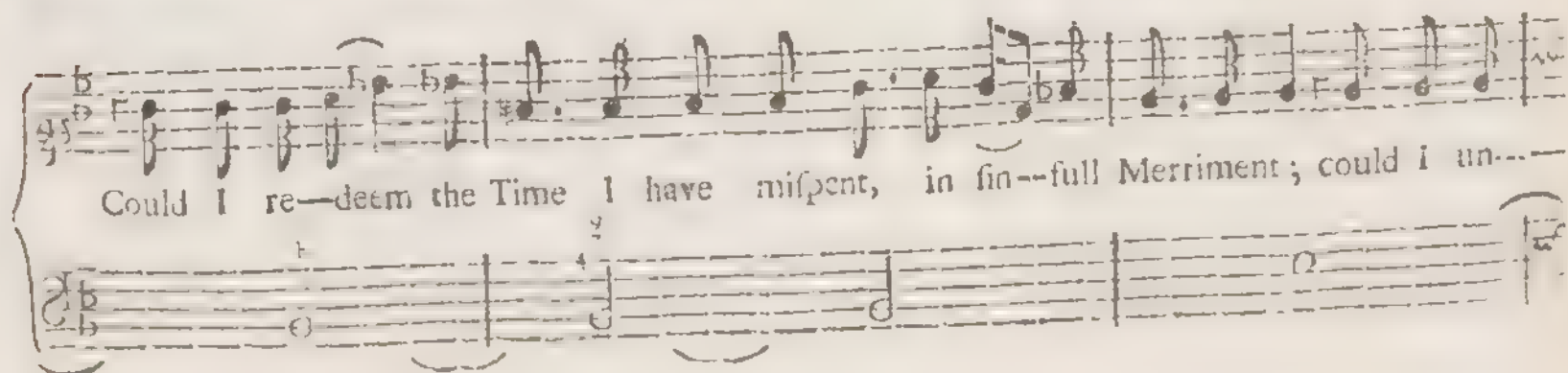
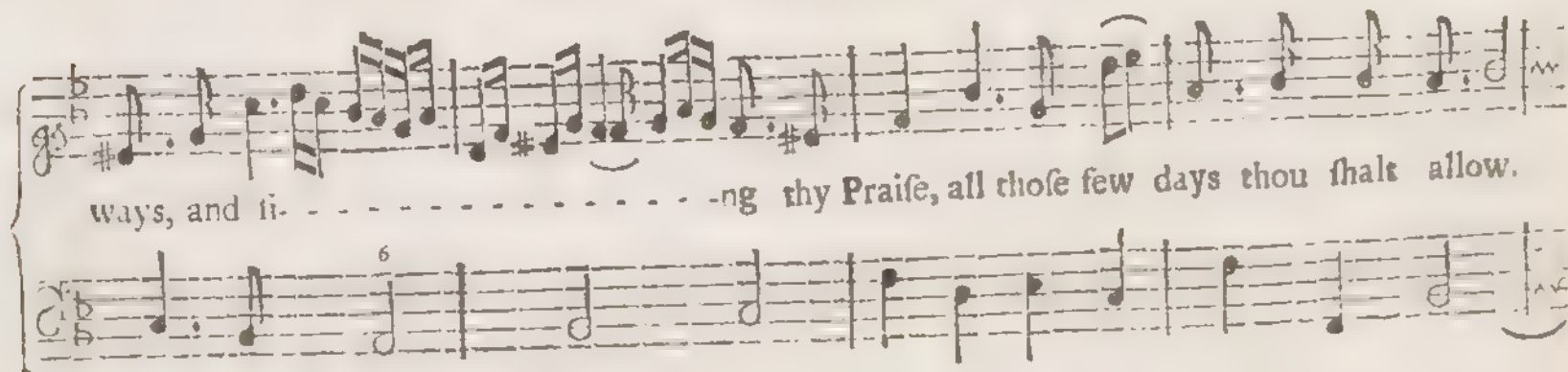
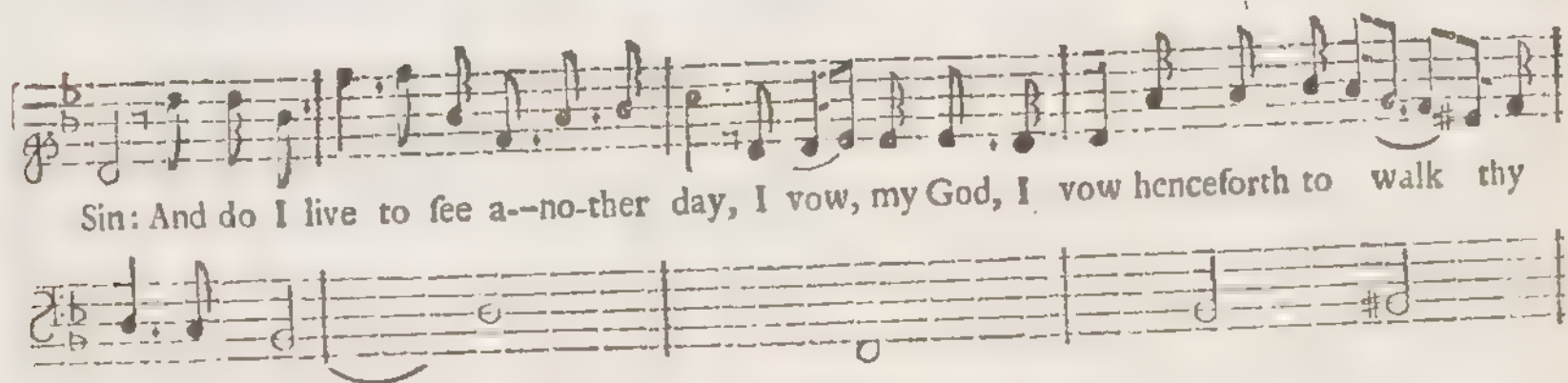
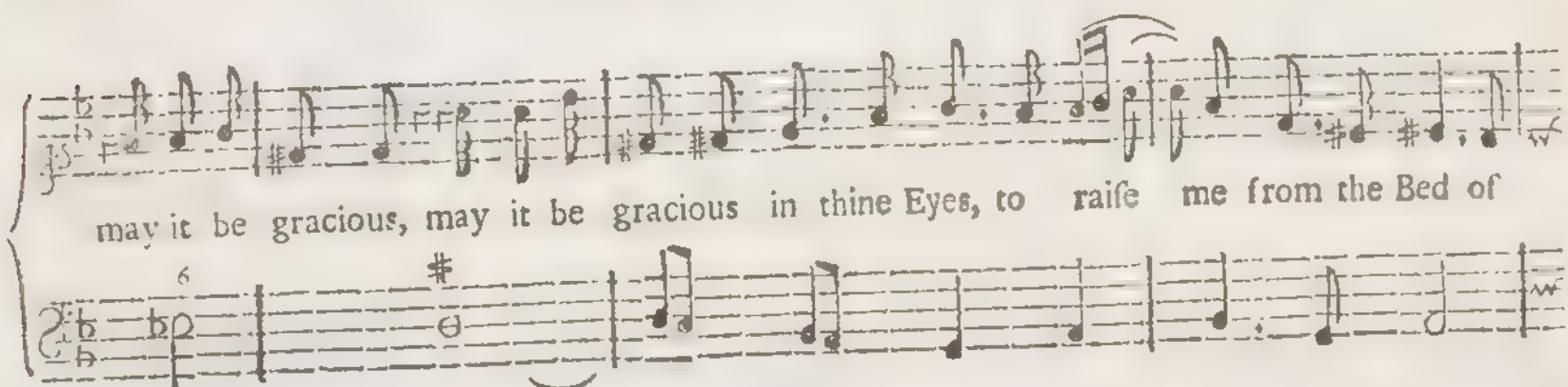
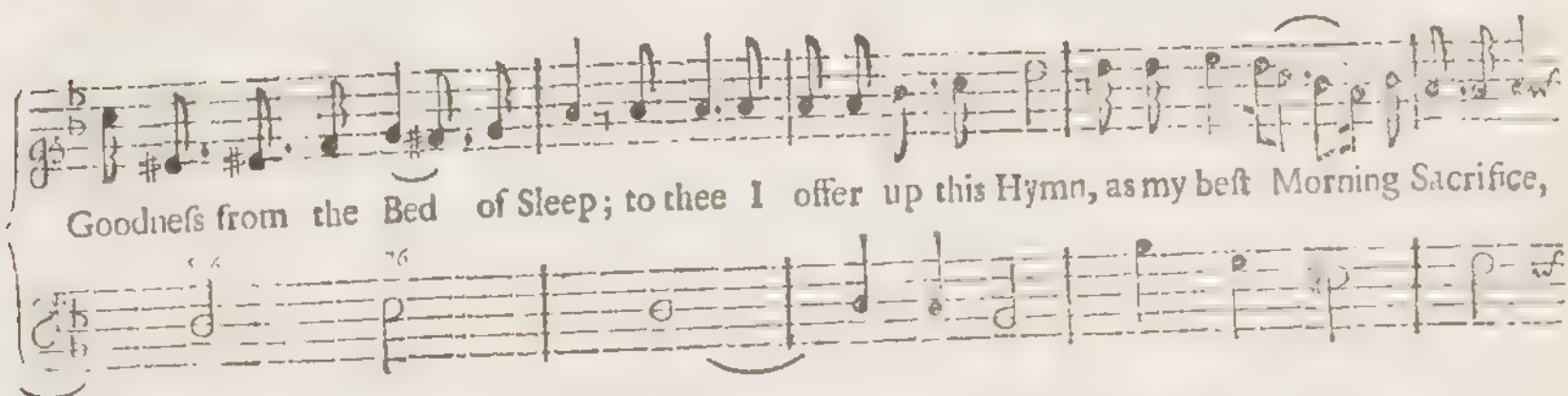
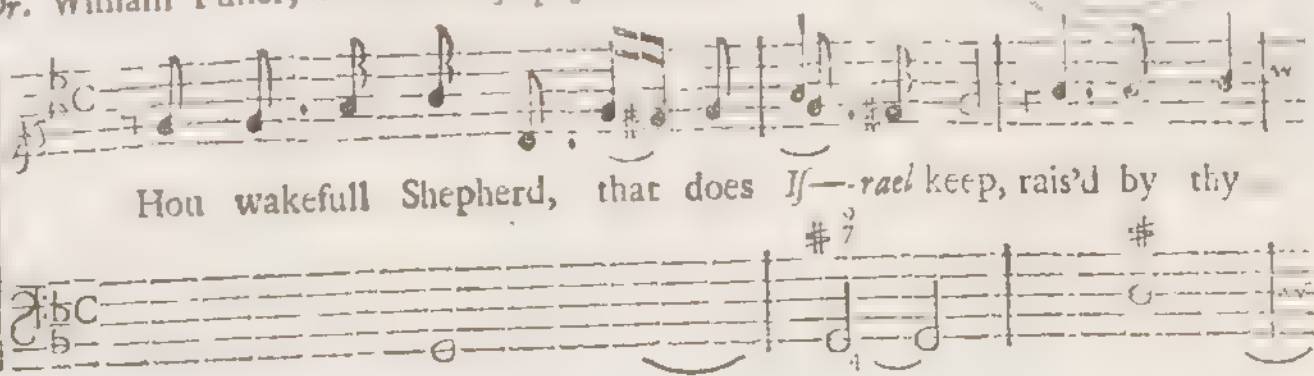
Then do I hope, among the Just,
To shake off this polluted Dust,
And with new Robes of Glory drest,
To have Access among the Blest.

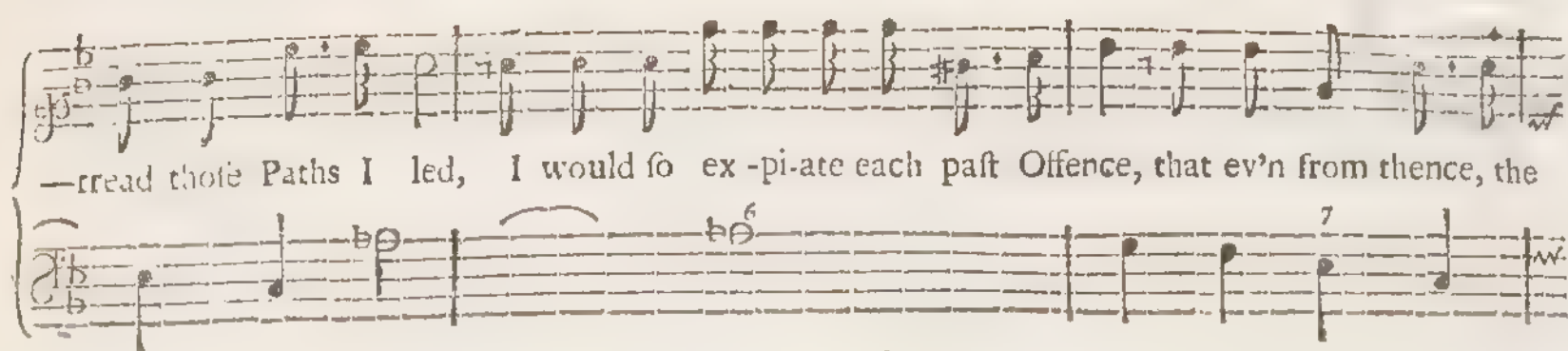
Chorus. Hark! bark! &c.

A MORNING HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

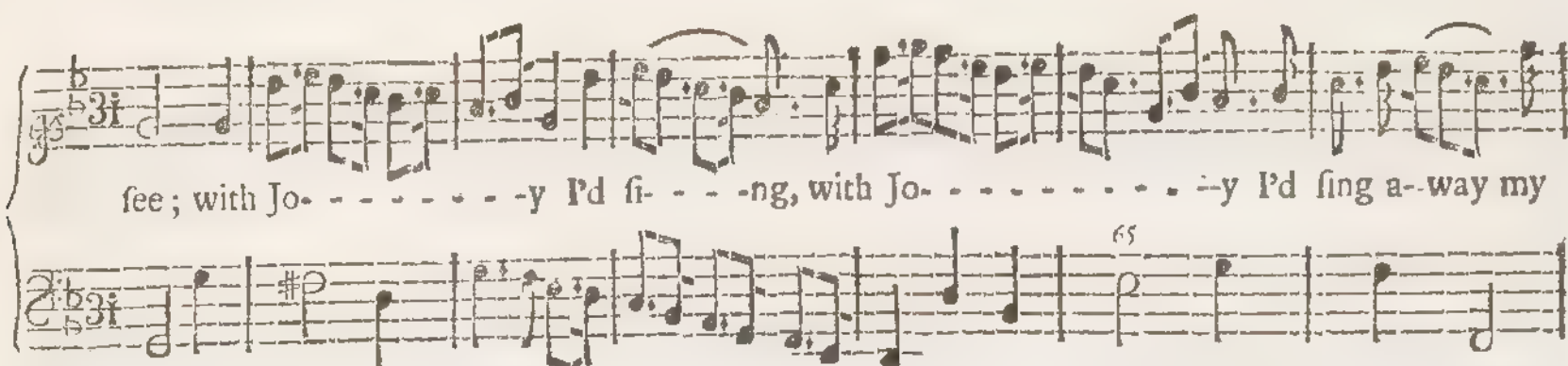




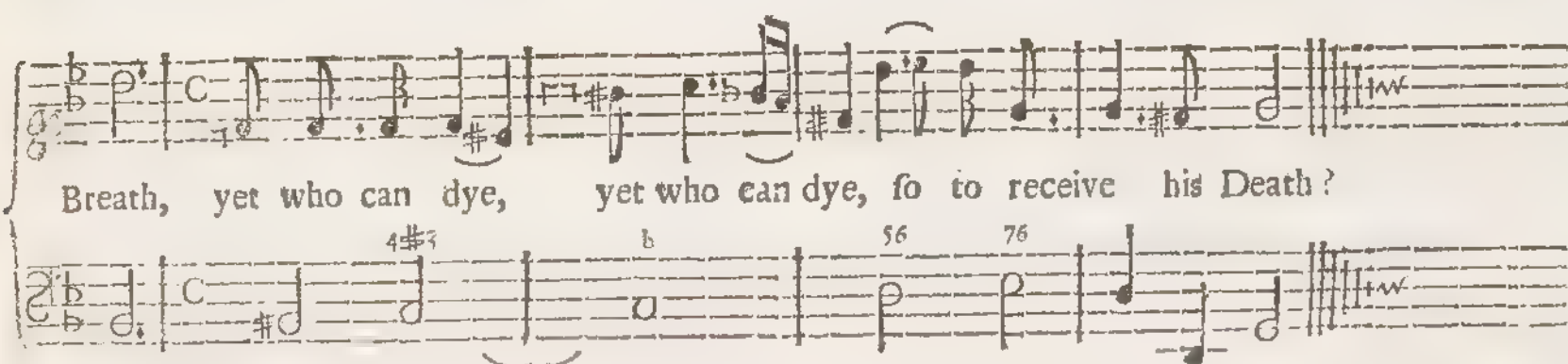
—read those Paths I led, I would so ex-pi-ate each past Offence, that ev'n from thence, the



Innocent should with themselves like me, when with such Crimes they such Repentance



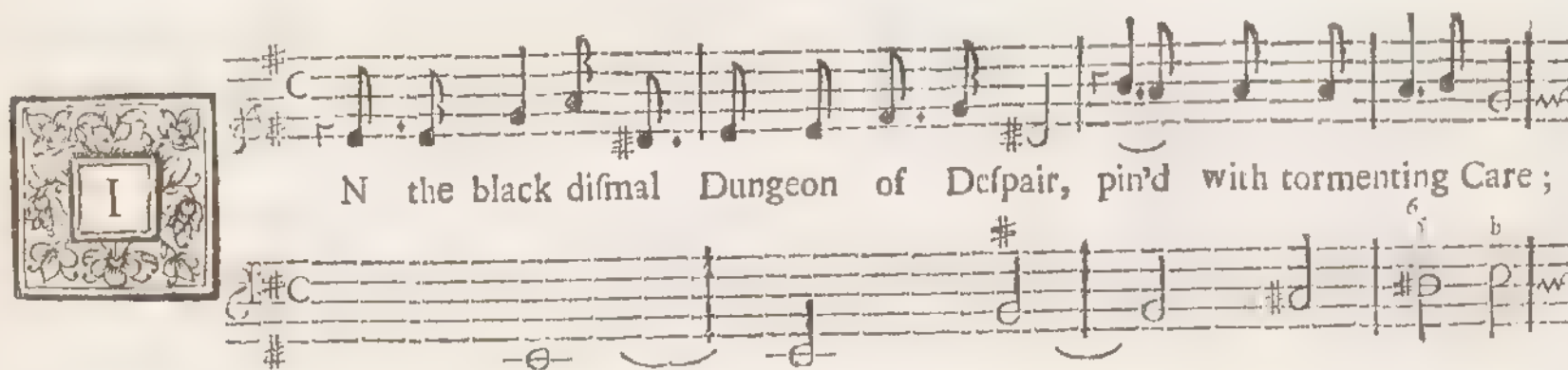
fee; with Jo- - - - -y I'd fi- - - - -ng, with Jo- - - - -y I'd sing a-way my



Breath, yet who can dye, yet who can dye, so to receive his Death?

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



IN the black dismal Dungeon of Despair, pin'd with tormenting Care;



wrack'd with my Fears, drown'd in my Tears, with dreadful ex-pe-ctation of my

Doom, and certain horrid Judgment soon to come : Lord, here I lye, lost to all hope of

Li-ber-ty, hence never to remove, but by a Mi-ra-cle of Love; which I scarce dare

hope for, or expect, be'ng guilty of so long, so grea- - - - -t neglect.

Fool that I was, worthy a shar-per Rod, to flight thy Courting, O - - - - - my God !

For thou did'st woe intreat, and grieve, did'st beg me to be hap-py, and to

live ; but I wou'd not ; I chose to dwell with Death, far, far from thee, far, far from thee, too

near to Hell: But is there no Redemption, no relief! Je—su! is there no Re—

—demption, no Relief! Thou sav'd'st a Mag-da-len, a Thief! Is there no Redenption, no Re—

—lief! O Je—su! thy Mercy, Lord, once more advance; O give me, O give me such a

Glance! O give me such a Glance as Pe-ter had! thy sweet kind chi-ding Look will change my

Heart, as it did melt that Rock. Look on me, sweet Je-su! Look on me, sweet Je-su! as thou

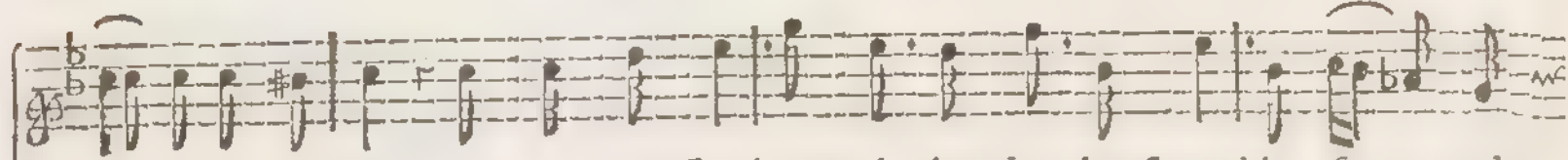
didst on him, 'tis more than to cre-ate, thus, thus, to redeem.

JOB's Curse, Translated by Dr. Taylor Bishop of Down in Ireland.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



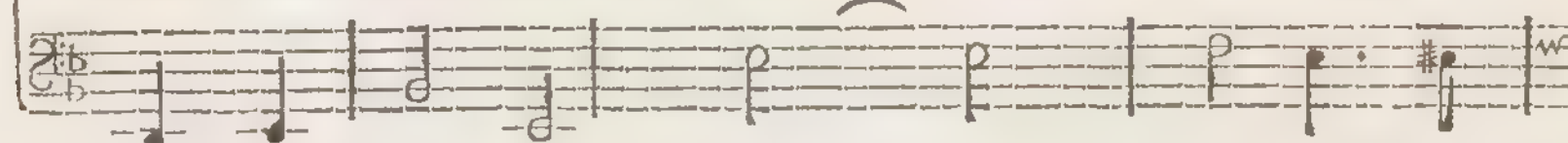
ET the Night perish, cur—sed be the Morn', wherein 'twas said, There



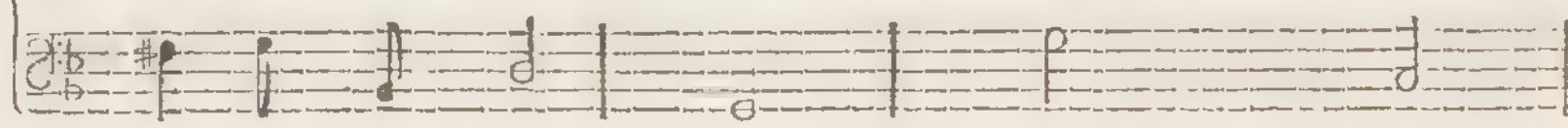
is a Manchild born! Let not the Lord regard that day, but shrowd its fa——tal



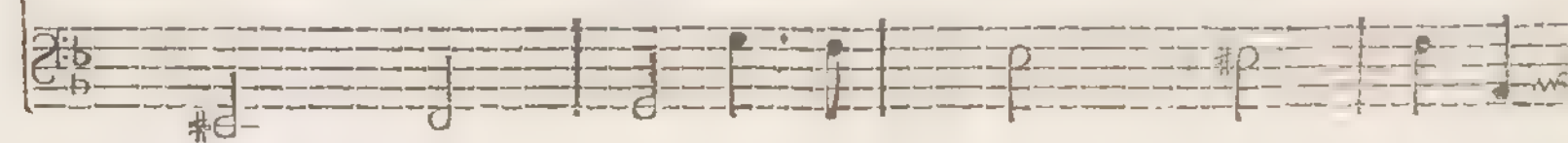
Glory in some ful—len Cloud: May the dark Shades of an E—ter—nal Night, exclude



the least kind Beam of downing Light; let unborn Babes, as in the Womb they lye, if it be



mention'd, give a Groan and dye: No sounds of Joy therein shall charm the Ear; no



Sun, no Moon, no twilight Stars appear; but a thick Vale of gloo——my Darknes wear. Why



did I nor, when first my Mother's Womb discharg'd me thence, drop down in--to my

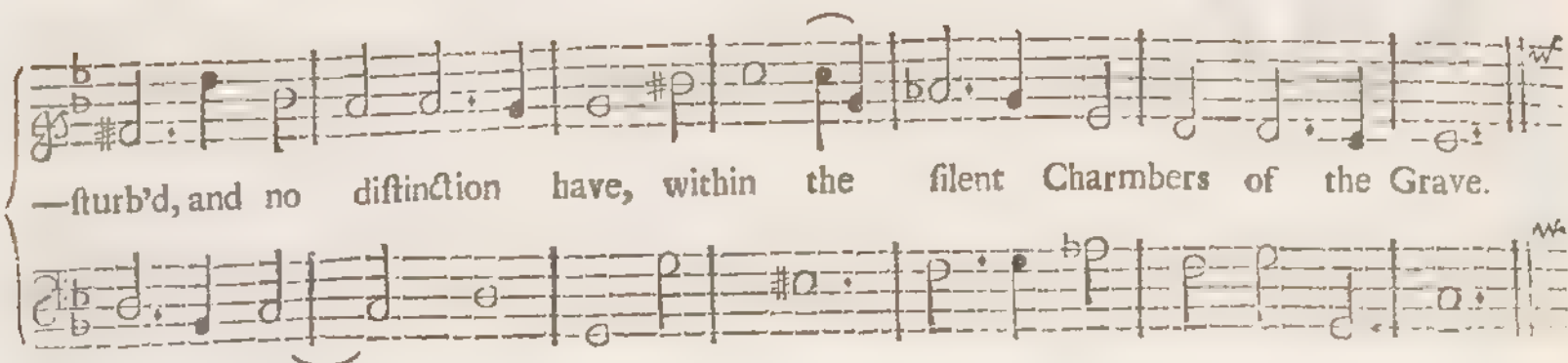
Tomb? Then had I been at quiet, and mine Eyes had slept, and seen no Sorrow;

there, there the Wise and Subtle Counsellor, the Po--ten--tate, who for themselves built Pa--

—la--ces of State, I've hush'd in Silence; there's no Midnight cry, caus'd by Oppression, and the Ty--

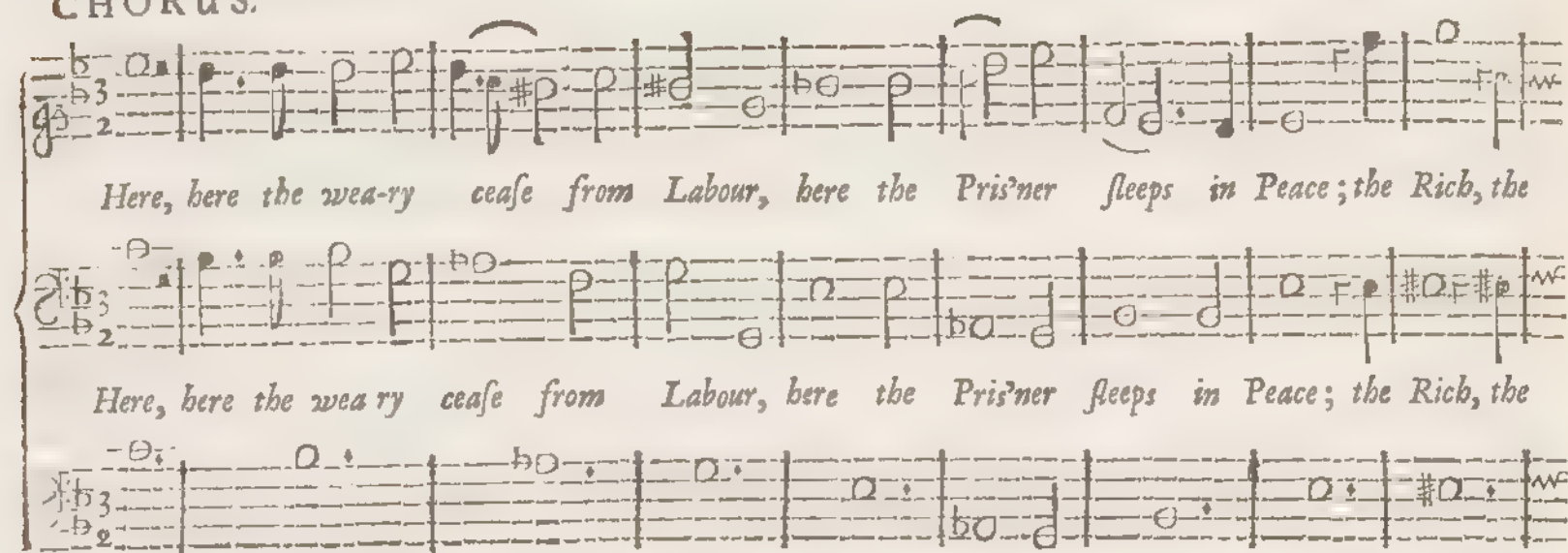
—ran--ny of wicked Rulers. Here, here the Weary cease from Labour, here the

Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di--



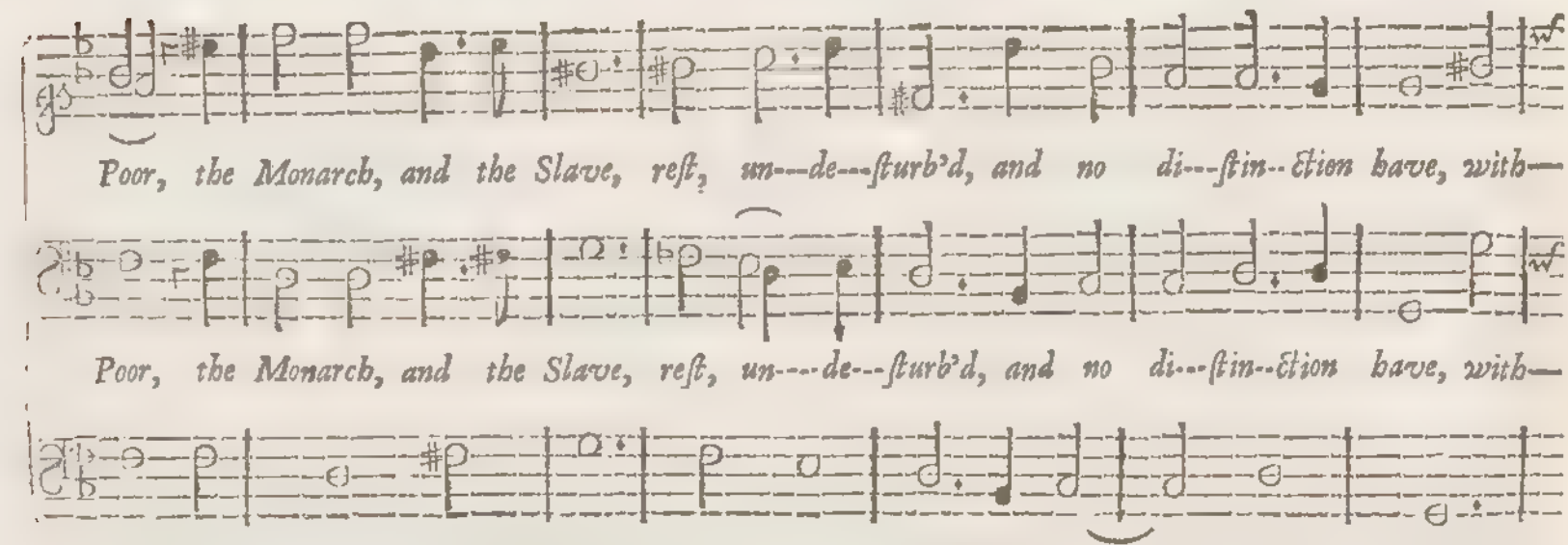
—sturb'd, and no distinction have, within the silent Chambers of the Grave.

CHORUS.



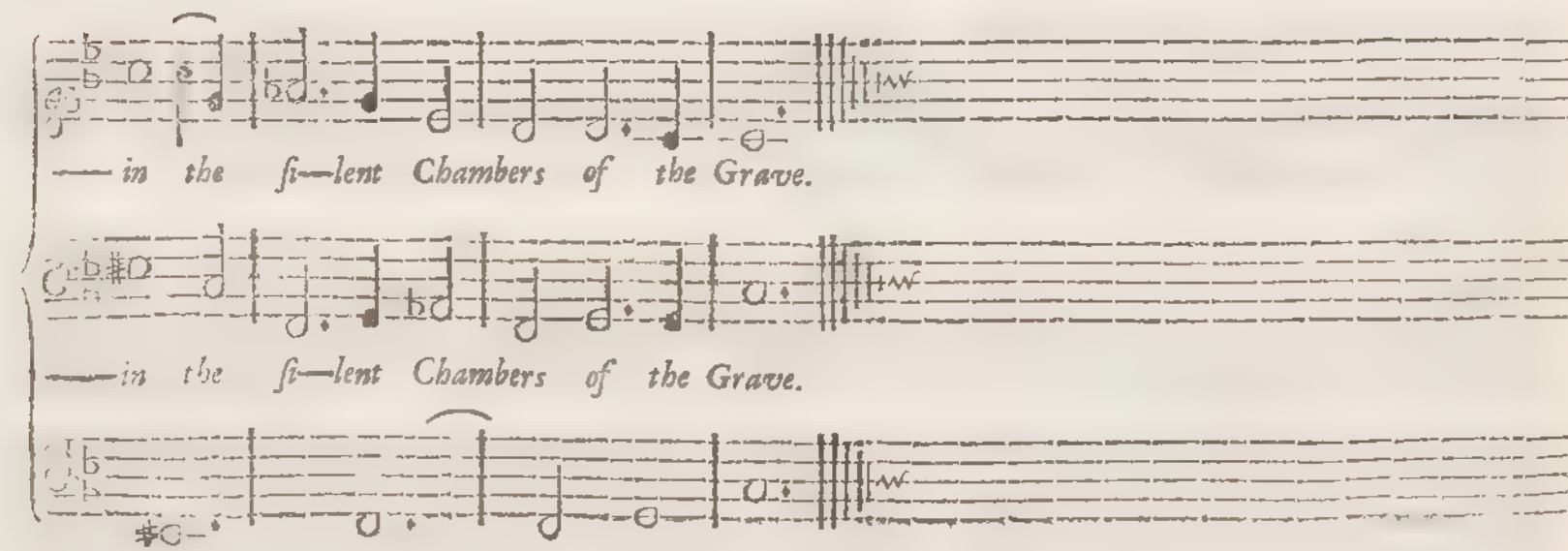
Here, here the wea-ry cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the

Here, here the wea-ry cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the



Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, un--de--sturb'd, and no di--stin--ction have, with—

Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest, un--de--sturb'd, and no di--stin--ction have, with—

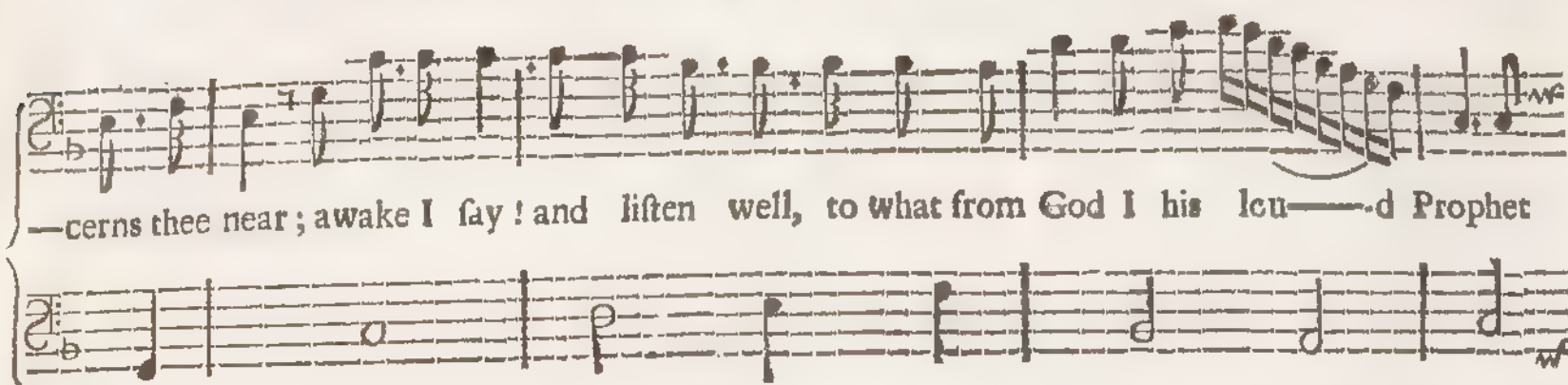


—in the si--lent Chambers of the Grave.

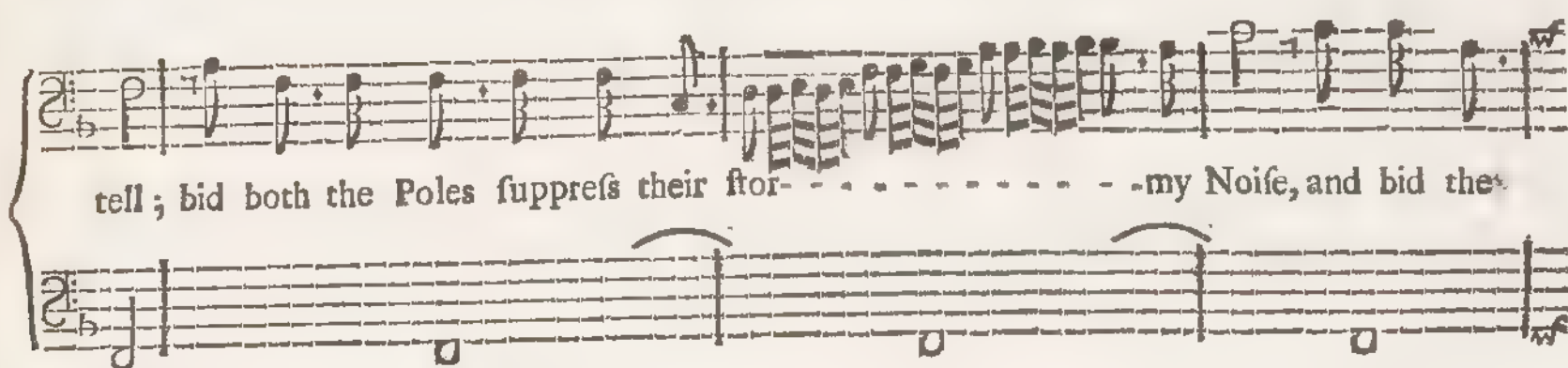
—in the si--lent Chambers of the Grave.

*The 34th. Chapter of Isaiah Paraphras'd by Mr. Cowley.**Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

Wake! awake! and with at-ten-tion hear, thou drowsie World, for it con—



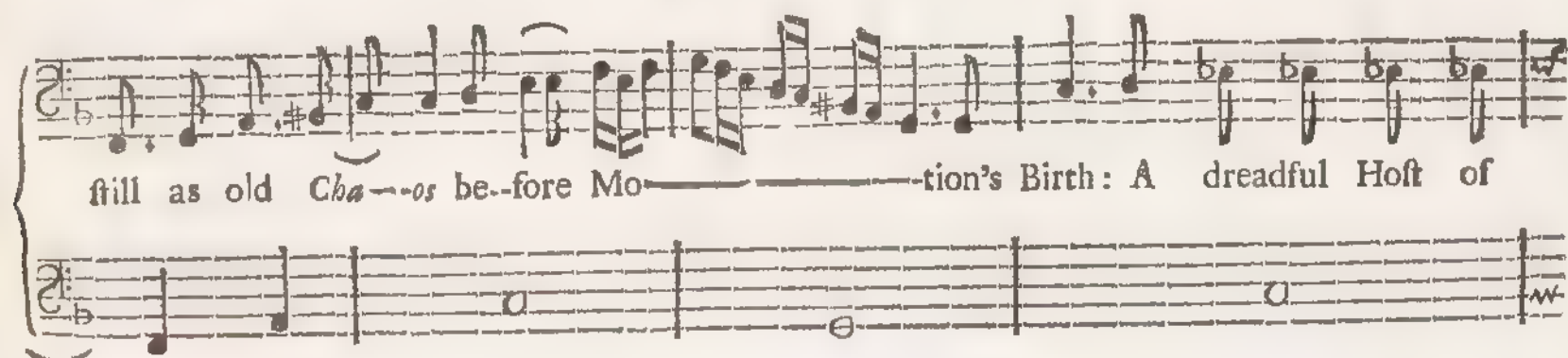
—cerns thee near; awake I say! and listen well, to what from God I his leu—d Prophet



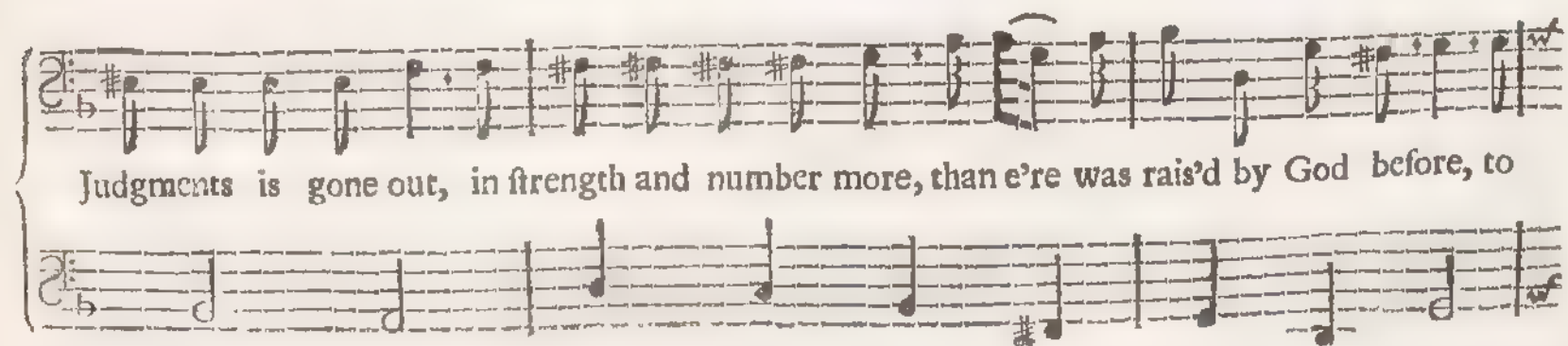
tell; bid both the Poles suppress their stor—my Noise, and bid the



roa—ring Sea con—tain its Voice: Be still, thou Sea, be still thou Air and Earth;




still as old Cha—os be—fore Mo—tion's Birth: A dreadful Host of




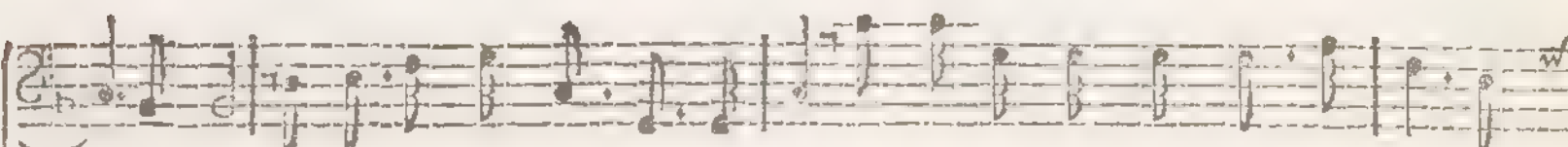
Judgments is gone out, in strength and number more, than e're was rais'd by God before, to





scourge the Re-bel World, and march it rou- - - - -nd a-bout.

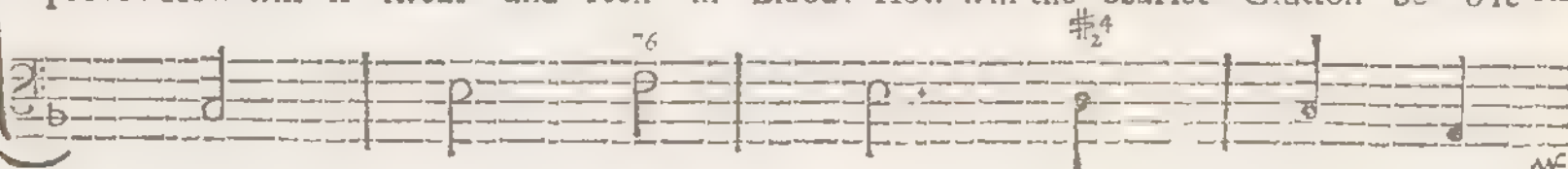
I see the Sword of God bran- - - - -dish'd above, and from it strea- - - - -ms a dif-

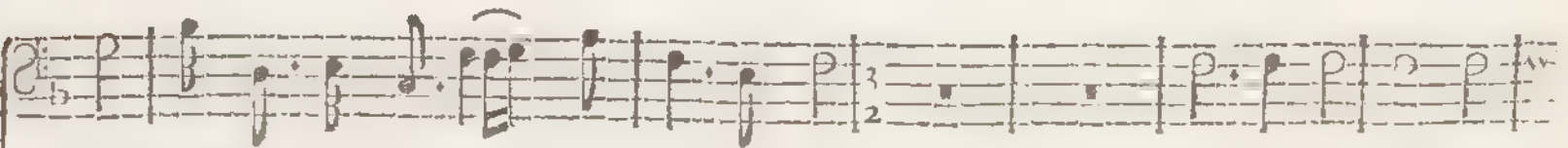
---mal Ray, I see the Scabbard cast away; how red a-non with Slaughter will it


prove? How will it sweat and reek in Blood? How will the Scarlet Glutton be o're-

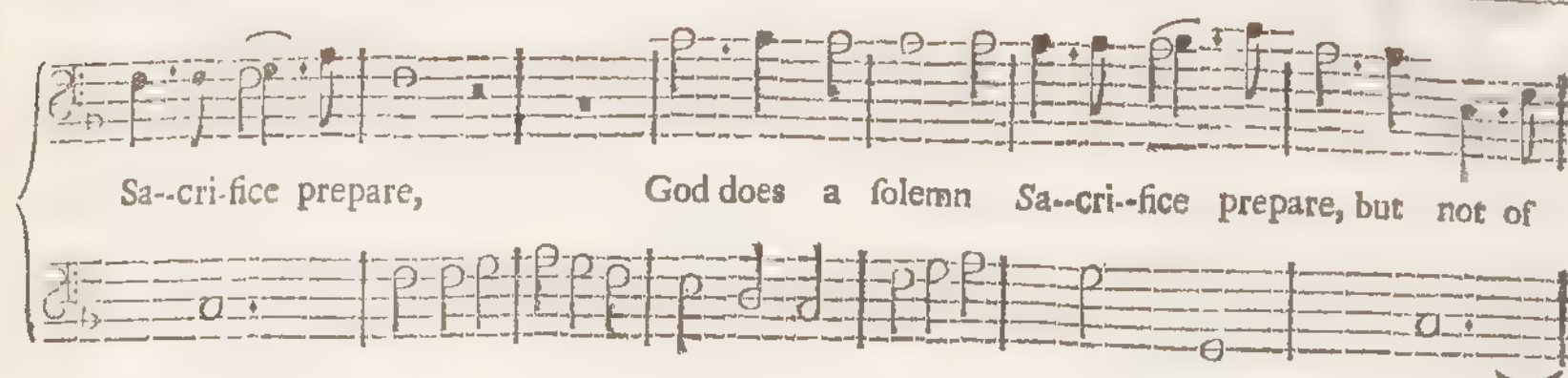



gorg'd with his Food, and de-vour all the mighty Feast? Nothing, nothing soon but Bones will

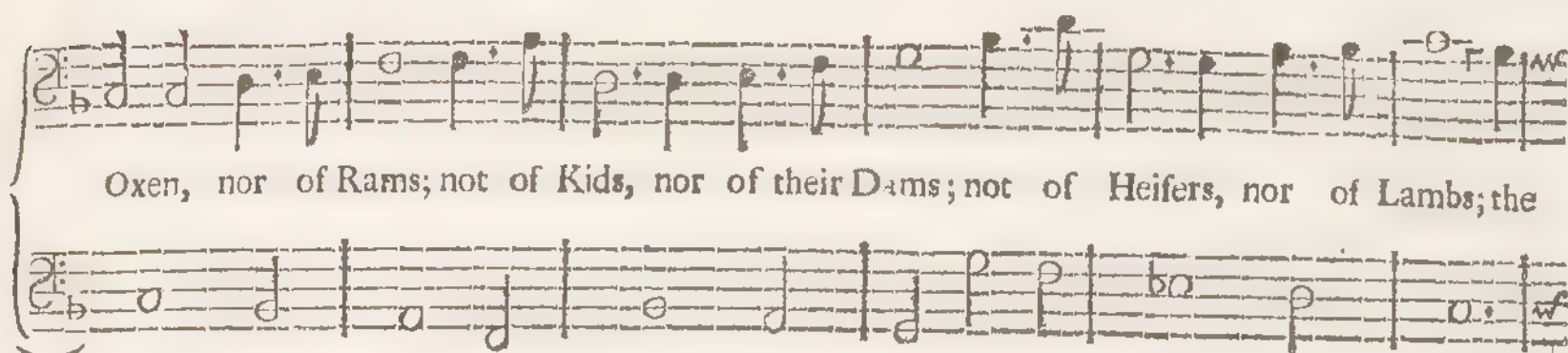



rest; nothing, nothing soon but Bones will rest. God does a solemn

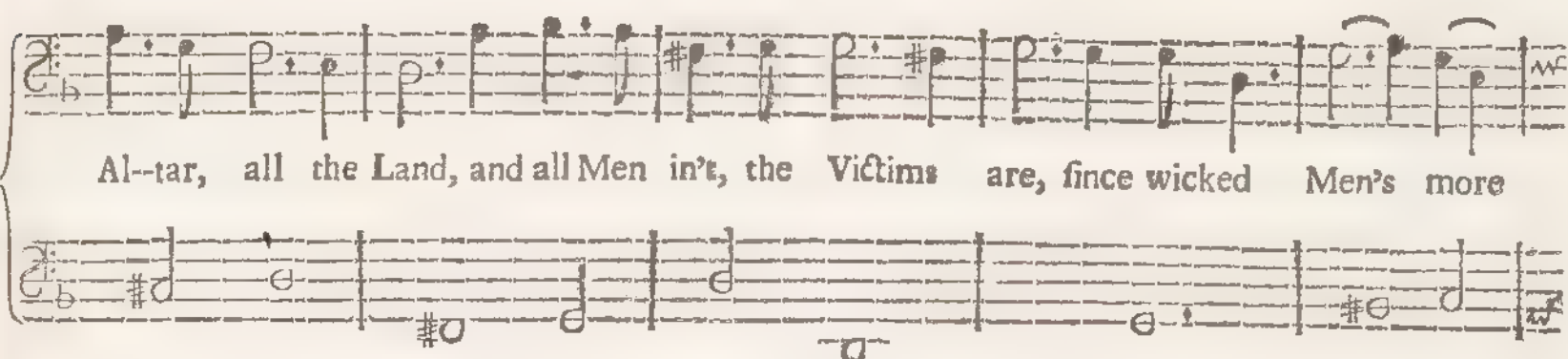




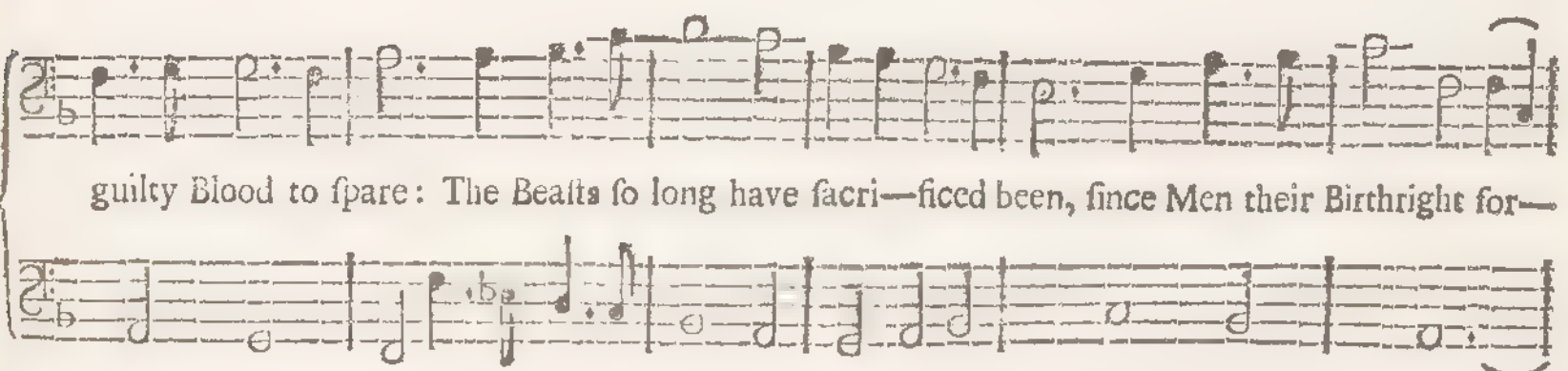
Sa--cri-fice prepare, God does a solemn Sa--cri-fice prepare, but not of




Oxen, nor of Rams; not of Kids, nor of their Dams; not of Heifers, nor of Lambs; the



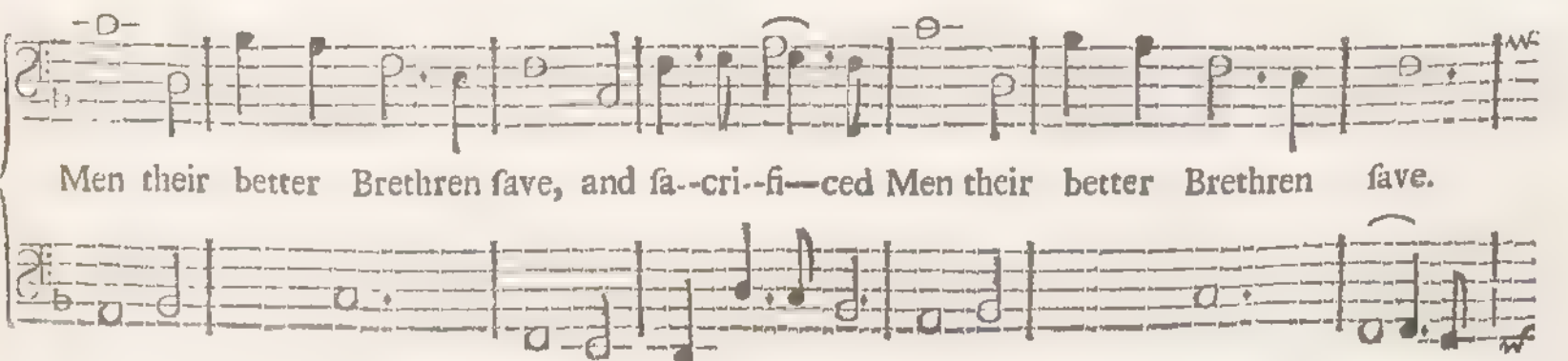
Al-tar, all the Land, and all Men in't, the Victims are, since wicked Men's more



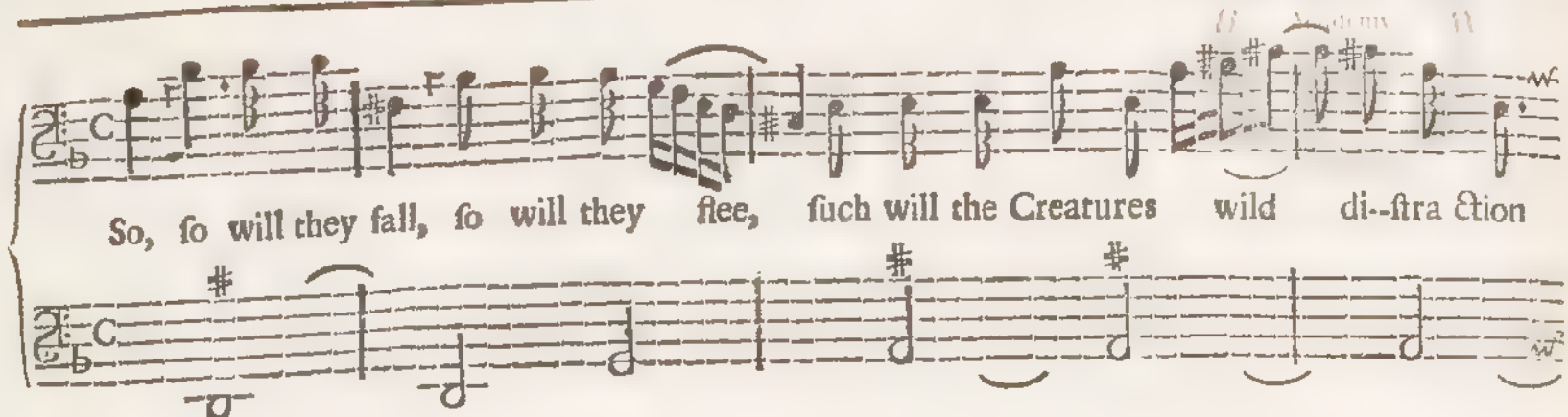
guilty Blood to spare: The Beasts so long have sacri--ficed been, since Men their Birthright for--



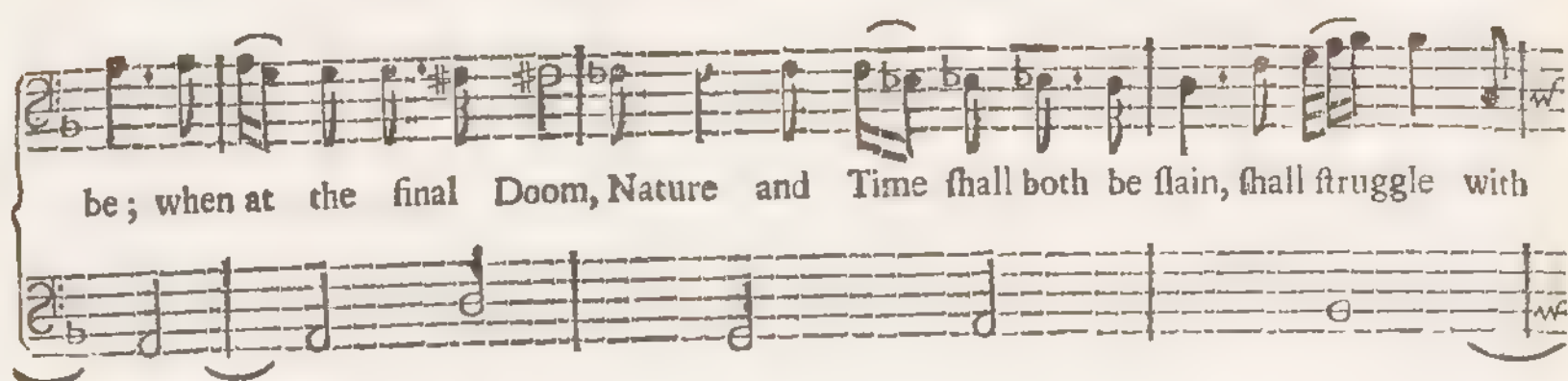
--feit still by Sin; 'tis fit at last Beasts their Revenge shou'd have, and sa--cri-fi--ced



Men their better Brethren save, and sa--cri-fi--ced Men their better Brethren save.



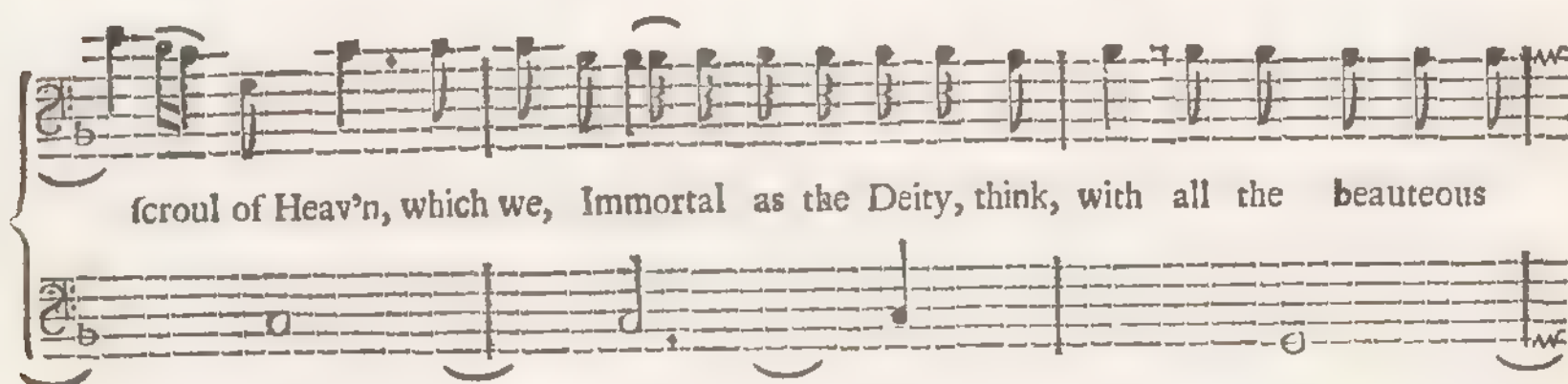
So, so will they fall, so will they flee, such will the Creatures wild di-straction



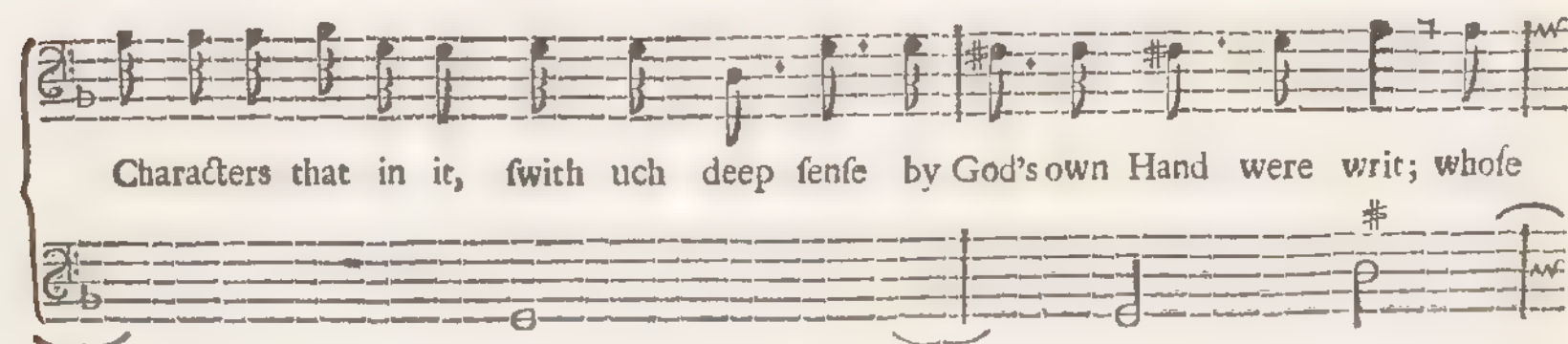
be; when at the final Doom, Nature and Time shall both be slain, shall struggle with



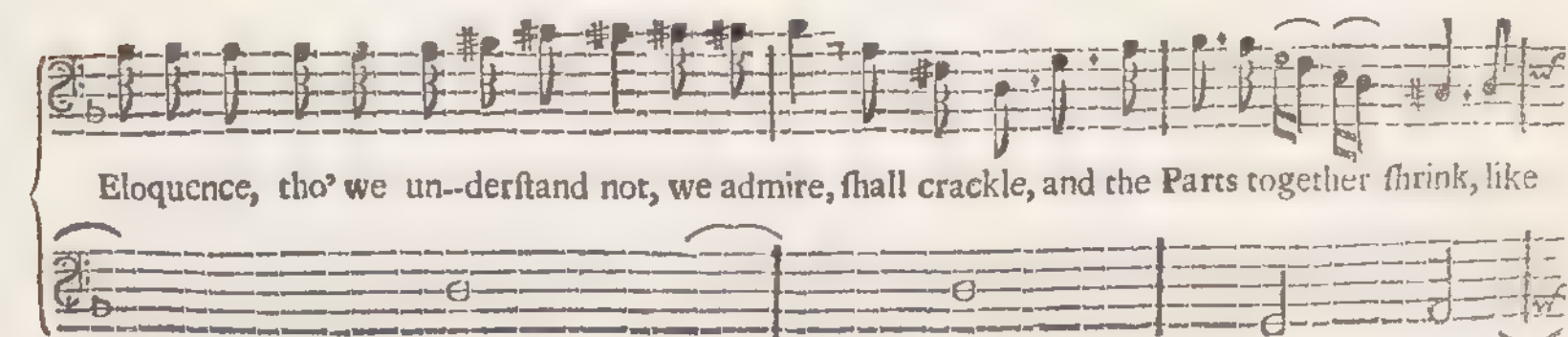
Death's Pangs in vain, and the whole World their Fun'—ral Pile become. The wide-stretch'd




scroul of Heav'n, which we, Immortal as the Deity, think, with all the beauteous




Characters that in it, swith uch deep sence by God's own Hand were writ; whose




Eloquence, tho' we un-derstand not, we admire, shall crackle, and the Parts together shrink, like




Parchment in a Fire. Th'ex-hau-sted Sun to the Moon no more shall lend, but tru-ly then





headlong in—to the Sea descend; the glitt'ring Host now in such fair ar—


—ray, so proud, so well ap poin-ted, and so gay; like fearful Troops in some strong Am-bush



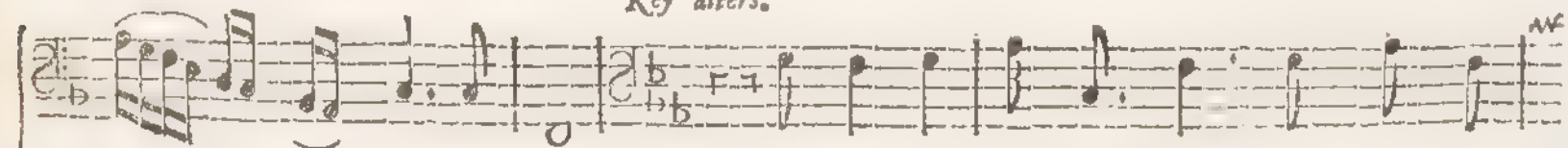

ta'ne, shall some fly routed, and some fall slain: Thick as ripe Fruit, or

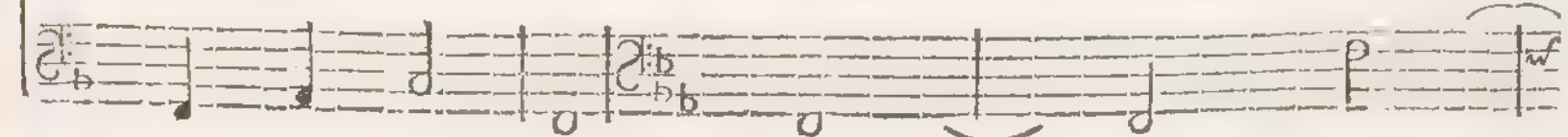
yellow Leaves in Autumn fall, with such a vi—o-lent Sto—rm, as



Key alters.

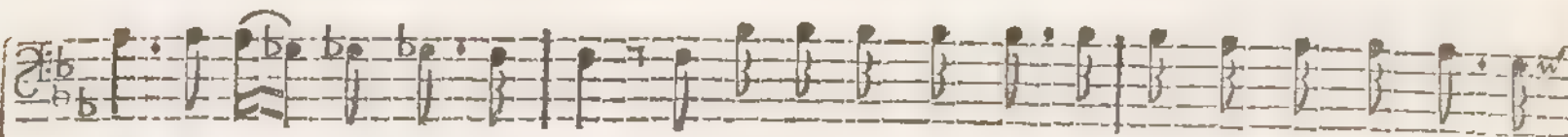


blows down Tree and all. And thou, O cur--fed Land! which wilt not







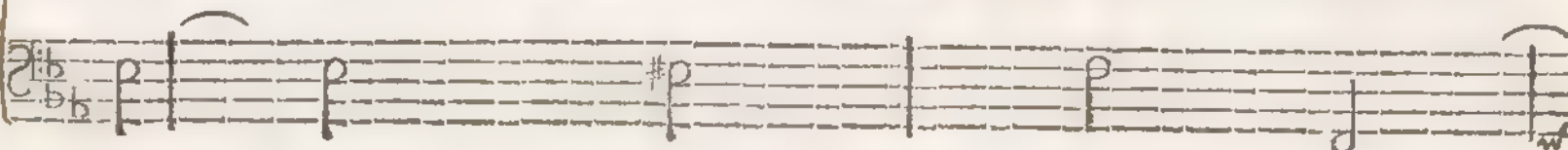
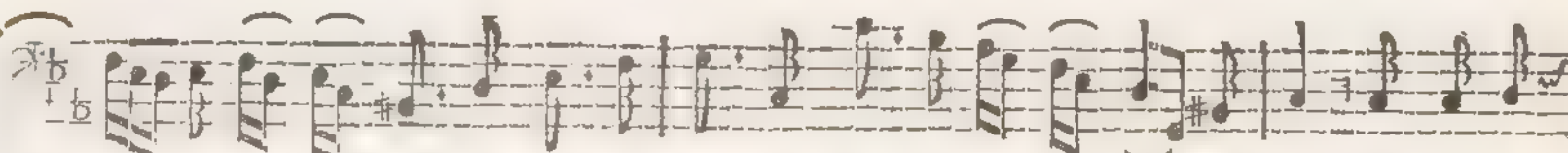
see the precipice where thou dost stand; tho' thou stand just up-on the brink, thou of this poyson'd


Bowl the bit-ter dregs shalt drink; thy Rivers and thy Lakes shall so, with human Blood o're-


—flow, that they shall fetch the slaughter'd Corps away, which in the Fields a—roun—


—d un-bu-ry'd lay, and rob the Beasts and Birds to give the Fish their Prey: The rotting




Corps shall so in-fect the Air, beget such Plagues and pu-trid Venoms there; that

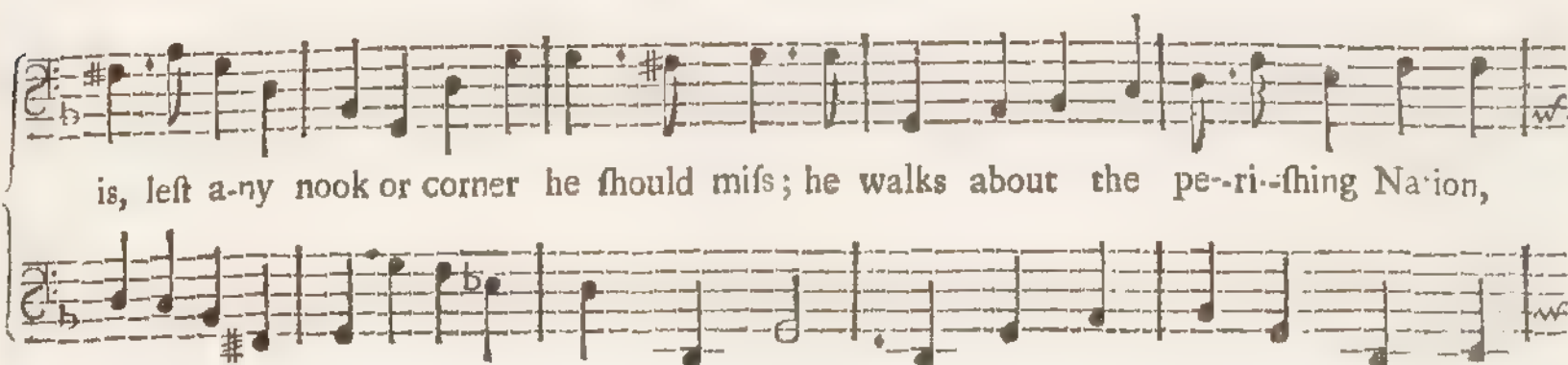



by thine own Dead shall be slain, all thy few living that remain. As one who buys fur—

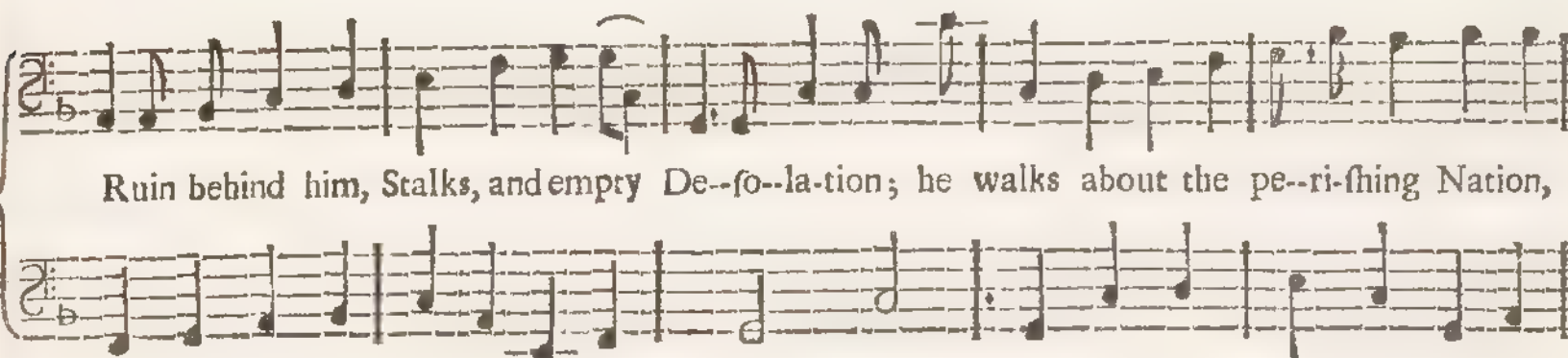




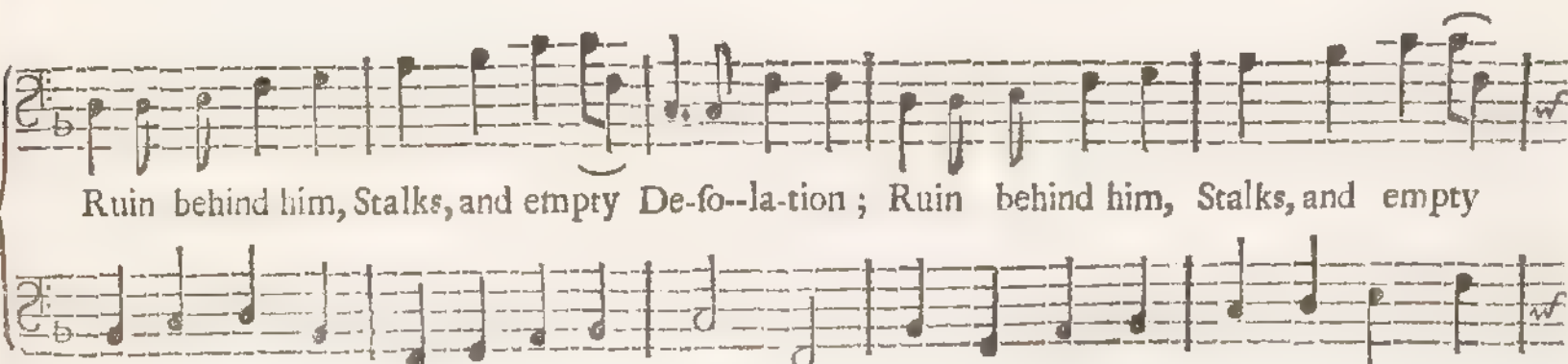
—veys a Ground, so the destroying An—gel measures it round; so careful and so strict he



is, left a-ny nook or corner he should miss; he walks about the pe-ri-shing Na-tion,



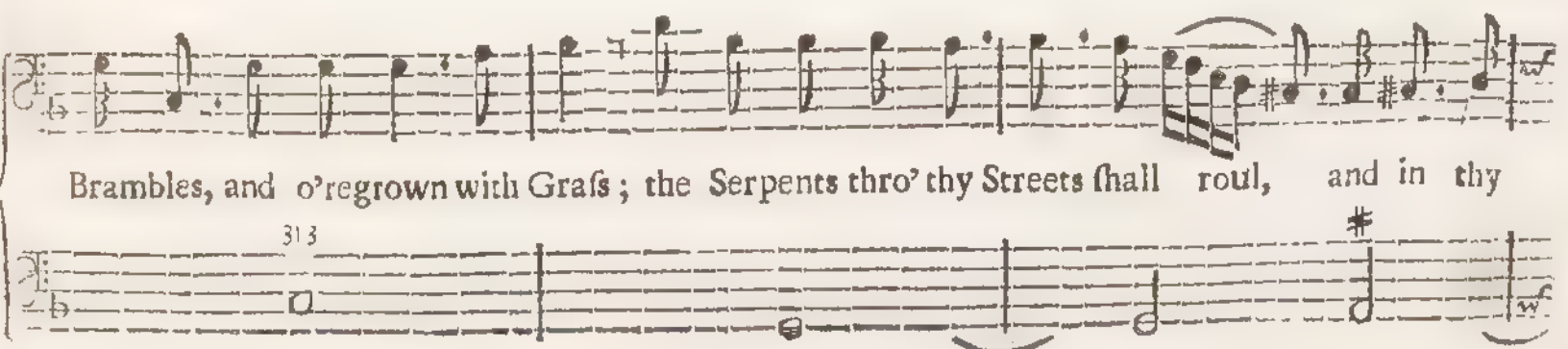
Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De-so-la-tion; he walks about the pe-ri-shing Nation,



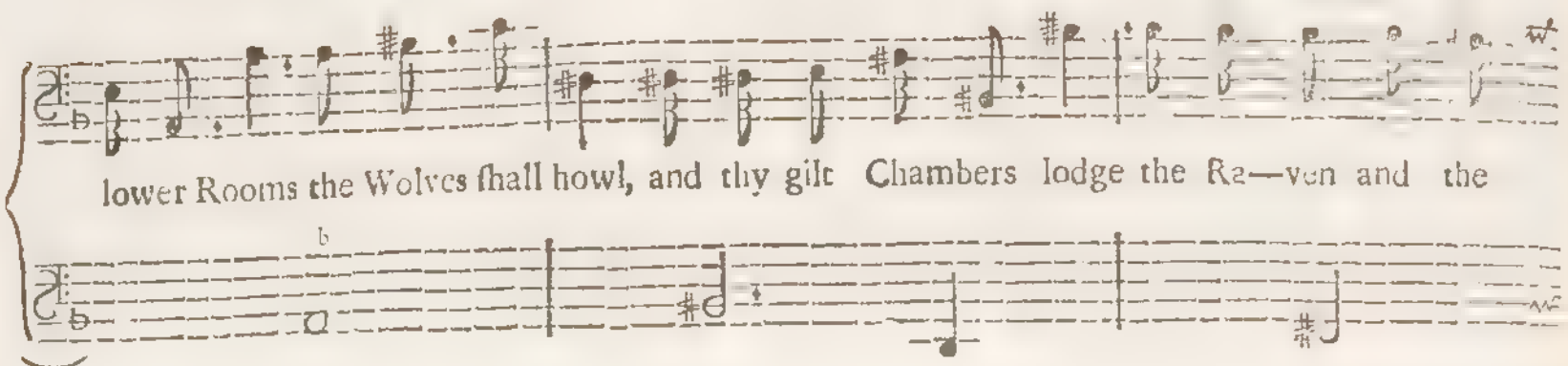
Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty De-so-la-tion; Ruin behind him, Stalks, and empty



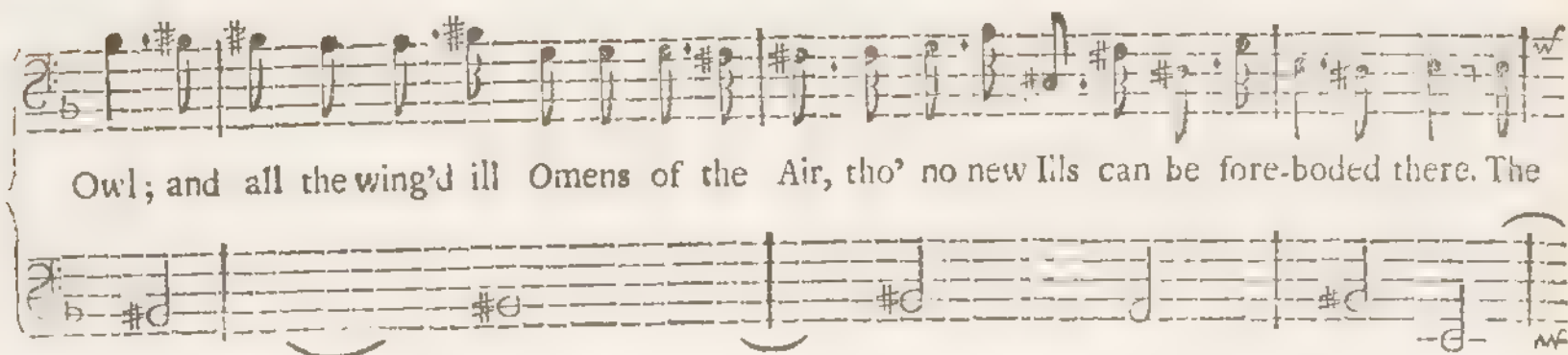
De-so-la-tion. Then shall the Market, and the Pleading-place, be choa — k'd with



Brambles, and o'regrown with Grass; the Serpents thro' thy Streets shall roul, and in thy



lower Rooms the Wolves shall howl, and thy gilt Chambers lodge the Ra—ven and the



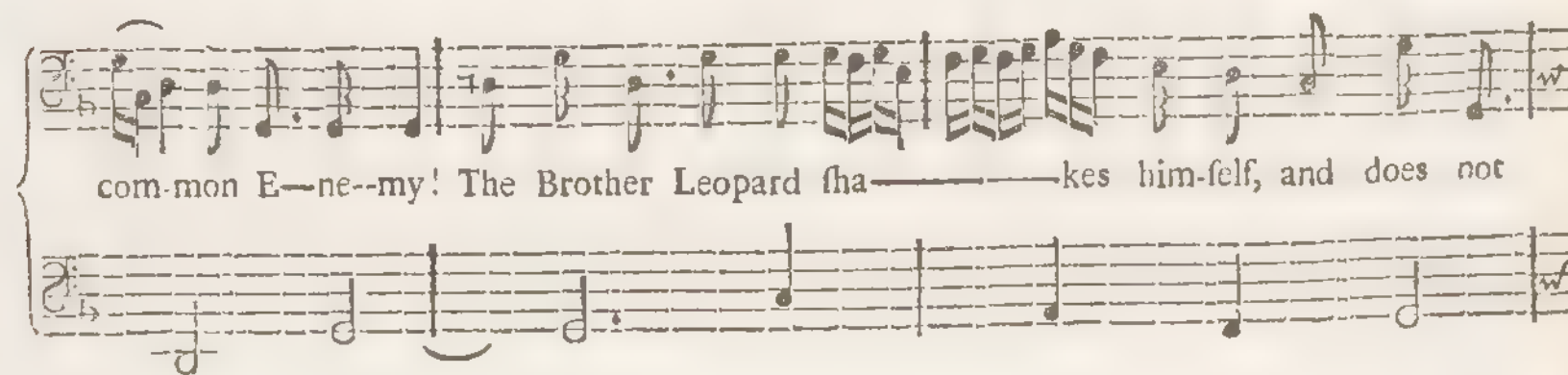
Owl; and all the wing'd ill Omens of the Air, tho' no new Iils can be fore-boded there. The



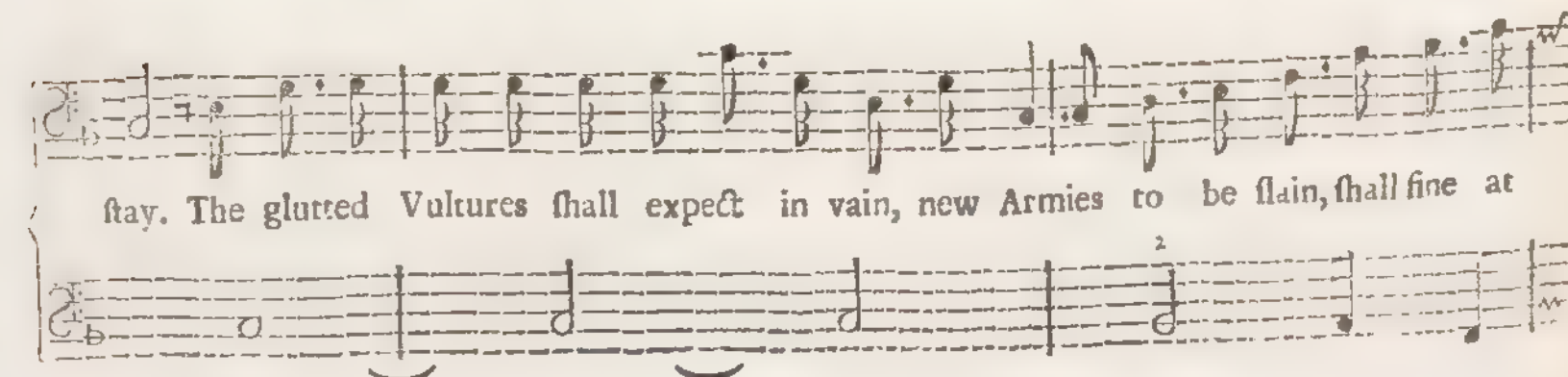
Lyon then shall to the Leopard say, Brother Leopard, come away! Behold a Land which




God hath giv'n us in prey! Behold a Land, from whence we see, Man-kind expuls'd his, and our



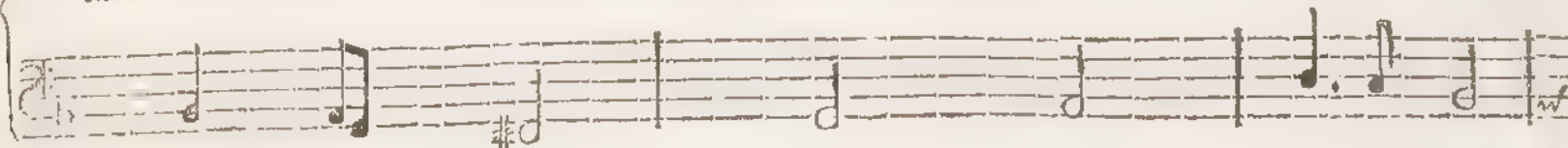
com-mon E—ne—my! The Brother Leopard sha—kes him-self, and does not




stay. The glutted Vultures shall expect in vain, new Armies to be slain, shall fine at





last their Bus'ness done, leave their con—su—med Quarters, and be gone: Th'un-bu-ry'd





Ghosts shall sad—ly moan, the Sa—tyrs lau—gh to hear them Groan.



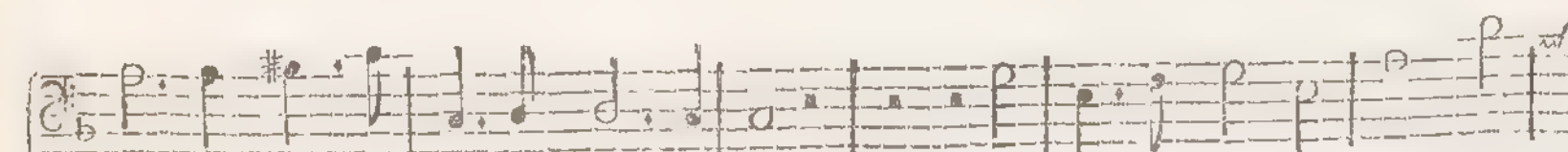

The e—vil Spirits that delight to Dan—ce and Revel in the mask of



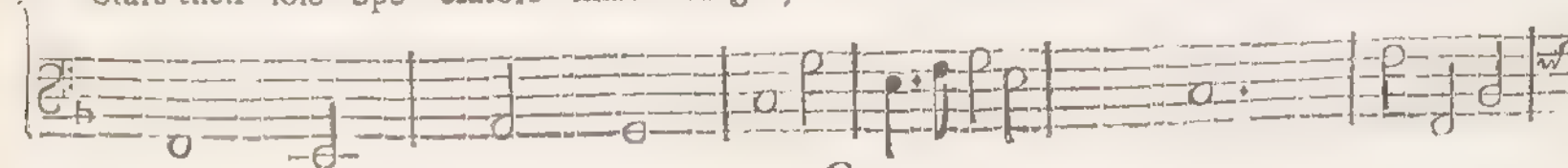
Night, the Moon and Stars their sole Spe—cta-tors shall affright; the e—vil



Spi—rits that delight to Dan—ce and Re—vel in the mask of Night, the Moon and



Stars their sole Spe—ctators shall affright; and if of lost Mankind, ought



hap-pen to be left behind, if a—ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in the Palaces shall reign; if a-ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall

lurk, Beasts in their Pa—la--ces shall reign.

Words by Mr. Herbert, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Ich sick and famish'd Eyes, with dou—bling Knees, and weary

Bones, to thee my Cries, to thee my Groans, to thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend, no

end; my Throat, my Soul is hoarse, my Heart is wither'd, like a Ground which

thou dost curse: My Thoughts tur—n round, and make me giddy, Lord! Lord! I fa—


— — — — —.ll! yet call; Bowels of Pi—ty, hear! Lord of my Soul

Love of my Mind, bow down thine Ear; let not the Winds scat—ter my

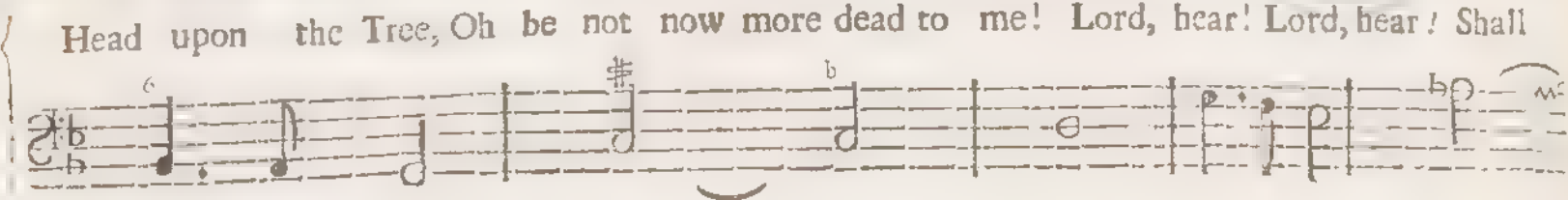
Words, and in the same, thy Name. Look on my Sorrows round, mark well my Furnace,

Oh what Flames! What Heats a—bound! What Griefs! What Shames! Con-si-der, Lord! Lord,


bow thine Ear and hear. Lord Je—su, thou didst bow thy dy—ing



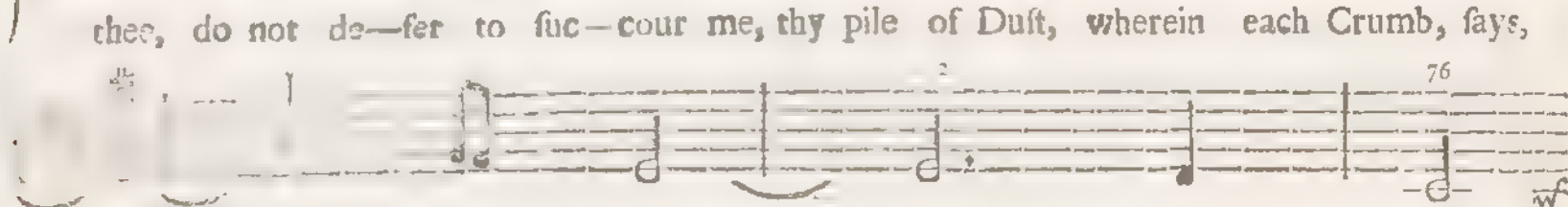

Head upon the Tree, Oh be not now more dead to me! Lord, hear! Lord, hear! Shall



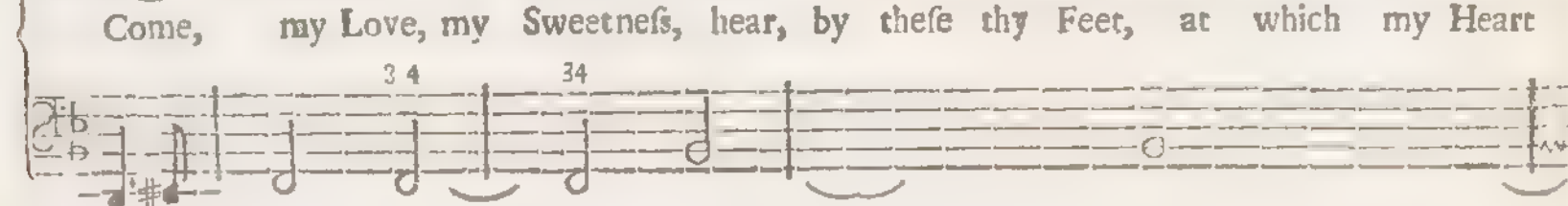


he that made the Ear, not hear? Behold, thy Dust doth stir, it moves, it creeps to

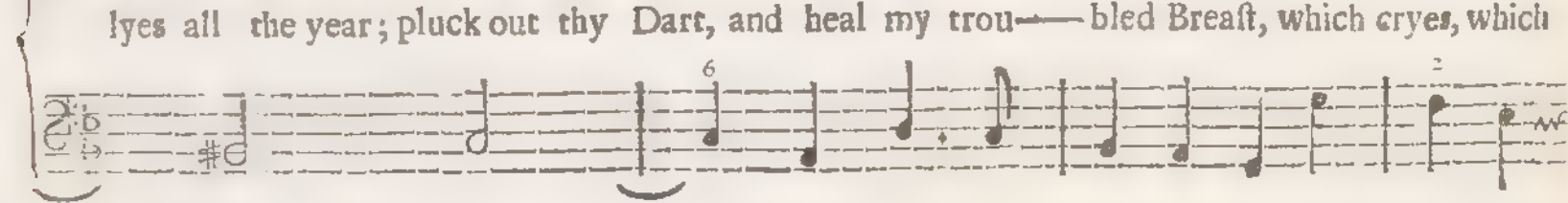

thee, do not de—fer to suc—cour me, thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb, says,

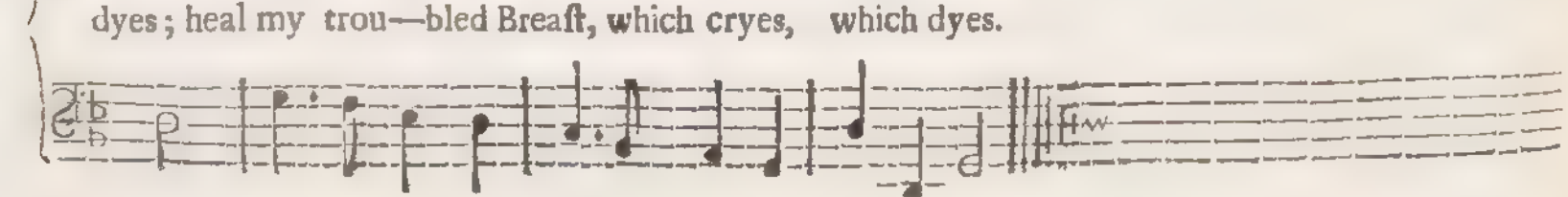
Come, my Love, my Sweetness, hear, by these thy Feet, at which my Heart

lies all the year; pluck out thy Dart, and heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which

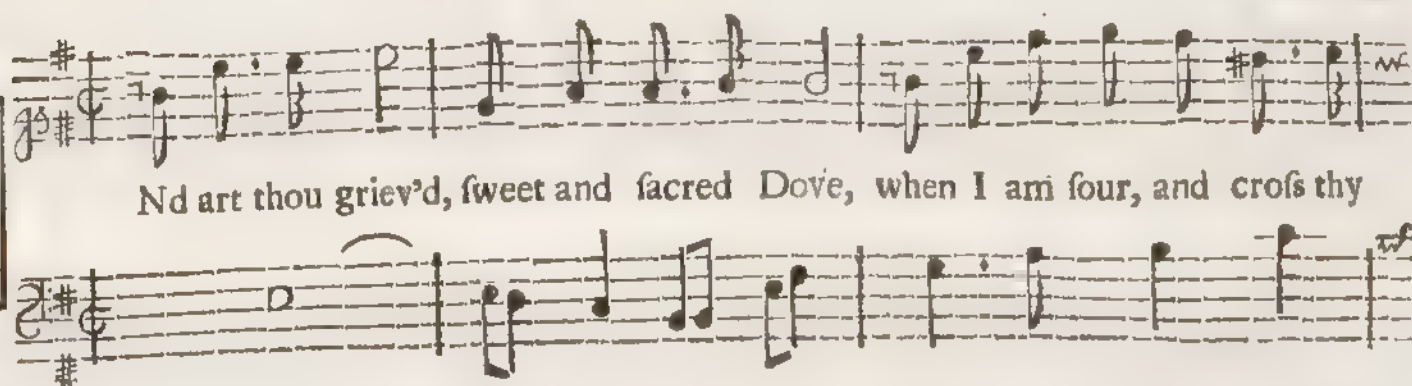



dyes; heal my trou—bled Breast, which cries, which dyes.

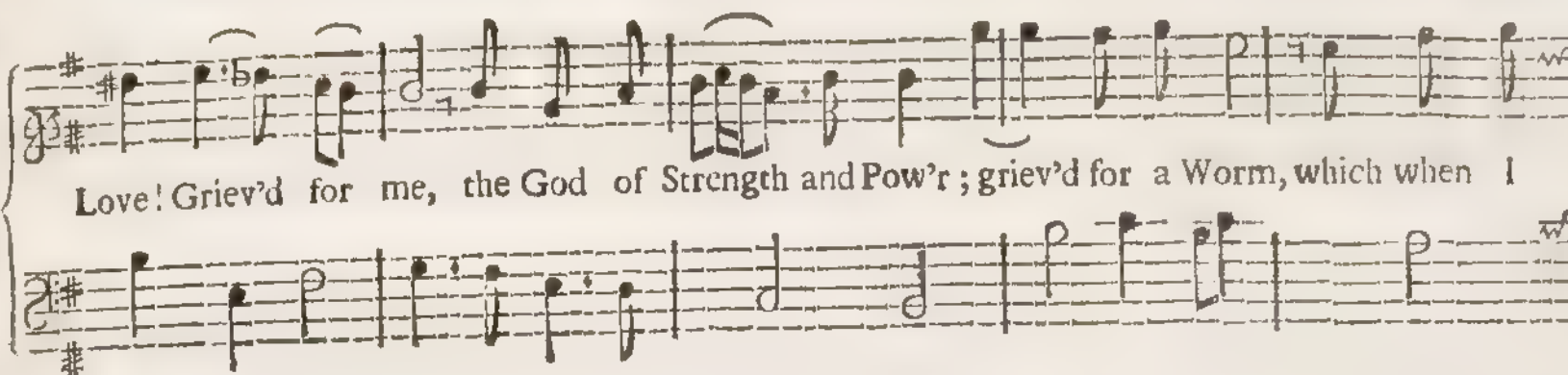


Words by Mr. George Herbert, in his Church-Poems.

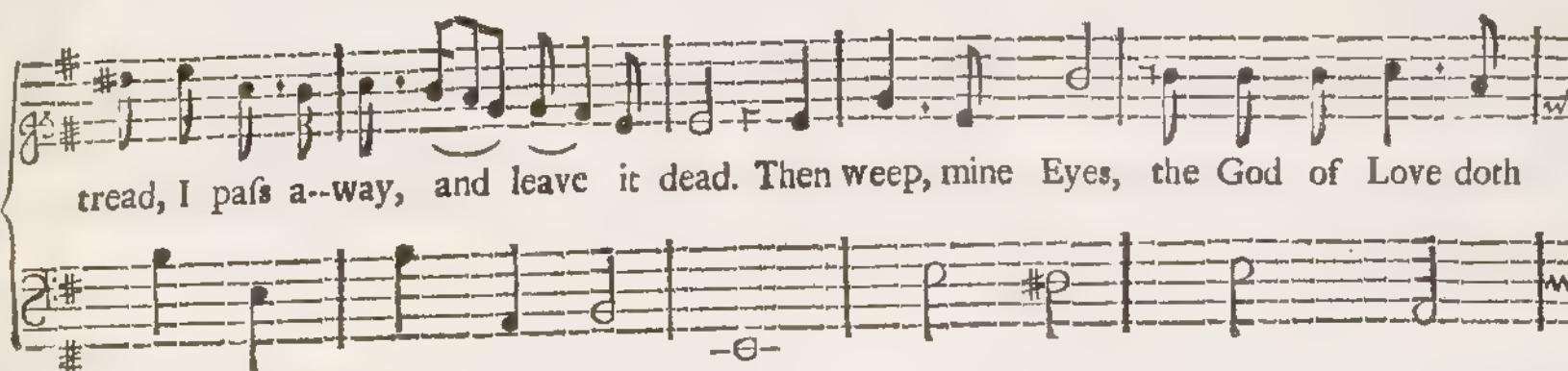
Set by Dr. John Blow.



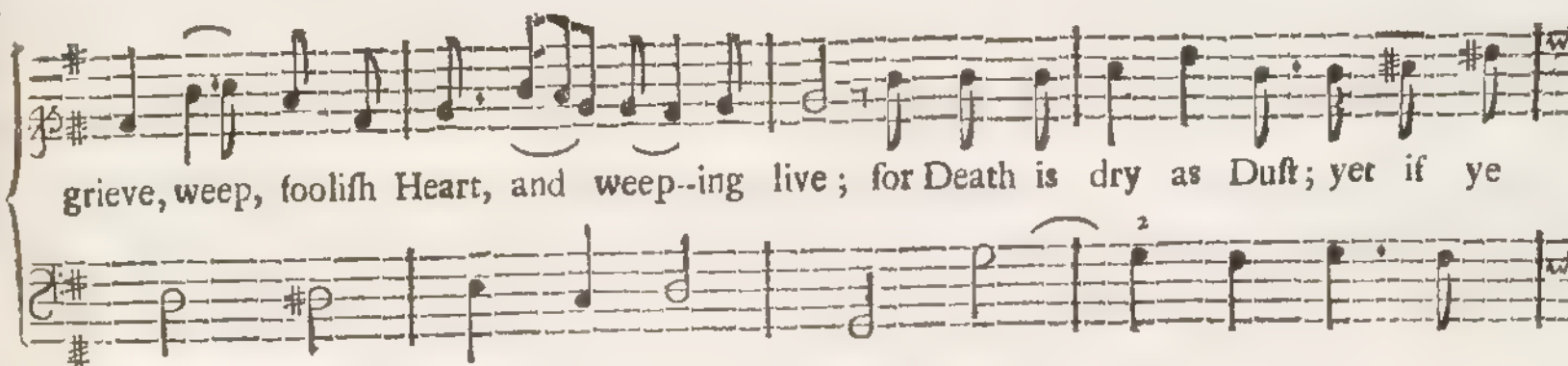
And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove, when I am four, and cross thy



Love! Griev'd for me, the God of Strength and Pow'r; griev'd for a Worm, which when I



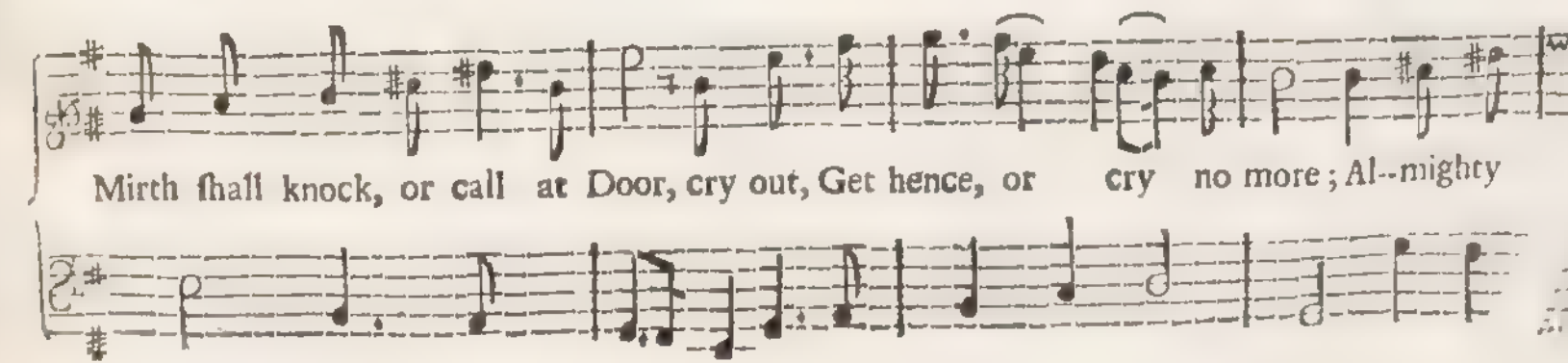
tread, I pass a-way, and leave it dead. Then weep, mine Eyes, the God of Love doth




grieve, weep, foolish Heart, and weep-ing live; for Death is dry as Dust; yet if ye




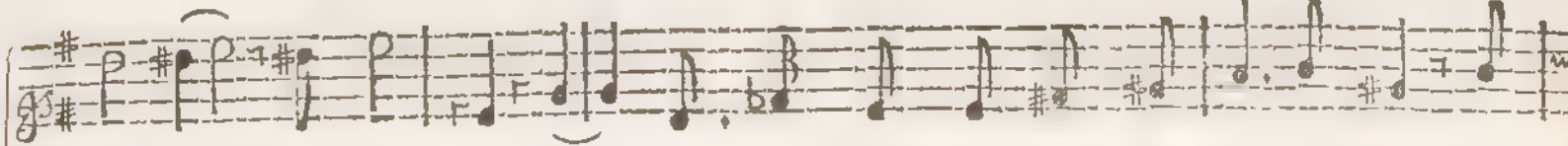
part, end as the Night, whose sable Hew your Sins express, melt in to Dew: When sawcy




Mirth shall knock, or call at Door, cry out, Get hence, or cry no more; Al-mighty




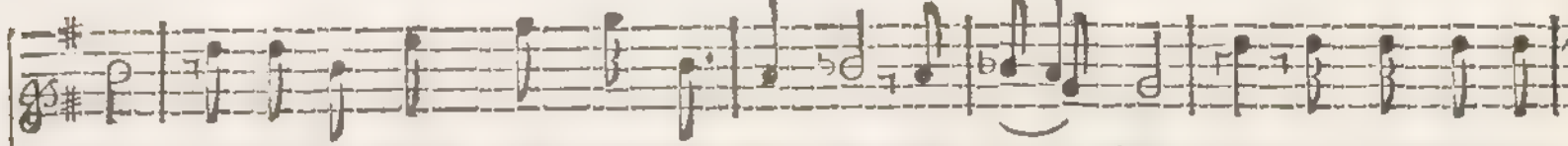
God does grieve, he puts on Sense: I find not to my Grief alone, but to my Gods

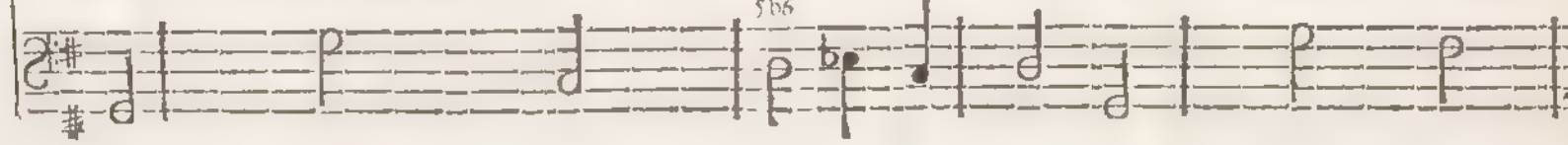
too he doth groan. Oh! Oh! take thy Lute, and tune it to a strain, which





may with thee all day complain; there can no Discord but in ceasing be; Marbles can


weep, and surely Strings more Bowels have, than such hard things. Lord, I adjudge my

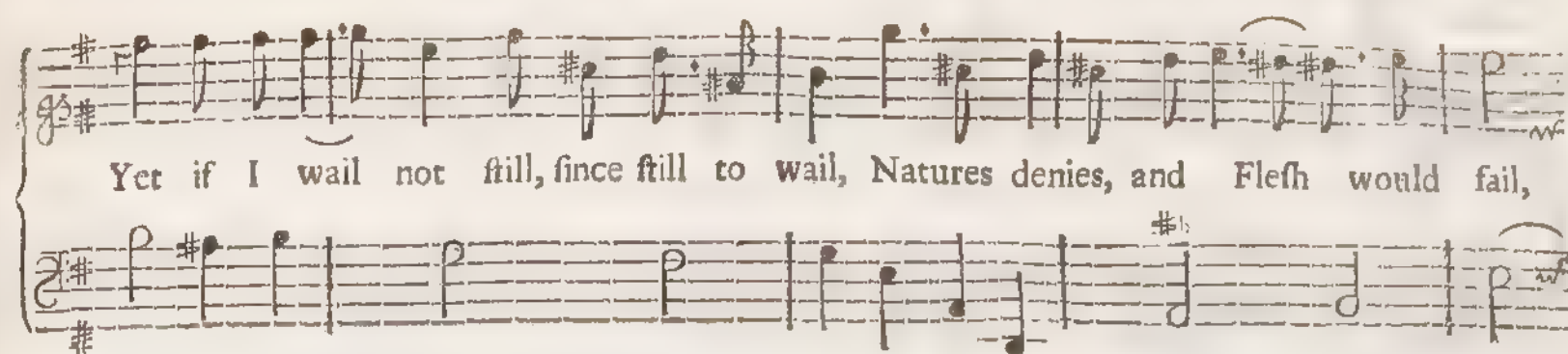



self to Tears and Grief, ev'n endless Tears without Relief; if a clear Spring for me no

time forbears, but runs, although I be not dry; I am no Crystal, what shall I?





Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail, Natures denies, and Flesh would fail,

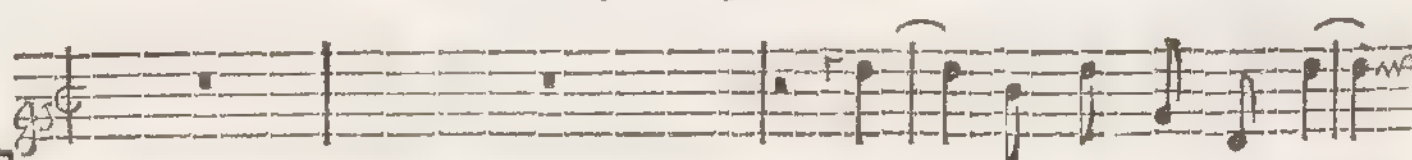


if my Deserts were Masters of mine Eyes. Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes



good my want of Tears, my want of Tears, with store of Blood.

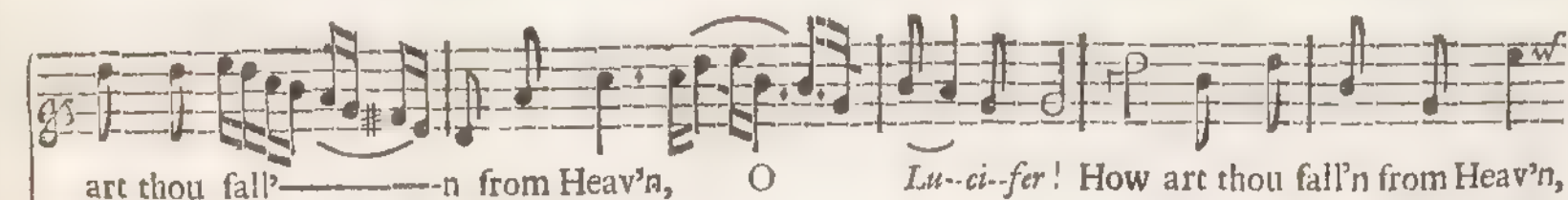
Lucifer's Fawl. Set by Dr. John Blow.

OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n,



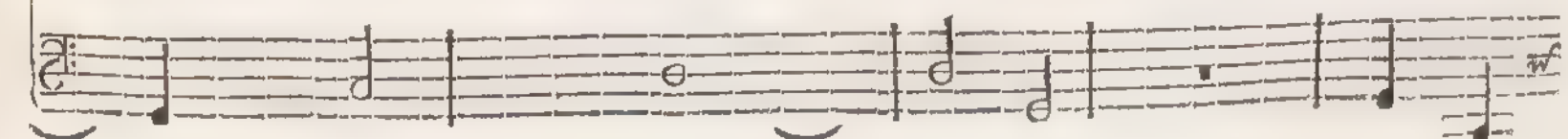
OW art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!

art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,



art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou fall'n from Heav'n,



Lu-ci-fer!

Lu-ci-fer! Son of the Morning, Son of the

How art thou cut down to the Ground! How art thou cut

Morning! How art thou cut down to the Ground,

down to the Ground, to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations, that didst

art thou cut down, cut down to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the Nations,

weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou, art thou cut

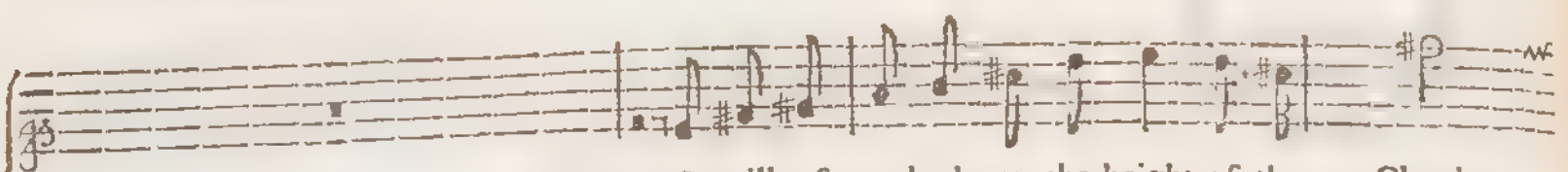
Thou that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou cut

down! I will af-cend in-to the Heav'n, I will af-
down! For thou said'st in thy Heart, for thou said'st in thy Heart,


-cend into the Heav'ns. I will exalt my Throne above the Stars of
I will ascend, af-cend, into the Heav'ns. I will ex-

God, I will ex-alt my Throne above the Stars of God; I will sit al--so upon the Mount
-alt my Throne a--bove, above the Stars of God; I will sit al--so upon the Mount


of the Con--gre-ga-ti-on, in the Sides of the North.
of the Congrega--ti--on, in the sides of the North. I will ascend above the height of the



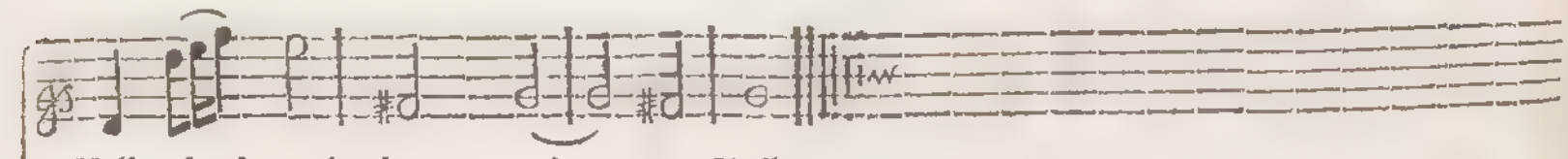
I will af-cend above the height of the Clouds,
Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell; I will af—cend above the



of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down into Hell, be brought
height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell;



down in—to Hell; thou shalt be brought down in—to
yet thou shalt be brought down, thou shalt be brought down in—to Hell, be



Hell, be brought down in—to Hell.
brought down, be brought down in—to Hell.

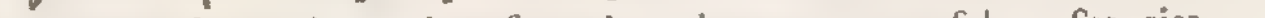
Set by Dr. John Blow.



A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The notation includes a variety of note values: quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests and accidentals, including natural signs and sharp signs. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of 18th or 19th-century musical manuscripts.

take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e——ver-la-ting Strings,

take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud and e——ver-la-sing Strings,



and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Sto-ries, the la—

and on them play, and to them sing, the happy mournful Stories,

men—ta—ble Glories, of the grea—t cru-ci-fy'd King.

the la---men---ta---ble Glories, of the grea-----t cru---ci-fy'd King.

Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi—th the

Mountainous heaps of Wonders which doth rise, 'till Earth thou joynest wi—th the

Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half, to be half seen by Mortal

Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too high, to be half seen by Mortal

Eye. How shall I grasp this boundless thing? What, shall I play? What, what shall I sing?

Eye.

Ple sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

Ple sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love, which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed

Spirits above, with all their Com—ments can explain, how all the whole Worlds

Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain, how all the whole Worlds

Life to dy—e, did not disdain.

Life to dy—e, did not disdain.

The Aspiration. The Words by Mr. Norris, of Wadham Colledge Oxon.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



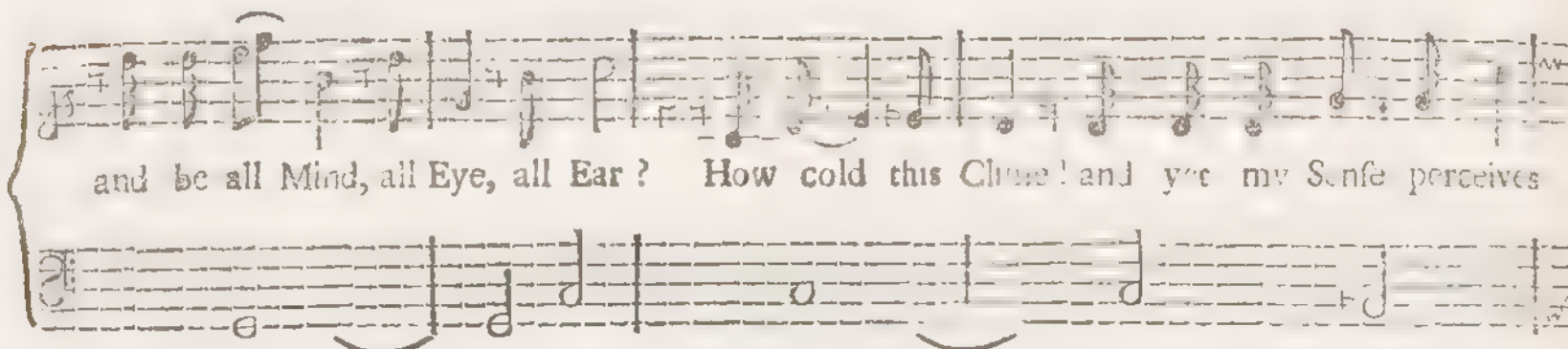
Ow long, how long, grea—t God, how long must I, im—

—mur'd in this dork Pri—son lye? Where at the Grates, and A—ve-nues of Sence, my Soul must

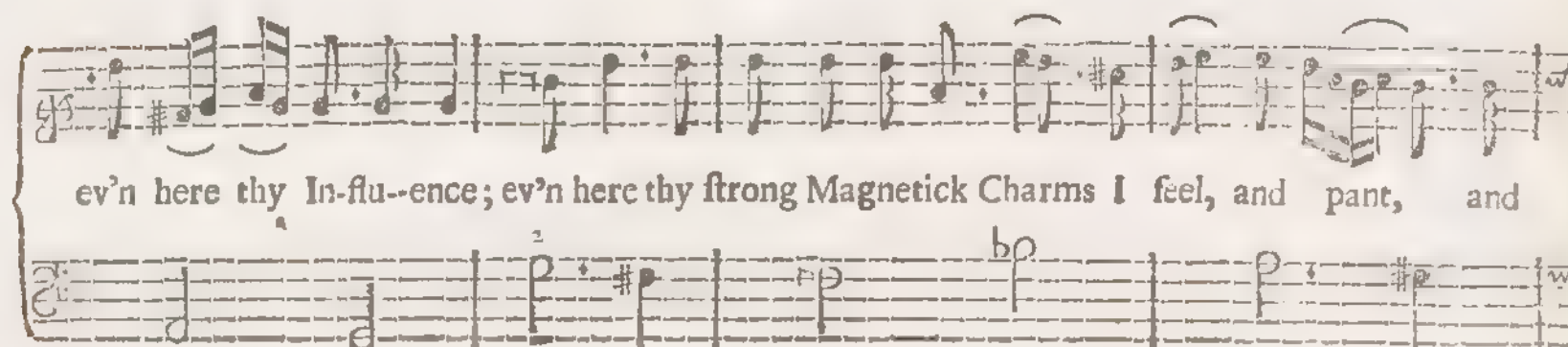
watch to have in—tel—li—gence; where but faint Gleams of thee fa—lure my Sight,



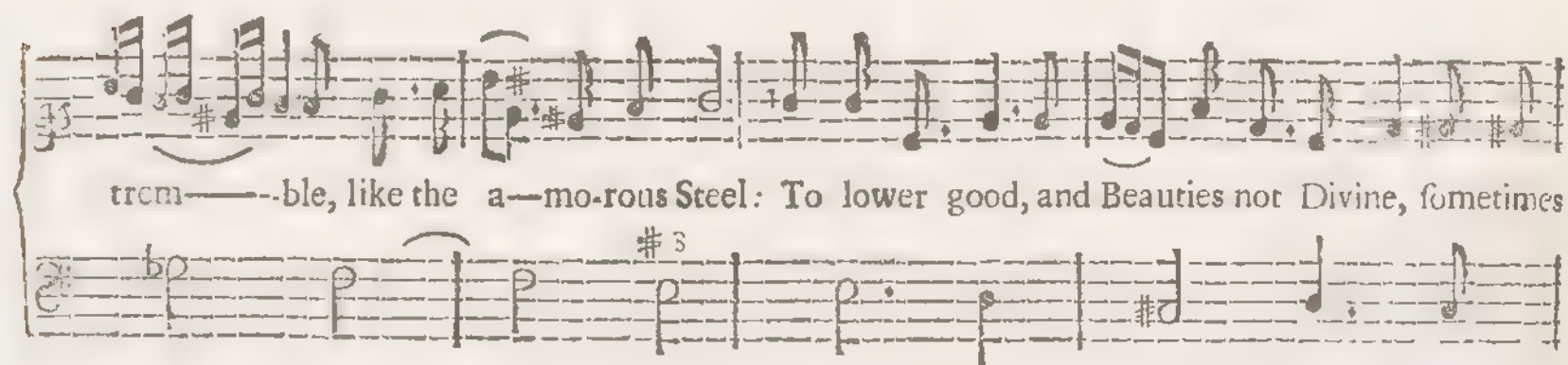
like doubtful Moon-shine in ——— a cloudy Night. When shall I view this Magick Sphere,



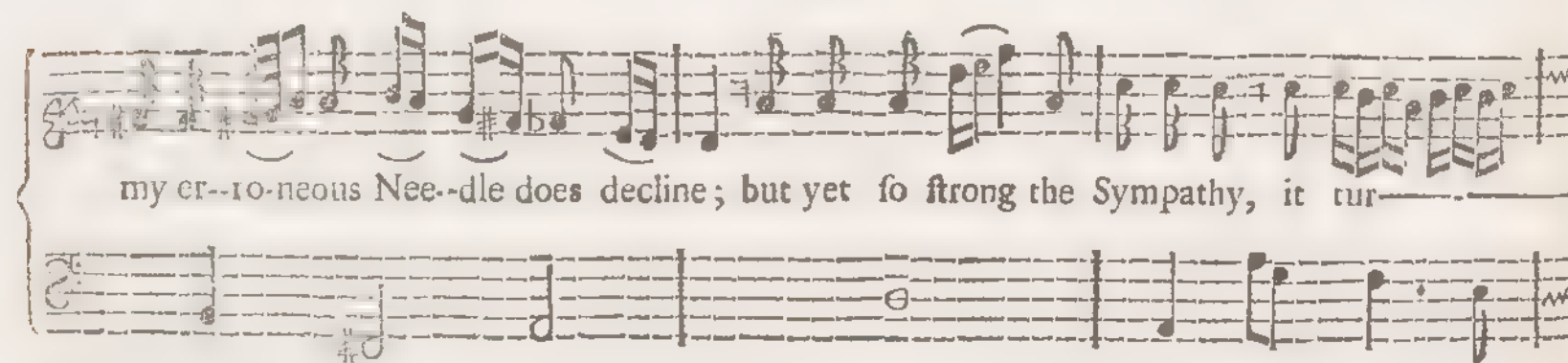
and be all Mind, all Eye, all Ear? How cold this Close! and yet my Sense perceives



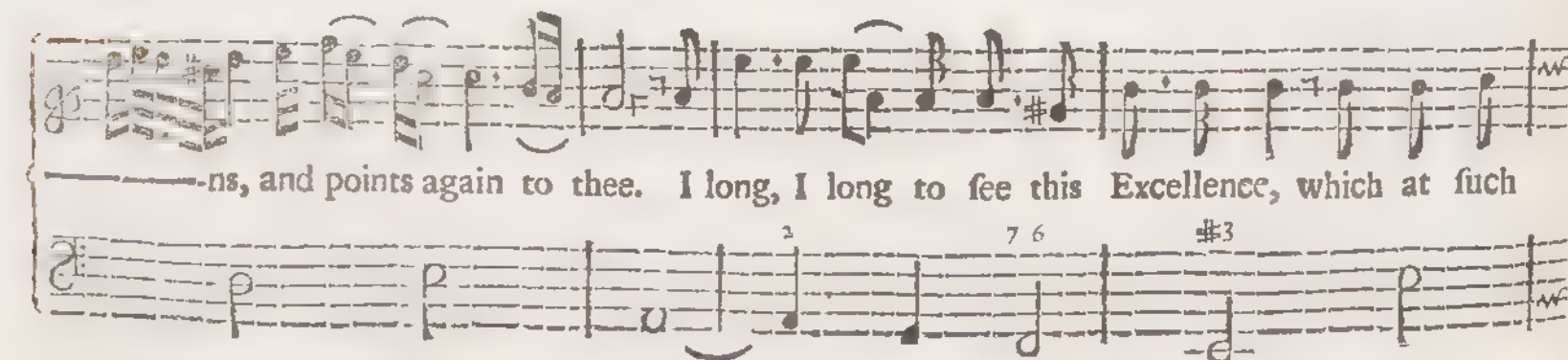
ev'n here thy In-flu-ence; ev'n here thy strong Magnetick Charms I feel, and pant, and



trem-——ble, like the a-mo-rous Steel: To lower good, and Beauties not Divine, sometimes



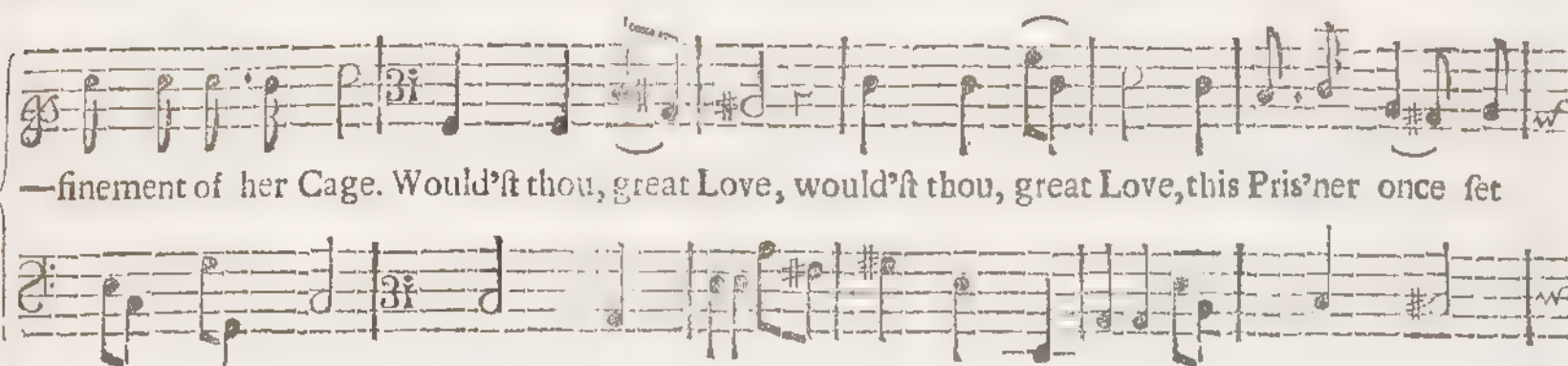
my er-ro-neous Nee-dle does decline; but yet so strong the Sympathy, it tur-



——ns, and points again to thee. I long, I long to see this Excellence, which at such



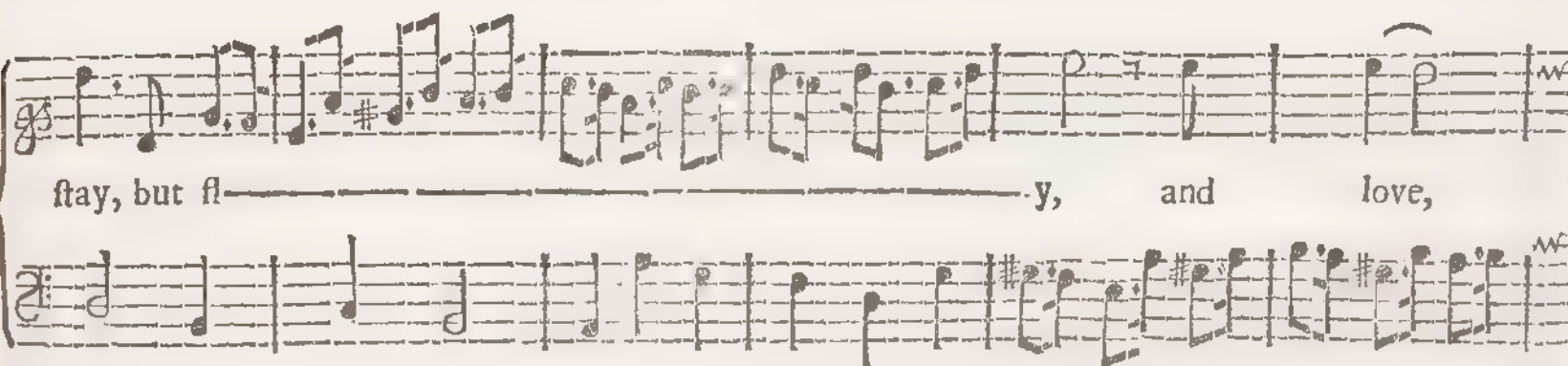
distance stricken my Sense: My impatient Soul struggles to disengage her wings, from the con-



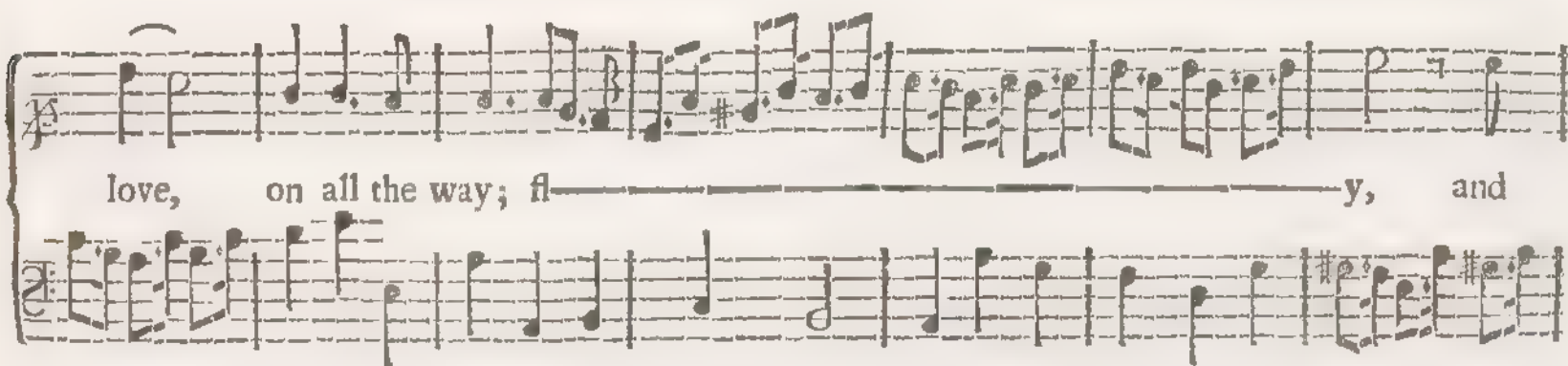
—finement of her Cage. Would'st thou, great Love, would'st thou, great Love, this Pris'ner once set



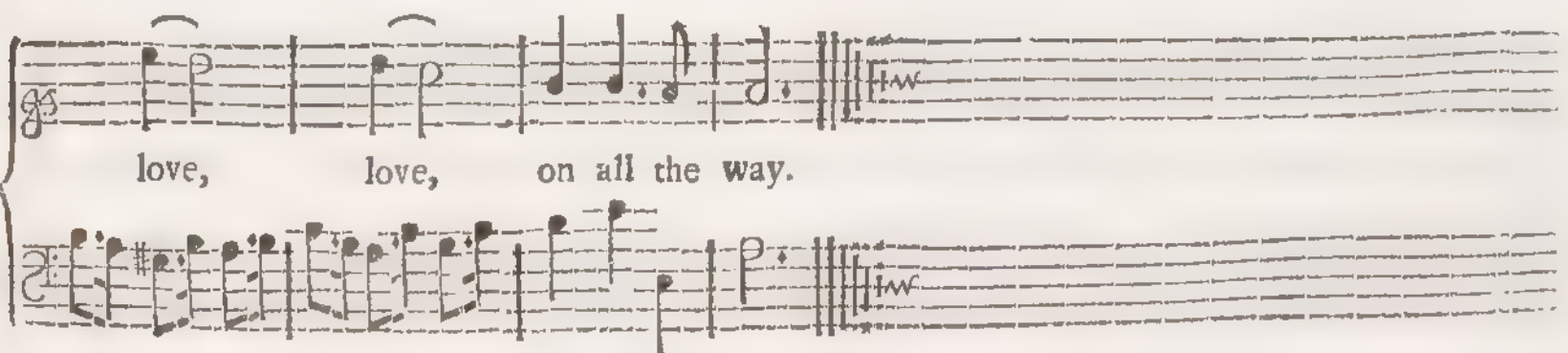
free, how would she have been to be link'd to thee? She'd for no Angels Conduct



stay, but fly, and love,

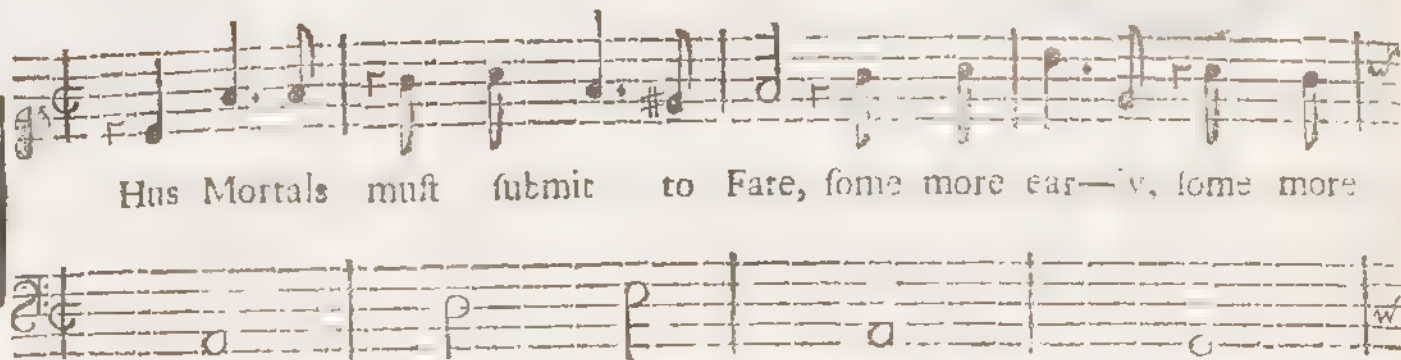


love, on all the way; fly, and

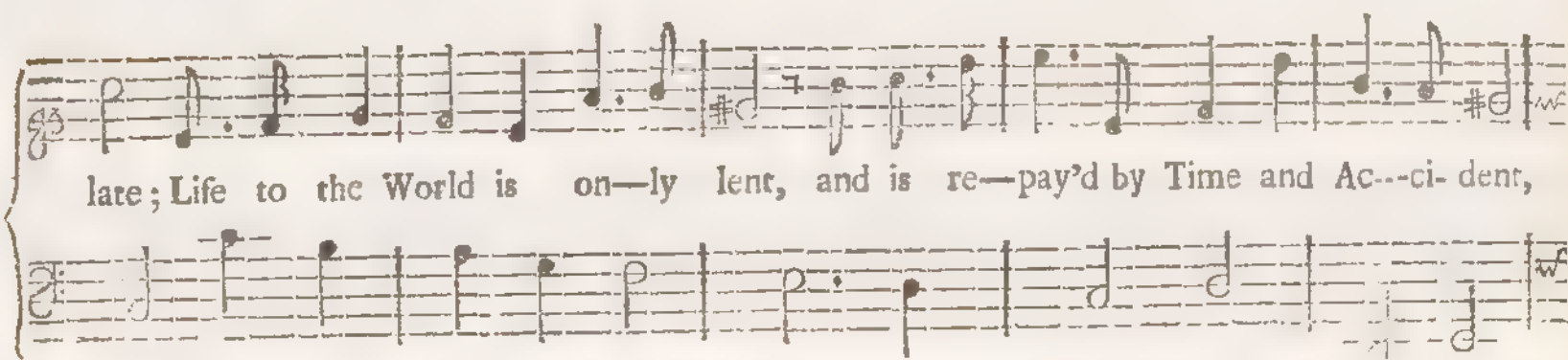


love, love, on all the way.

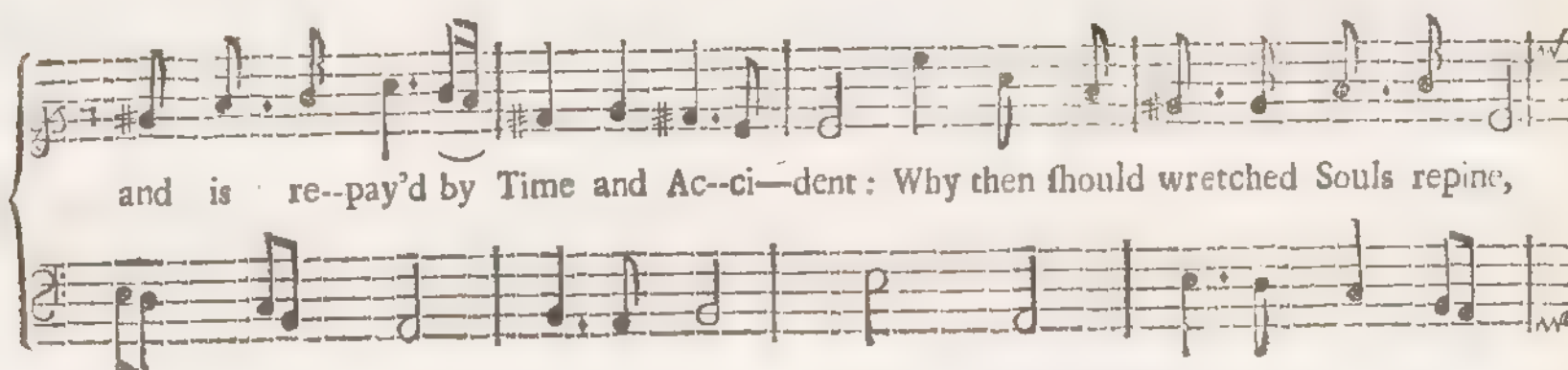
Sett by Dr. William Turner.



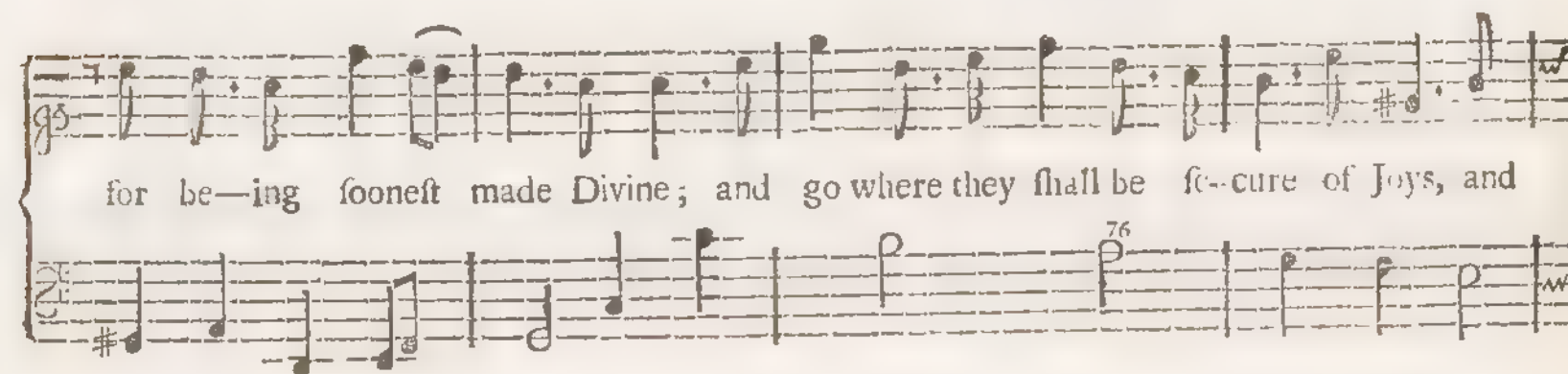
Hus Mortals must submit to Fate, some more ear-ly, some more



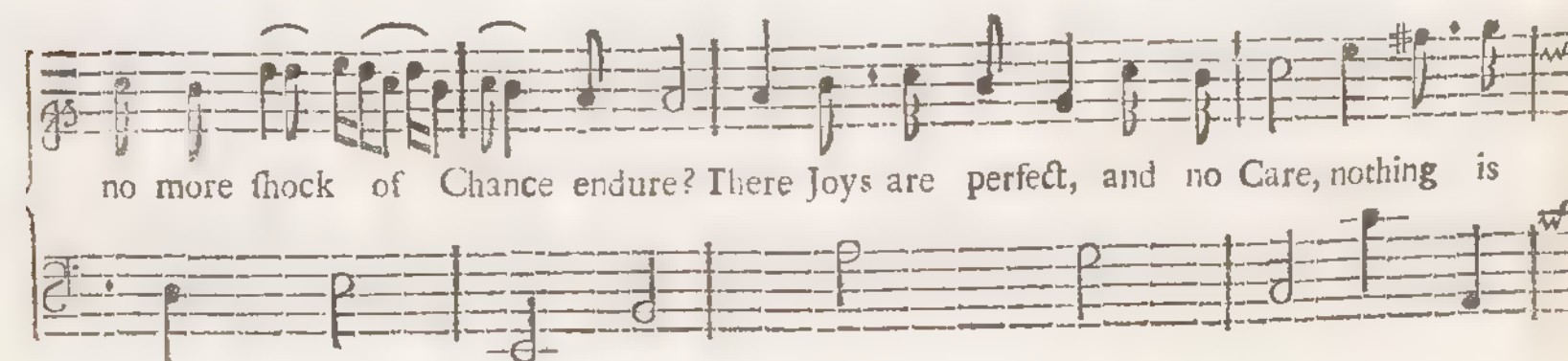
late; Life to the World is on-ly lent, and is re-pay'd by Time and Ac-ci-dent,



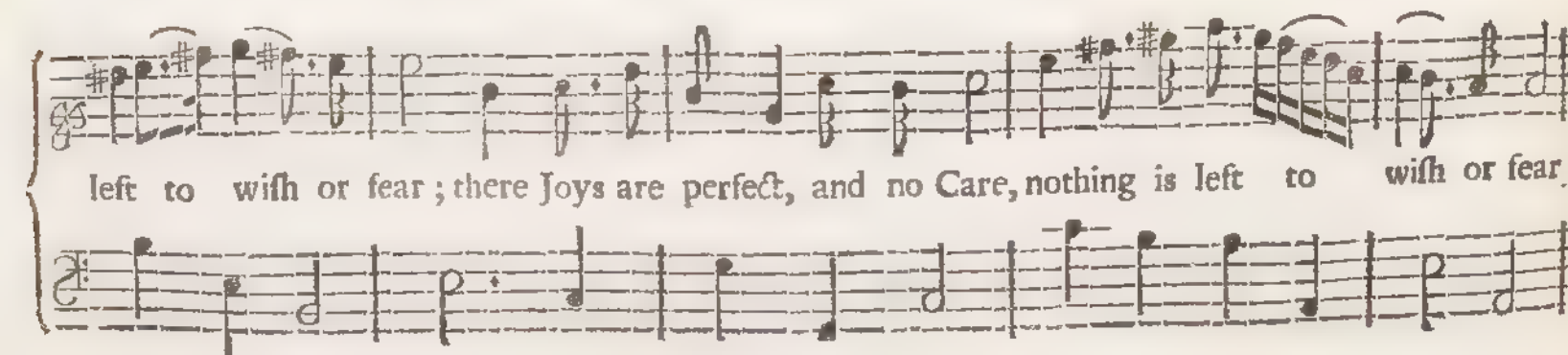
and is re-pay'd by Time and Ac-ci-dent: Why then should wretched Souls repine,



for be-ing soonest made Divine; and go where they shall be se-cure of Joys, and



no more shock of Chance endure? There Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is



left to wish or fear; there Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is left to wish or fear.

CHORUS.



How hap-py, how hap-py's the Soul that has took his best flight, from Darkneſs to



How hap-py's the Soul, &c.



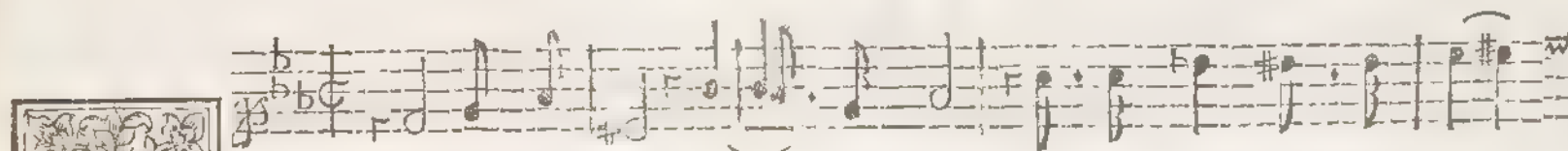
Light, from be-low to a-bove, from Envy and Hatred, to Praise and to Love, from Envy and



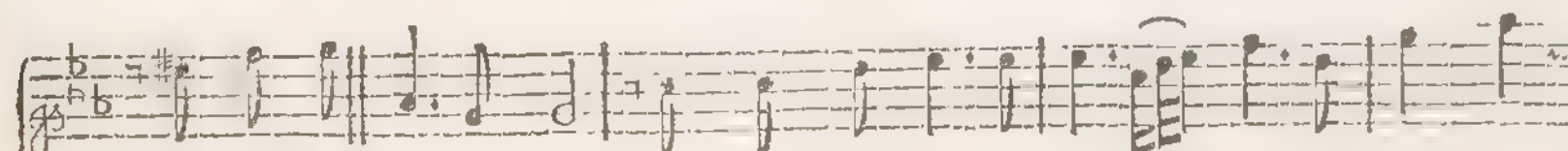
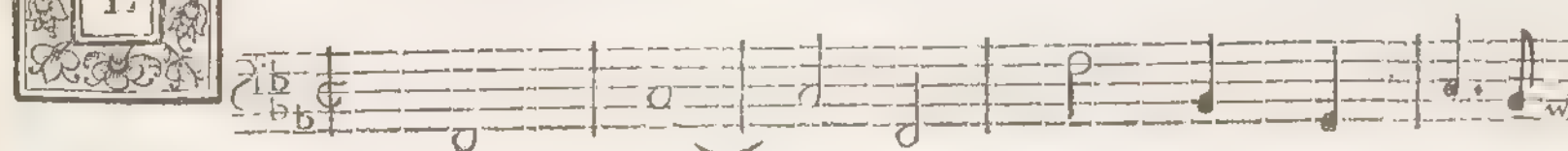
Hatred, from Envy and Hatred to Praise and to Love.



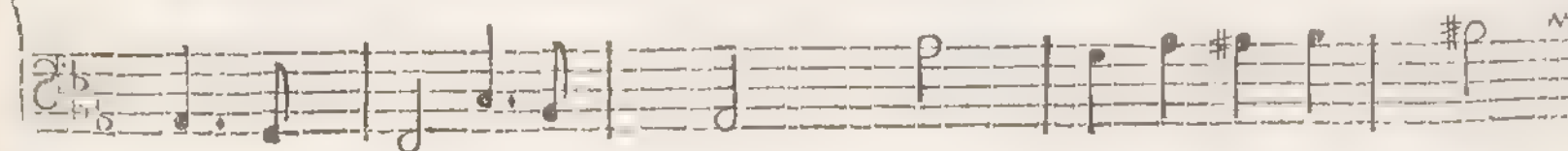
Words by Dr. Jeremiah Taylor. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes.



L Ord! I have ſinn'd, I have ſinn'd, and the black Number ſwells

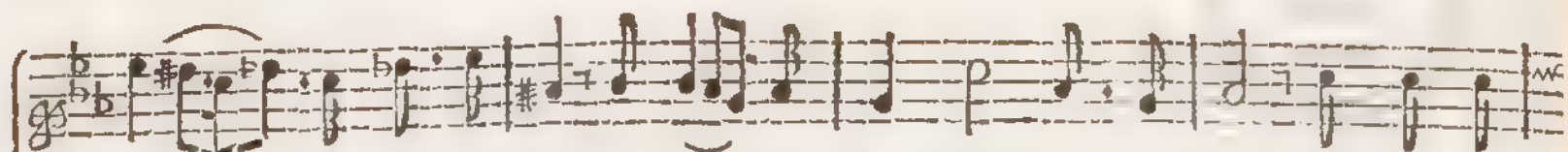


to ſuch a diſ-mal Sum, that ſhould my ſto-ny Heart, and Eyes, and this whole



ſin-ful Trunk a Flood become, and ru-—-n to Tears, their







Drops could not suf—fice to count my Score, much less to pay; but thou, my



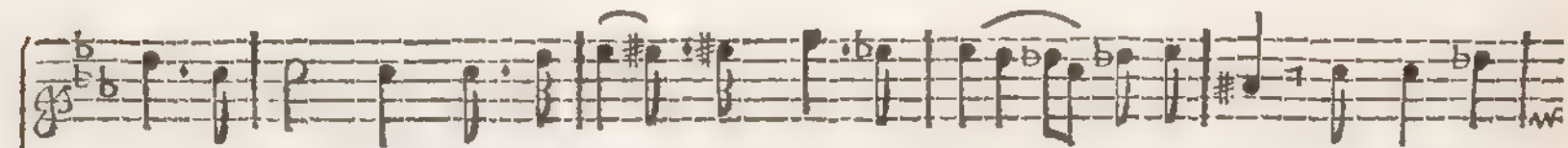
God, hast Blood in store, and art the Pa—tron of the Poor. Yet since the



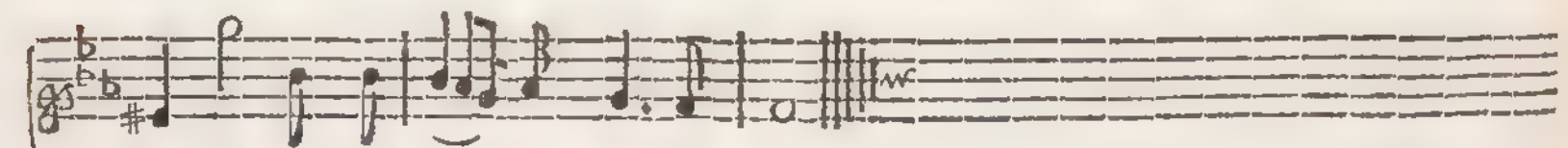
Balsom of thy Blood, although it can, will do no good, unless the Wounds be cleans'd with



Tears, before thou, in whose sweet, but pensive Face, Laugh—ter could ne—ver



steal a Place. Teach but my Heart and Eyes to mel—t a—way, and then one

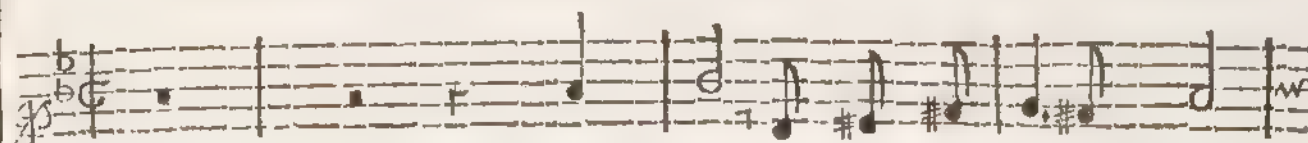


drop, one drop of Bal—som will suf—fice.

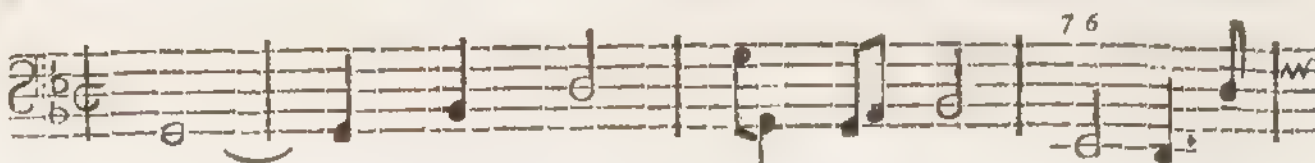
Words by Sir Thomas Dereham. Set by Mr. Matthew Lock.



Know that my Redeemer lives, and I



I know that my Redeemer lives,



shall see him cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; and I shall see him



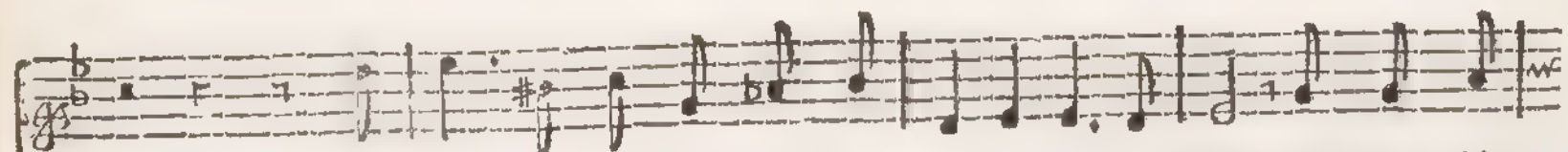
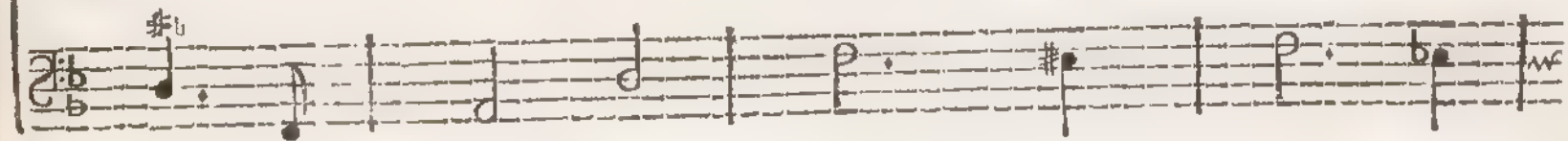
and I shall see him cloath'd with Immor—ta—li—ty; and I shall see him



cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter day shall stand,



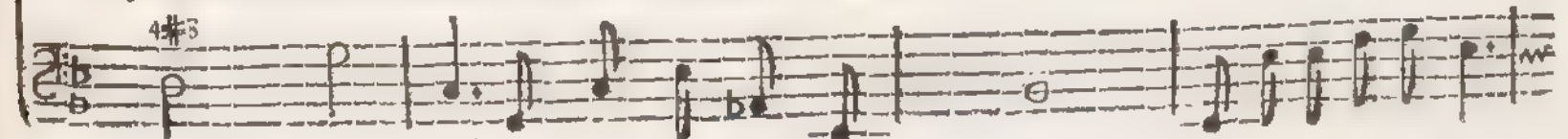
cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter



shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command: And tho' this



day shall stand, shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command:



Body crawl--ling Worms devour, in their dark Empire; yet in that same hour, when

Trumpet shall rouse me from slumb'ring Night, these, these ve--ry Eyes shall see his glorious

CHORUS.

Light. Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the

Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way, the way to that fair dawn of Life's e--ter--nal day; 'tis the way, the way, to that fair dawn of



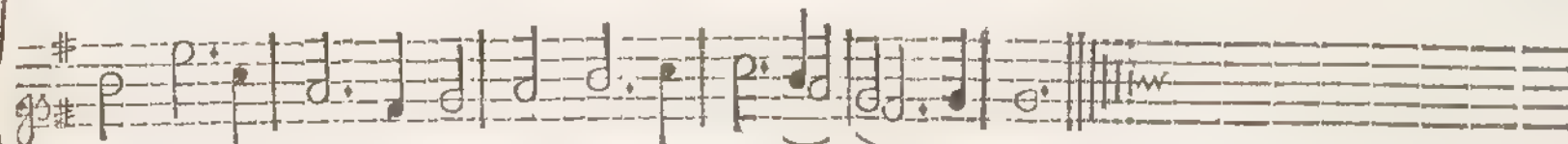
Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal



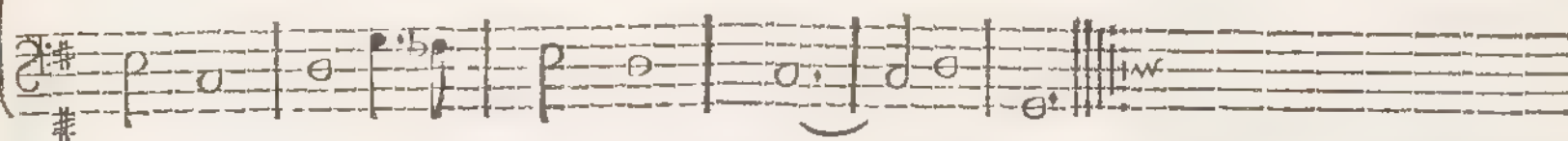
Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal



day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.



day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.



Upon a Quiet Conscience, by King Charles the I. of Blessed Memory.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



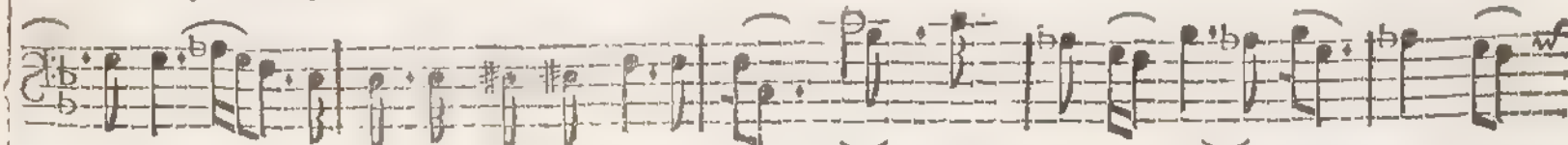
Lose thine Eyes, and sleep, sleep se-cure, thy Soul is safe, is



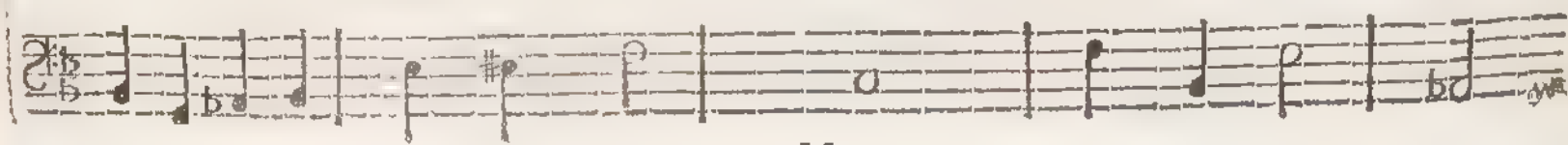
Cloſe thine Eyes, and sleep,




safe, thy Bo-dy ſure; cloſe thine Eyes, and ſleep ſe-cure, and ſleep ſe-




ſlee-p ſecure, thy Soul is ſafe, is ſafe; cloſe thine Eyes, and ſleep, and ſleep ſe-








—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Bo—dy sure; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver slum—





—cure, thy Soul is safe, thy Body sure; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, he that


—bers, ne—ver sleeps; he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who never slum—



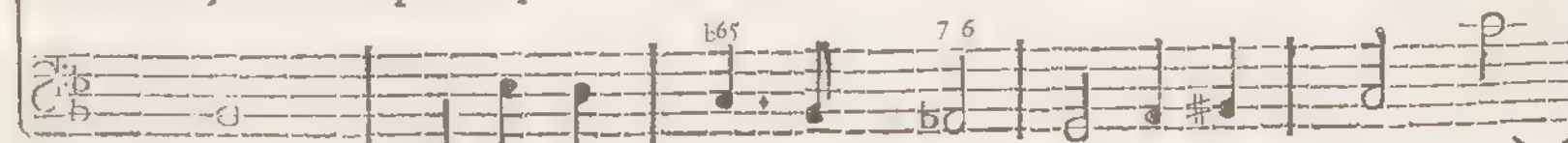
guards thee, he thee keeps, who never slum—bers, ne—ver sleeps, who ne—ver slum—

—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on—ly Peace, has on—ly



—bers, never sleeps. A qui—et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on—




Rest, has on—ly, on—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—



—ly Peace, has on—ly Rest, has on—ly Rest. The Mu—





—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less the fings; Then



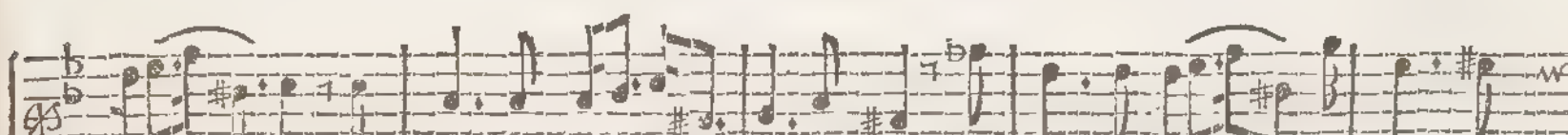
—sick, and the Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un—less the fings; Then



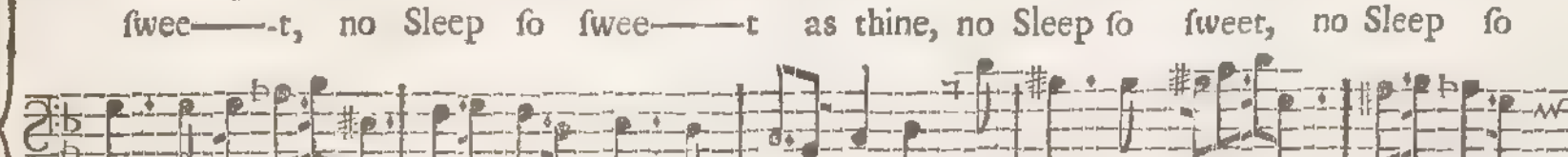

close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no Sleep so



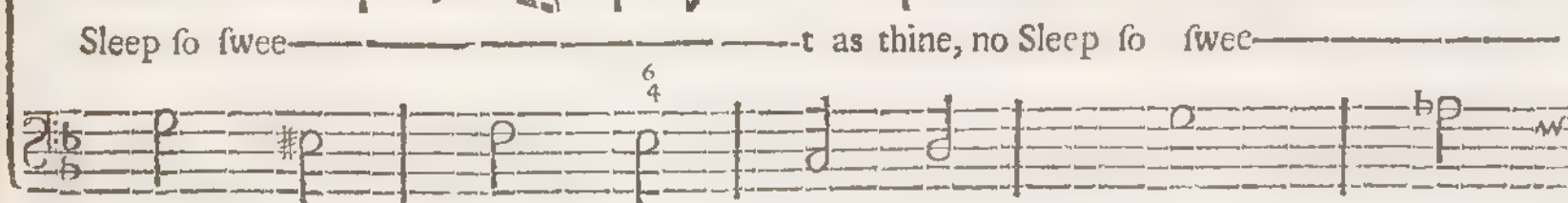
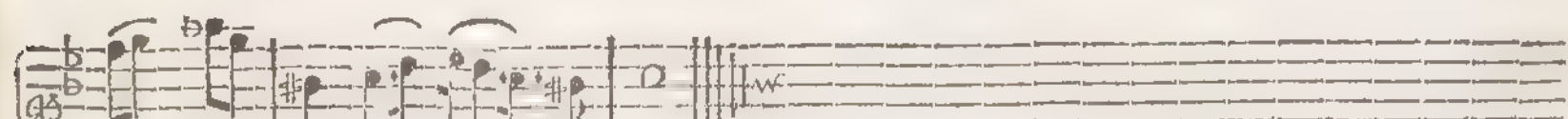
close thine Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no


fwec—t, no Sleep so fwec—t as thine, no Sleep so sweet, no Sleep so



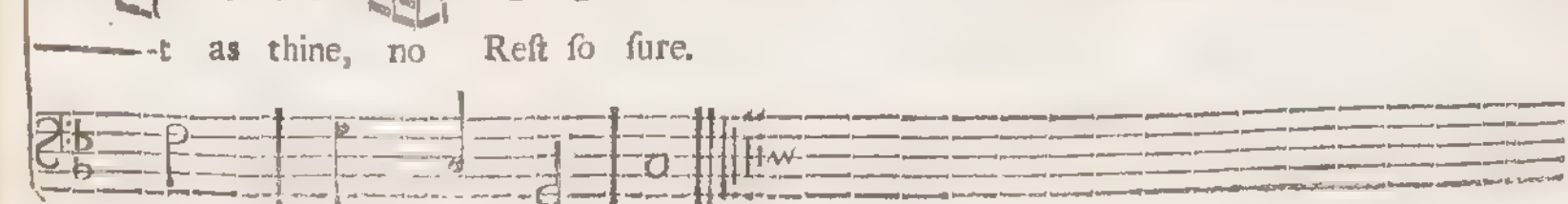
Sleep so fwec—t as thine, no Sleep so fwec—

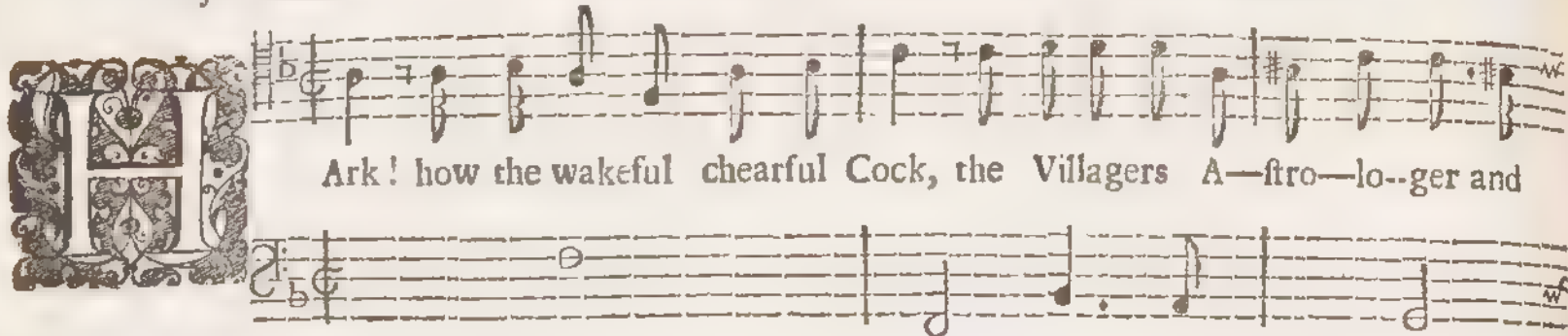



sweet as thine, no Rest so sure.

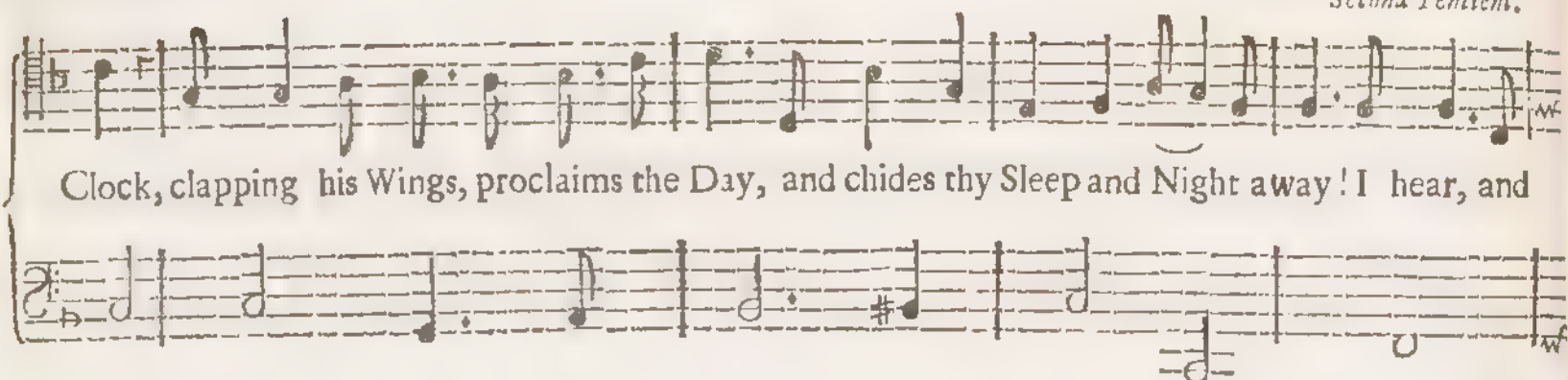


—t as thine, no Rest so sure.

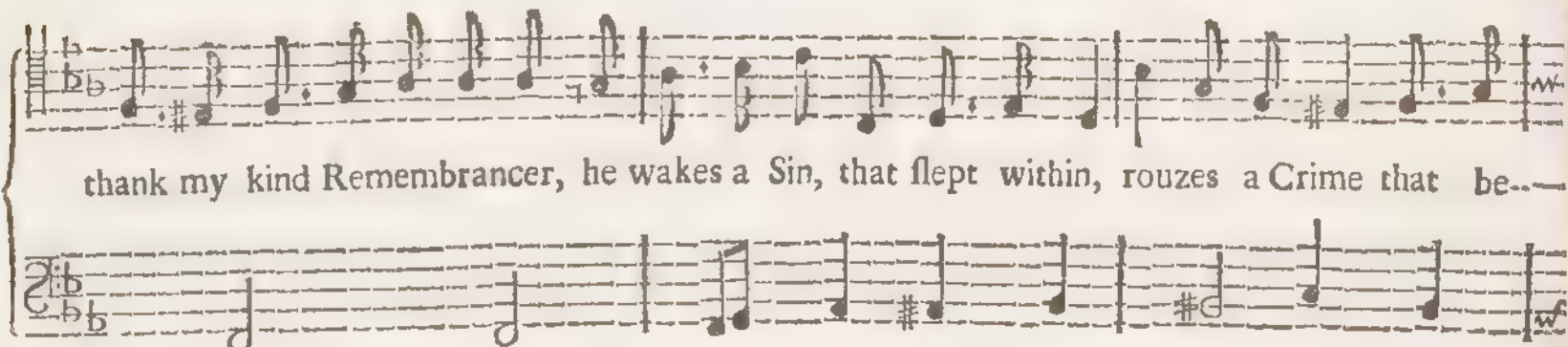


*A Dialogue between two Penitents.**First Penitent.**Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes, and Dr. John Blow.*


Ark! how the wakeful chearful Cock, the Villagers A—stro—lo—ger and

Second Penitent.


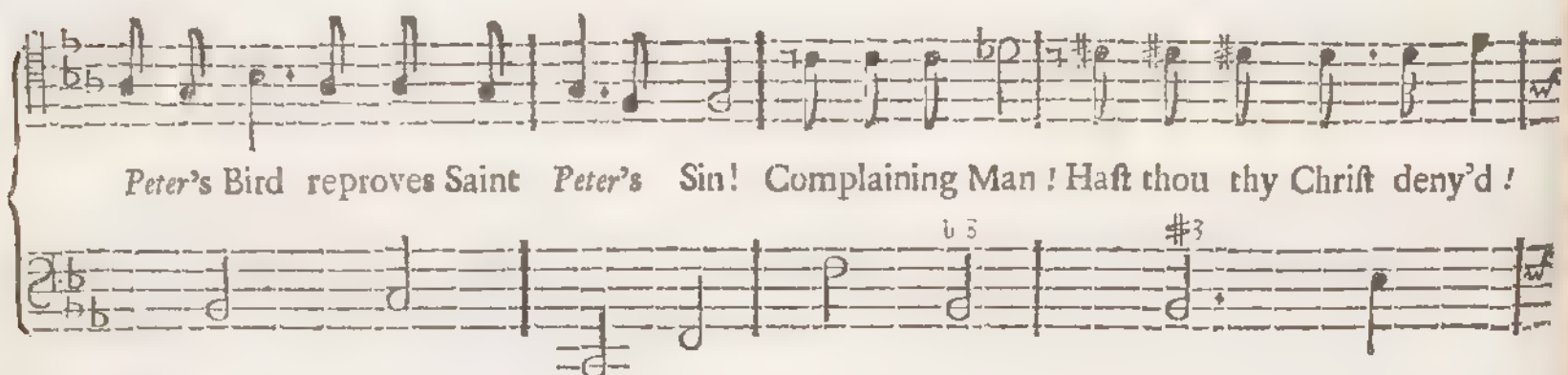
Clock, clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day, and chides thy Sleep and Night away! I hear, and



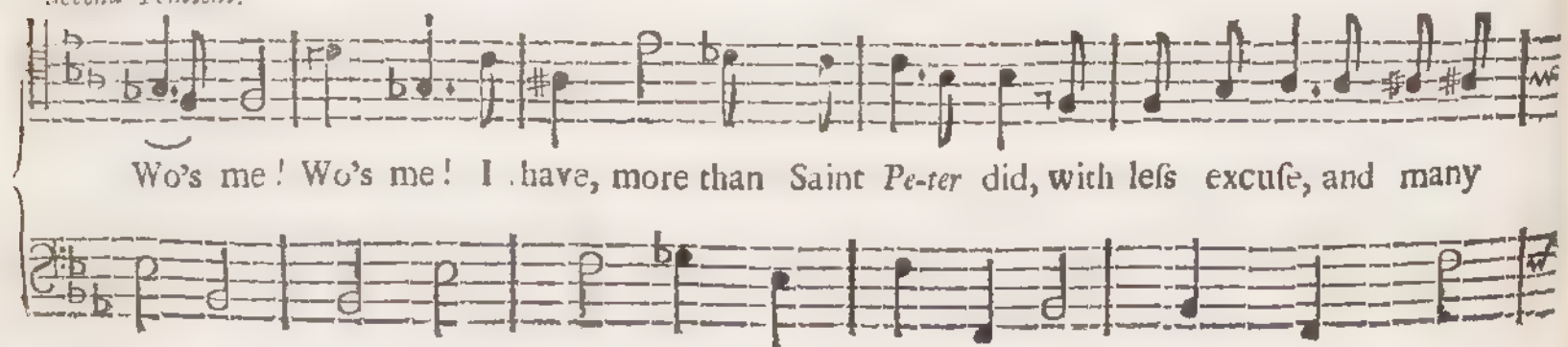
thank my kind Remembrancer, he wakes a Sin, that slept within, rouses a Crime that be—

First Penitent.

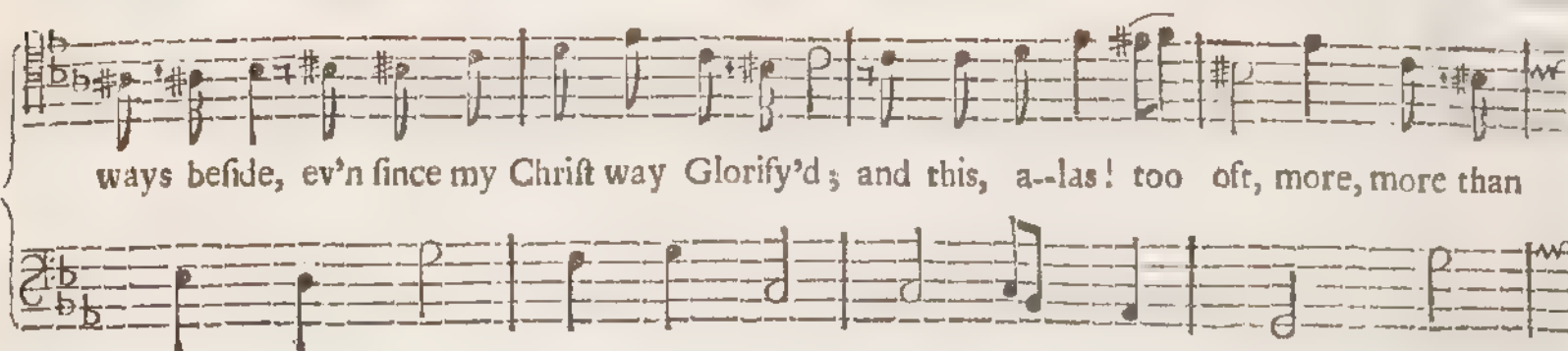

—fore whuld not stir: Flow, flow my Tears! O when will you be—gin! Saint



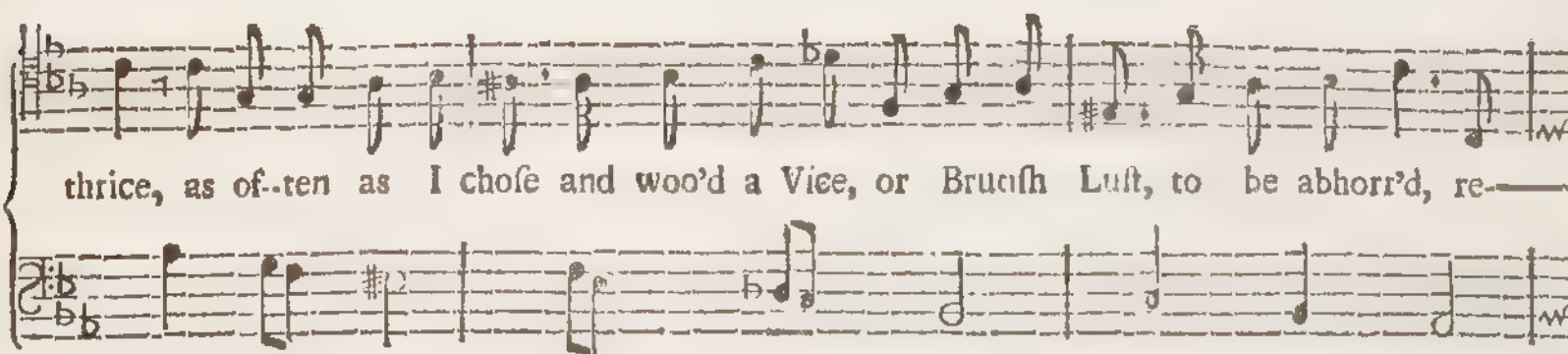
Peter's Bird reproves Saint Peter's Sin! Complaining Man! Hast thou thy Christ deny'd!

Second Penitent.


Wo's me! Wo's me! I have, more than Saint Pe-ter did, with less excuse, and many



ways beside, ev'n since my Christ way Glorify'd; and this, a-las! too oft, more, more than

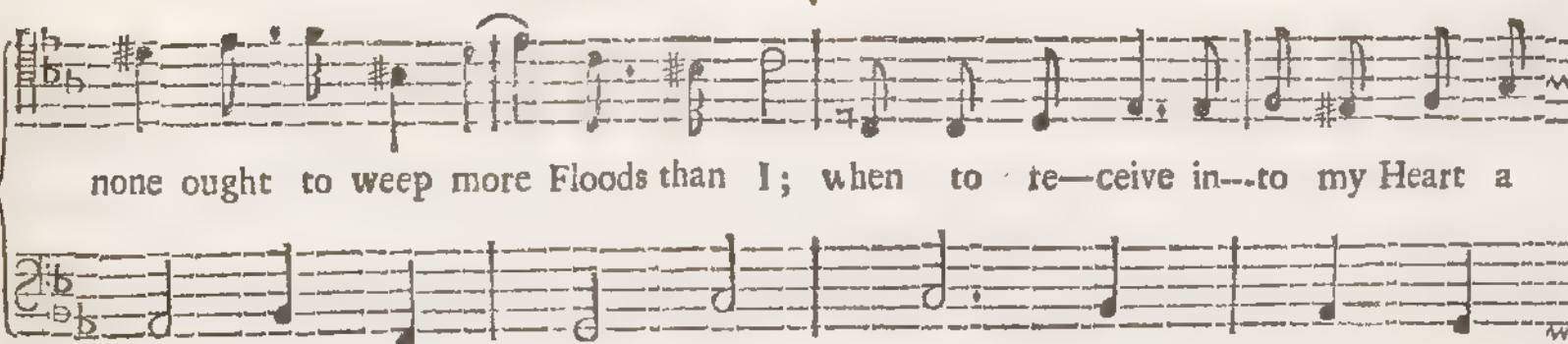


thrice, as of-ten as I chose and woo'd a Vice, or Brutish Lust, to be abhorr'd, re—

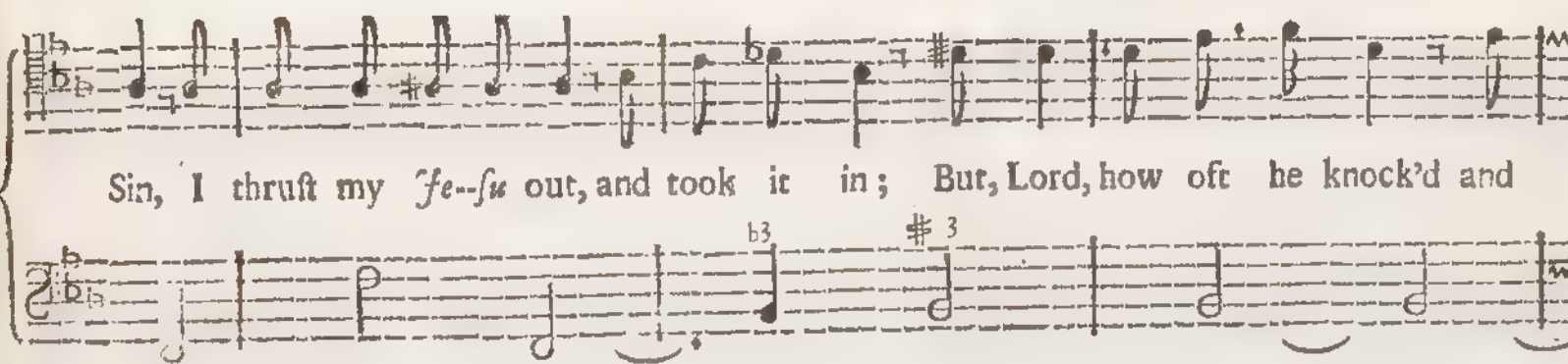
• First Penitent.



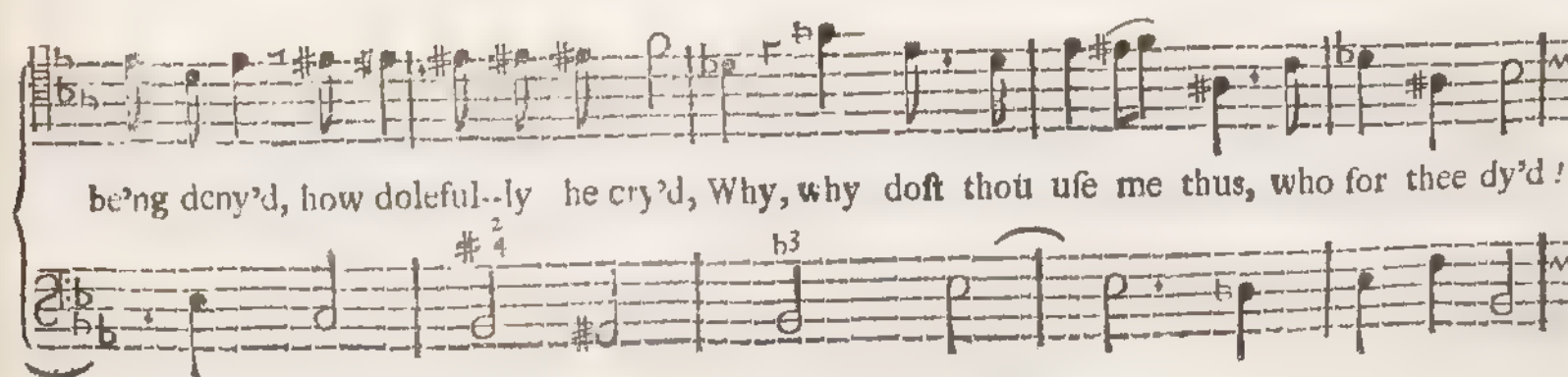
je—ting Je—su, my dear Lord. O my sad Heart! if that be to de—ny,



none ought to weep more Floods than I; when to re—ceive in—to my Heart a



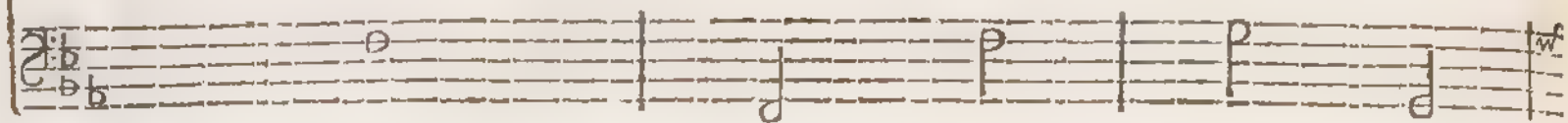
Sin, I thrust my Je—su out, and took it in; But, Lord, how oft he knock'd and



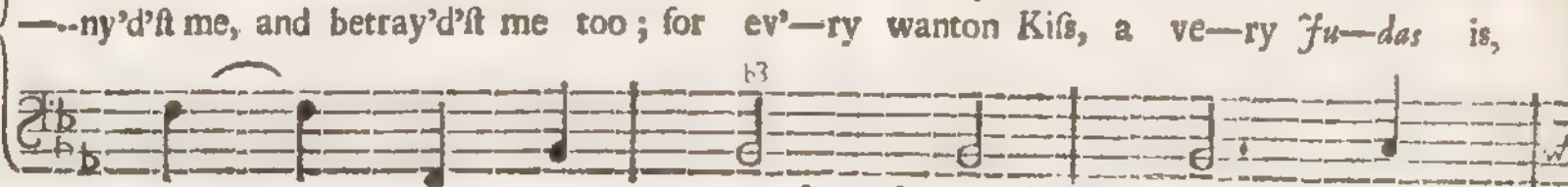
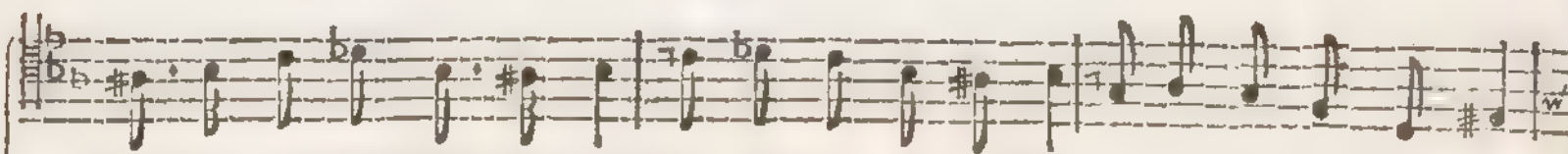
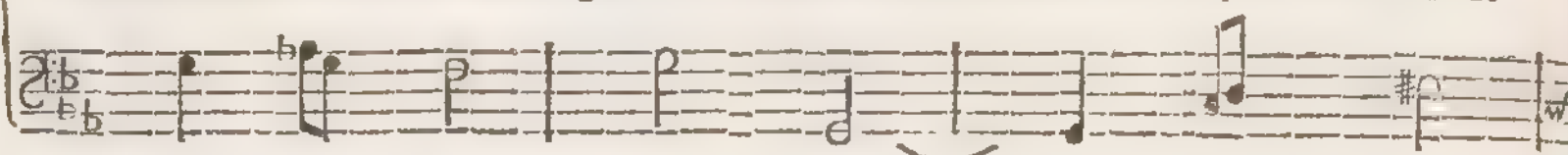
be'ng deny'd, how doleful—ly he cry'd, Why, why dost thou use me thus, who for thee dy'd!

Second Penitent.

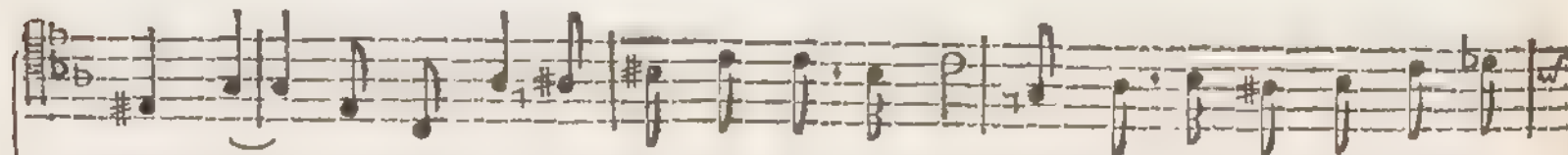
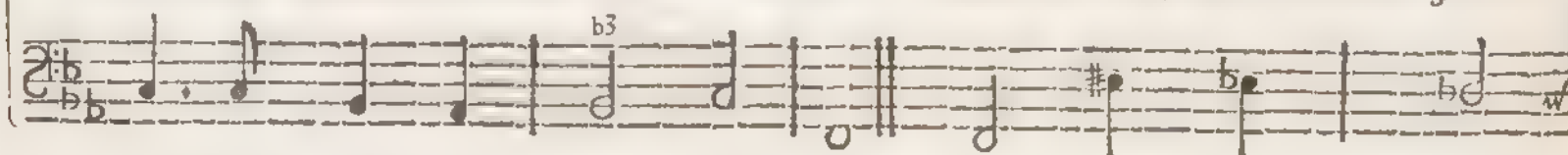
Methinks I hear him call too from the Tree, Un-grate-ful Wretch! Was these Wounds



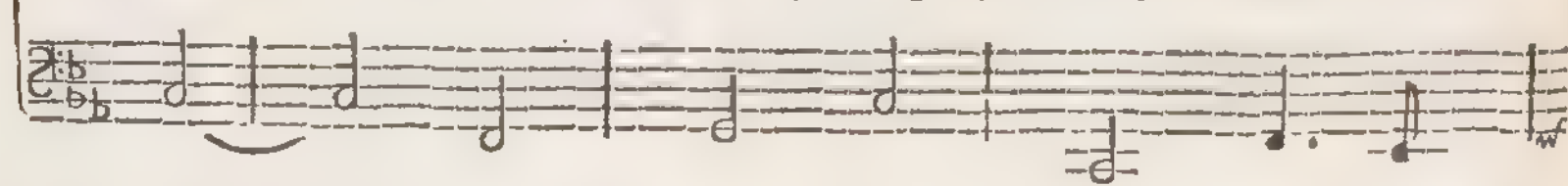
made for thee! False Re-ne-ga-do! These Wounds made for thee, who both de-

*First Penitent.*

and each malicious Thought a spiteful Jew. If Sins do now, what the fierce Jews did



then, wound him afresh, and cru-ci-fy a-gain; then we, a-las! have his Tor--



--men-tors been, and by each vile delib'rate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his



Second Penitent.

Pain as various as our Sin. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my

Pride does first dis-robe him, then deride; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and

scourge him by my Cru-el-ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his


First Penitent.

Head with Scorns, and my Hy-po-cri-sy. Stay! Un-to what prodigious height do

our Sins mount! Ev'ry Un-kind-ness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve-ry

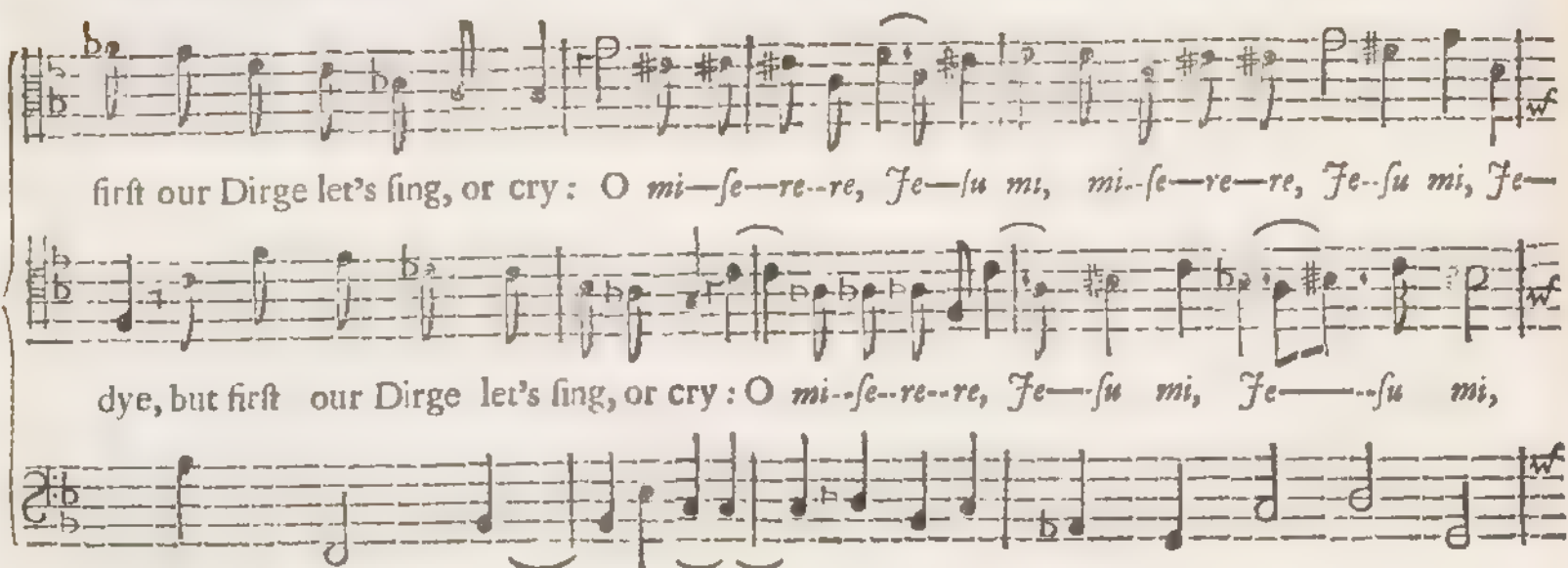
Heart, Christ could bear a-ny think, but this. CHORUS.

CHORUS.



Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's dye, but

Since then the cause of both our Griefs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grieflet's



first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

dye, but first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su mi,



-su in-dul-gen-tis-si-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-

Je-su in-dul-gen-tis-si-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su indulgentissi-



-su in-dul-gen-tis-si-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.

-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.

*A Dialogue betwixt Dives and Abraham.**Dives.*

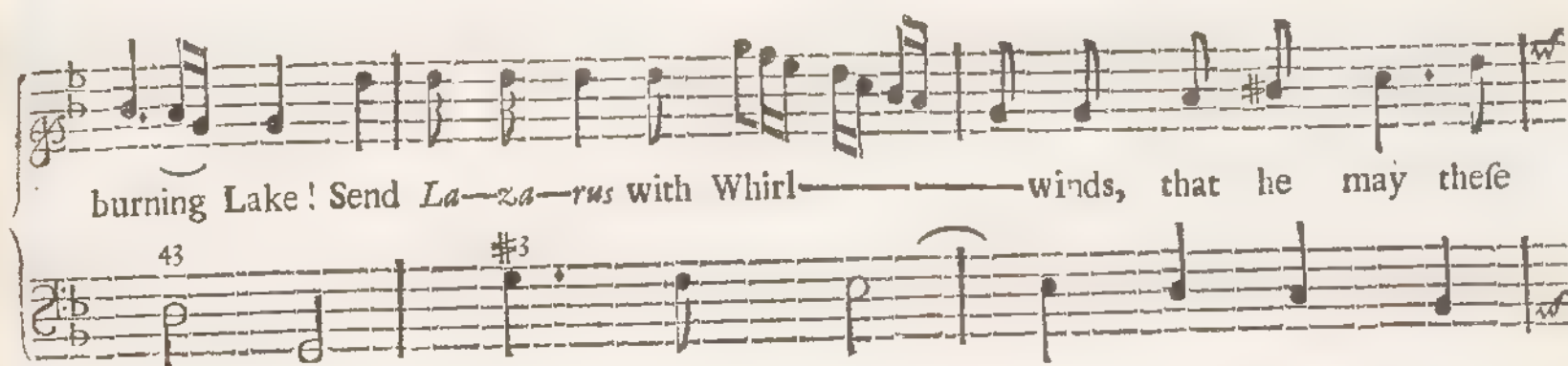
Set by Dr. John Blow.



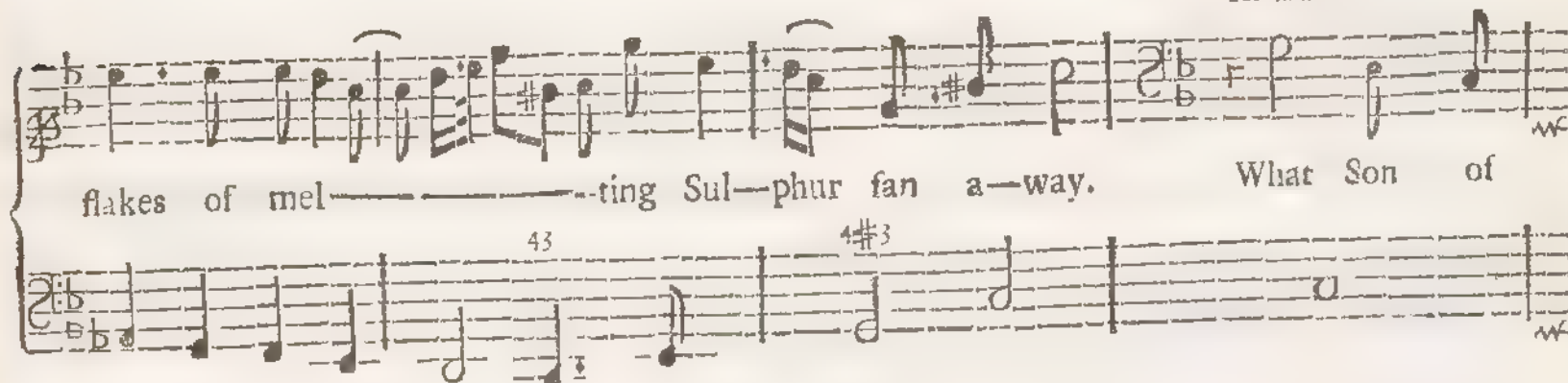
Elp, help, Father A—bram! Help, for Mercy's sake! Be—



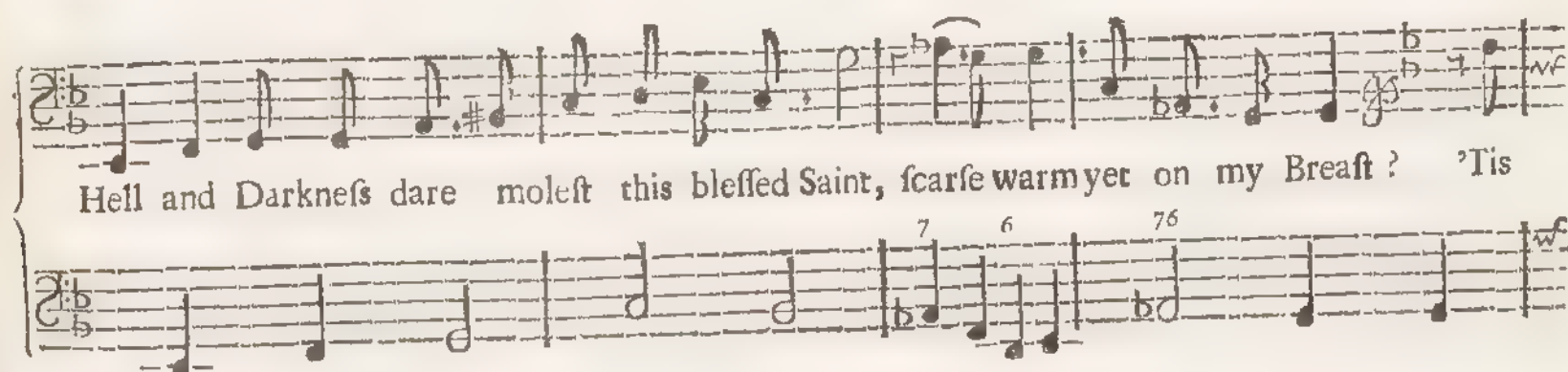
—hold my Torments, for Mercy's sake! Behold my Tor—ments in— this



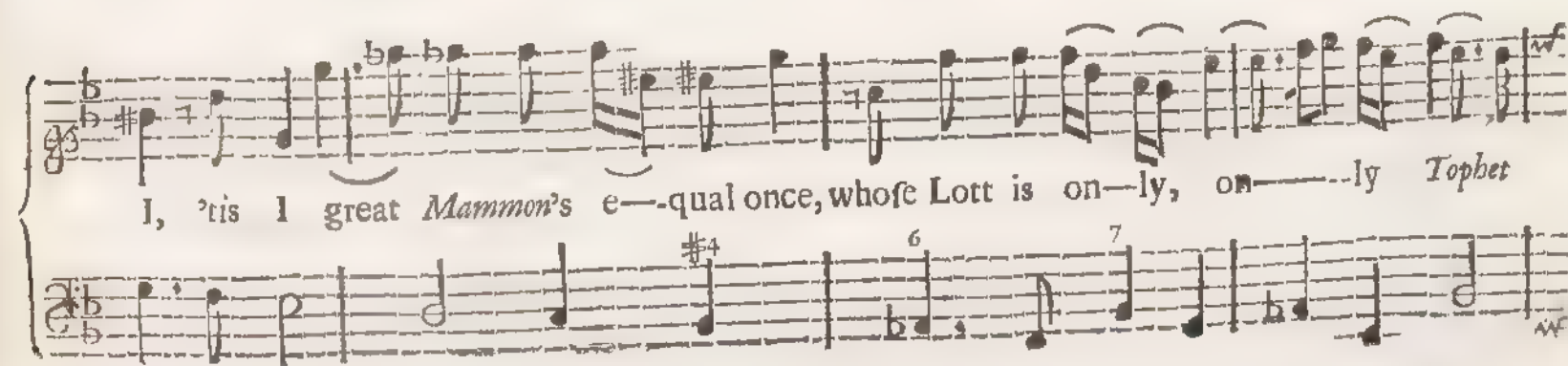
burning Lake! Send La—za—rus with Whirl—winds, that he may these

Abraham.


flakes of mel—ting Sul—phur fan a—way. What Son of

Dives.


Hell and Darkneſs dare moleſt this bleſſed Saint, ſcarſe warm yet on my Breaſt? 'Tis



I, 'tis I great Mammon's e—qual once, whoſe Lott is on—ly, on—ly Tophet

Abraham.

Dives.

now. I know thee not. Father, 'tis Dives, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I, who purpled

o're, far'd once de-li-cious-ly; Linnen of Egypt then a-dor---n'd my

Abraham.

Head, who now, now in Flame---ly thus en-ve-lo-ped. And can'st thou now his

Cha-ri-ty implore, whom thou saw'st lately at thy flin-ty Door, beg-ging for Crums, those Crums

Dives.

that fell beside thy o're charg'd Table, and was them de-ny'd? vain Soul! Some

Abraham.

pi-ty take! Some pi-ty take! Remember, Son,

Dives.

thy Dogs had pi—ty on him, thou had'st none. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, they were

mine reliev'd him: Oh! in lieu, let him vouchsafe me but a little, little

Abraham.

Dew, to cool my Tongue. Not the least drop of Grace, can e--ver enter, can ever enter, that for-

—fa—ken place; Beside, th'enfathom'd Gulph is fix--ed so; that none can pass 'twixt

Dives.

us and you be—low. Then fend them to my Brethren, lest they come

Abraham.

to feel the weight of my E—ter—nal Doom. they've Mo—ses to fore—

*Dives.**Alto.*

warm them. Oh! but they far sooner, far sooner, will a Dead Man's Voice obey. If

Si-nah's roa—ring Thunder from on high can—not be

heard, how, how should a Dead Man's Cry?

CHORUS.

'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and

pray; 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O
late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O—

pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that

dread—ful Day; for when Death's fa—tal

Hand once shuts the Door, 'twill be too

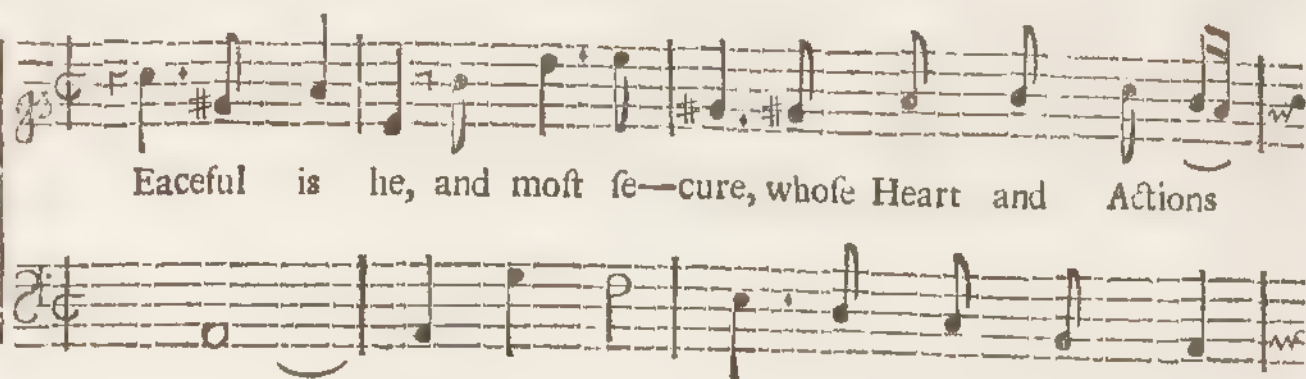
late; for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the

Door, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of Mer-cy,
'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of

the Gates of Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too late,
Mer-cy ne-ver, ne-ver o-pen more, 'twill be too

'twill be too late.
late, 'twill be too late.

Words by Mr. Tho. Flitman. Set by Dr. John Blow.



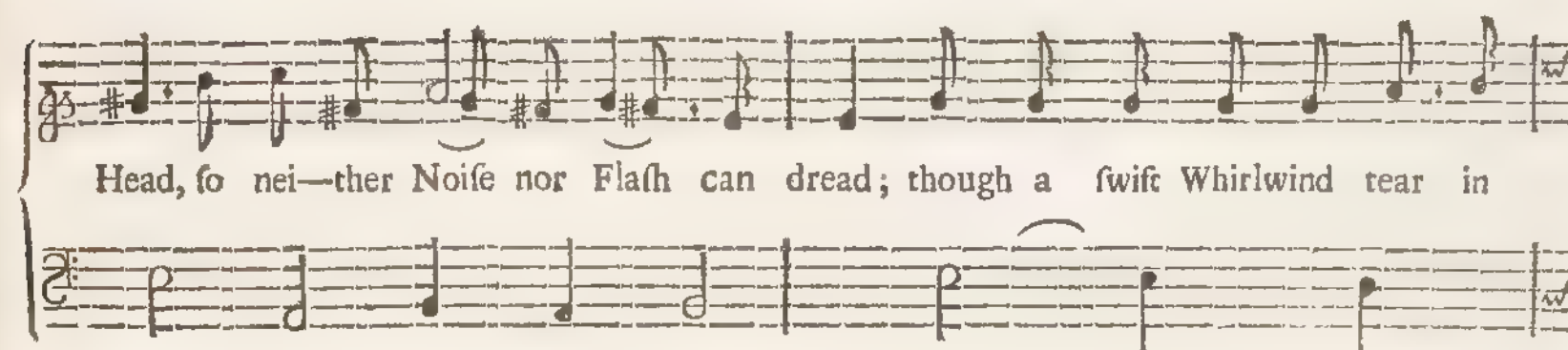
Eaceful is he, and most se—cure, whose Heart and Actions



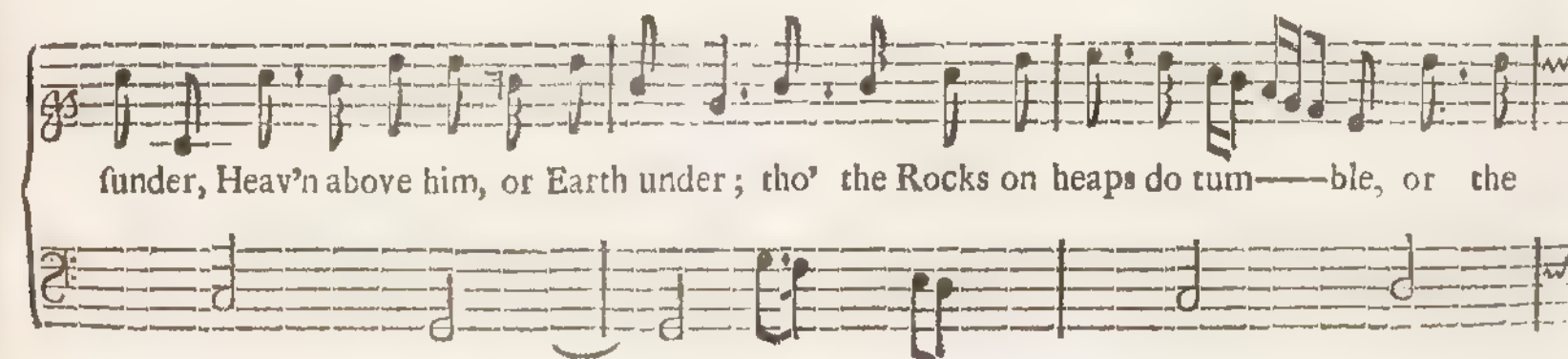
all are pure; how smooth and pleasant is his way, whilst Life's *Meander* slides away!



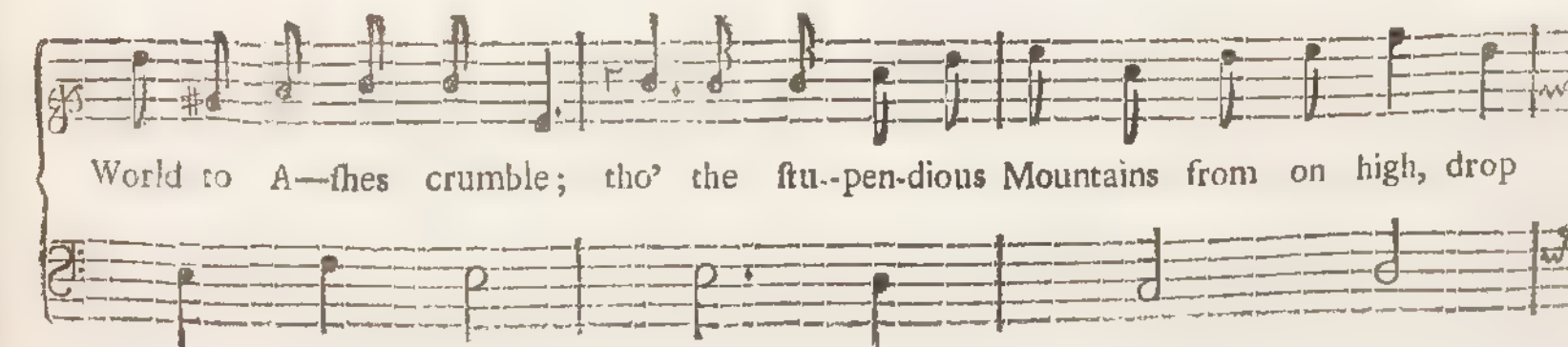
If a fierce Thunderbolt does fly, this Man can un-concerned lye: Know 'tis not levell'd at his



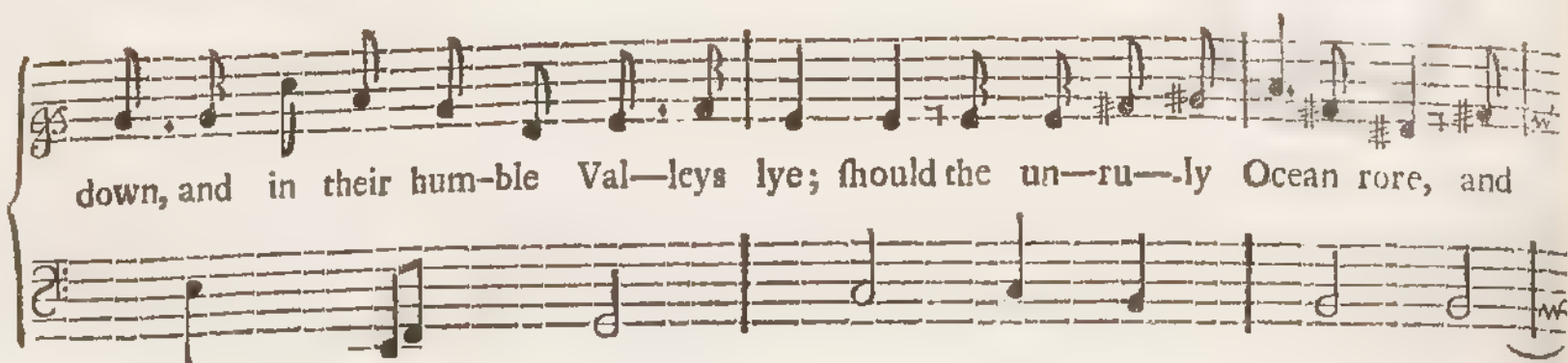
Head, so nei—ther Noise nor Flash can dread; though a swift Whirlwind tear in



funder, Heav'n above him, or Earth under; tho' the Rocks on heaps do tum—ble, or the



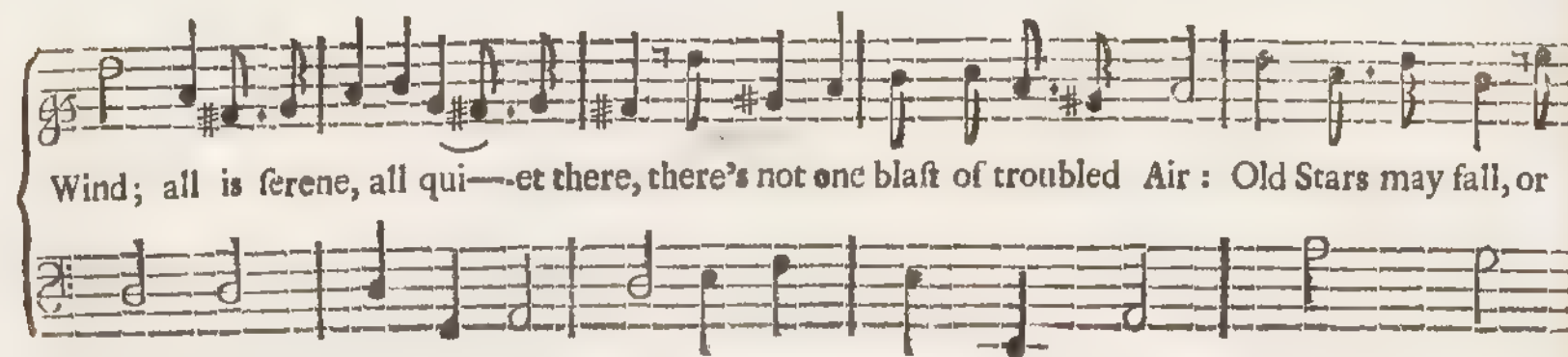
World to A—shes crumble; tho' the stu—pen-dious Mountains from on high, drop



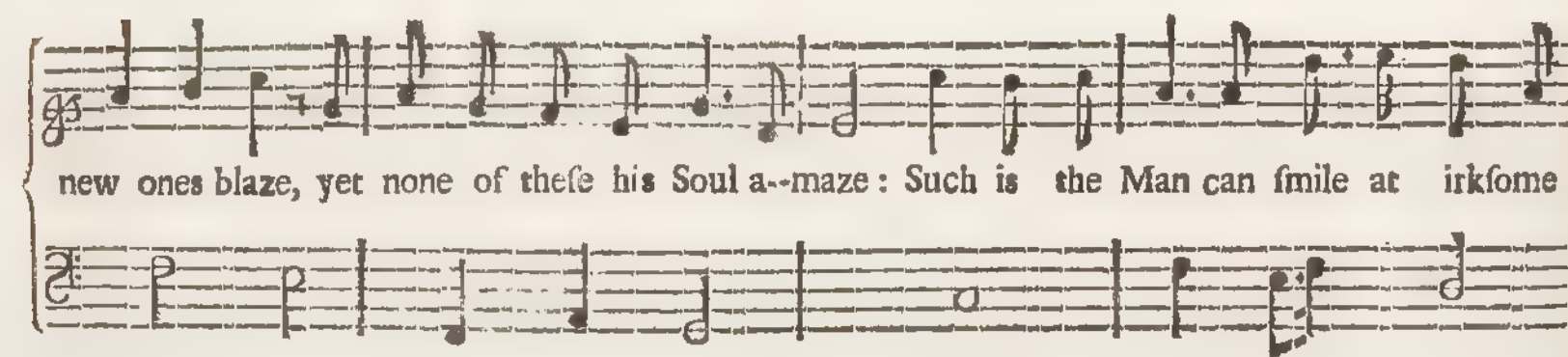
down, and in their hum-ble Val-leys lye; should the un—ru—ly Ocean rore, and



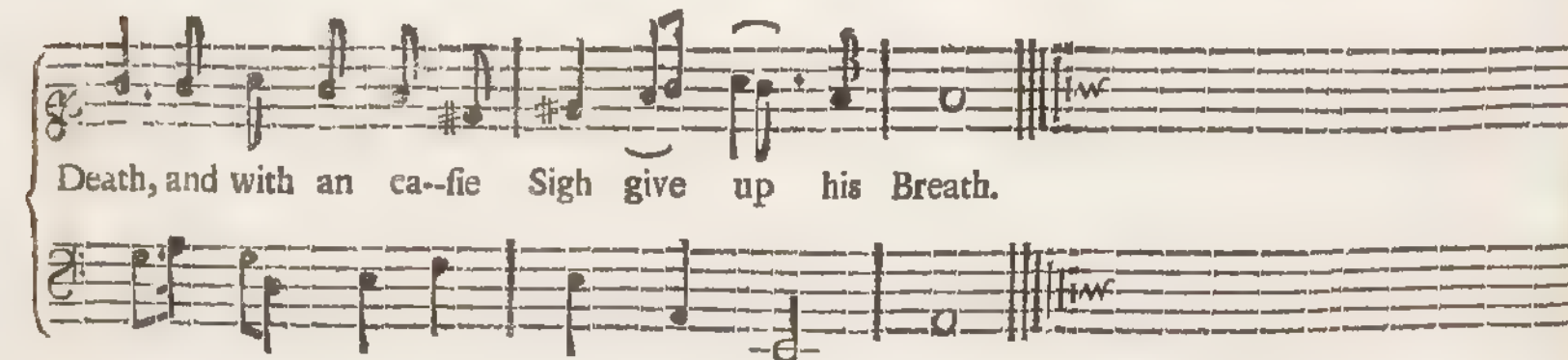
dash its foam against the Shore: He finds no Tempest in his Mind, fears no Billow, feels no



Wind; all is serene, all qui—et there, there's not one blast of troubled Air: Old Stars may fall, or



new ones blaze, yet none of these his Soul a-maze: Such is the Man can smile at irksome



Death, and with an ea-sie Sigh give up his Breath.

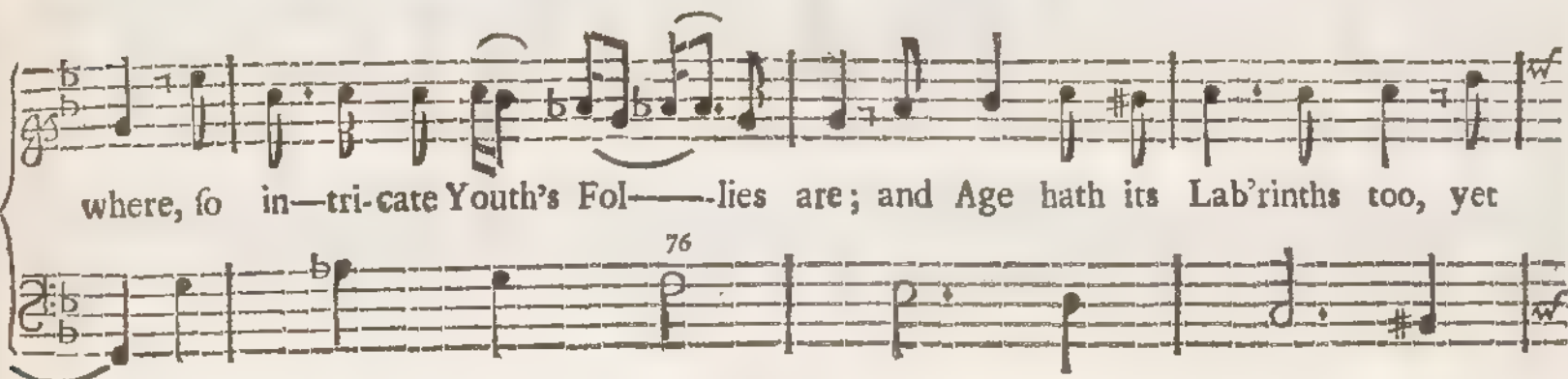
*The Words by Dr. Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*



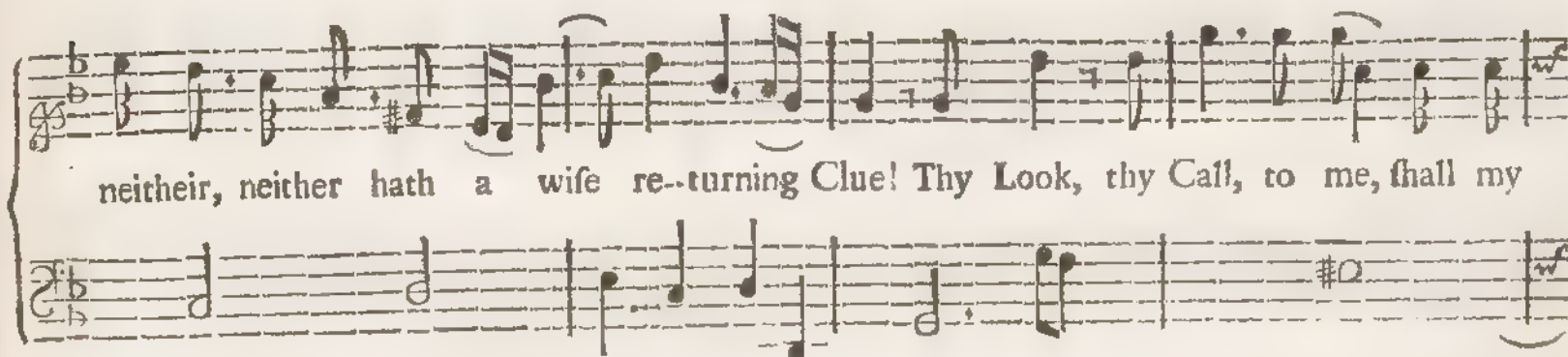
OW have I stray'd! My God, where have I been, since first I



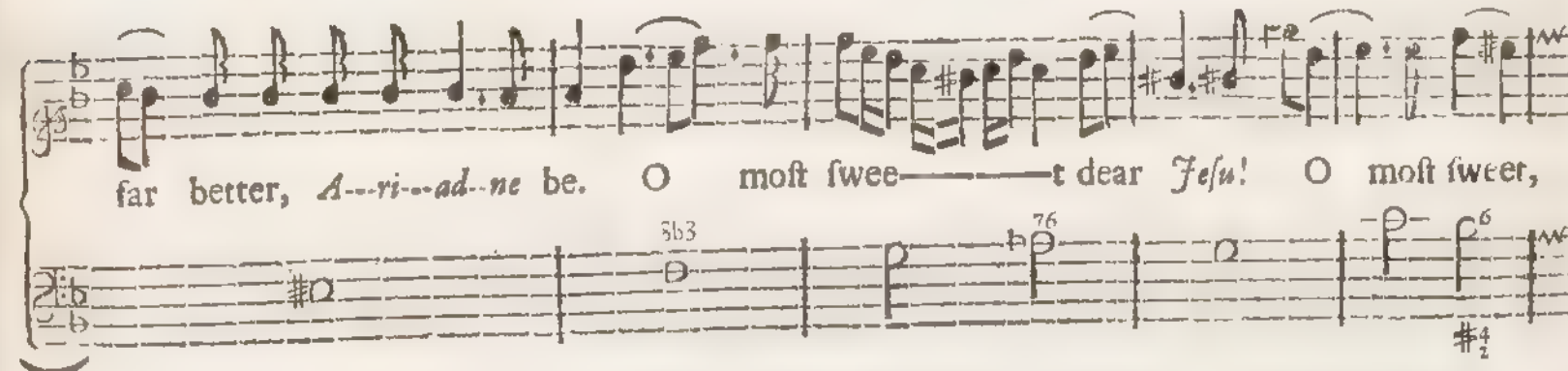
wan—der'd in the Maze of Sin! Lord, I have been I know not



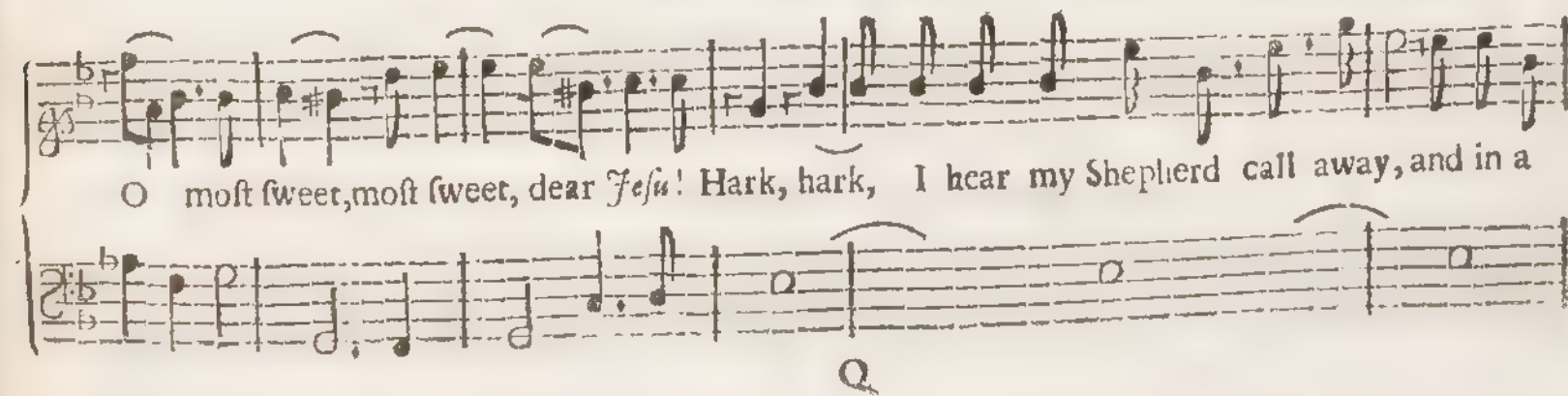
where, so in—tri—cate Youth's Fol—lies are; and Age hath its Lab'rinshts too, yet



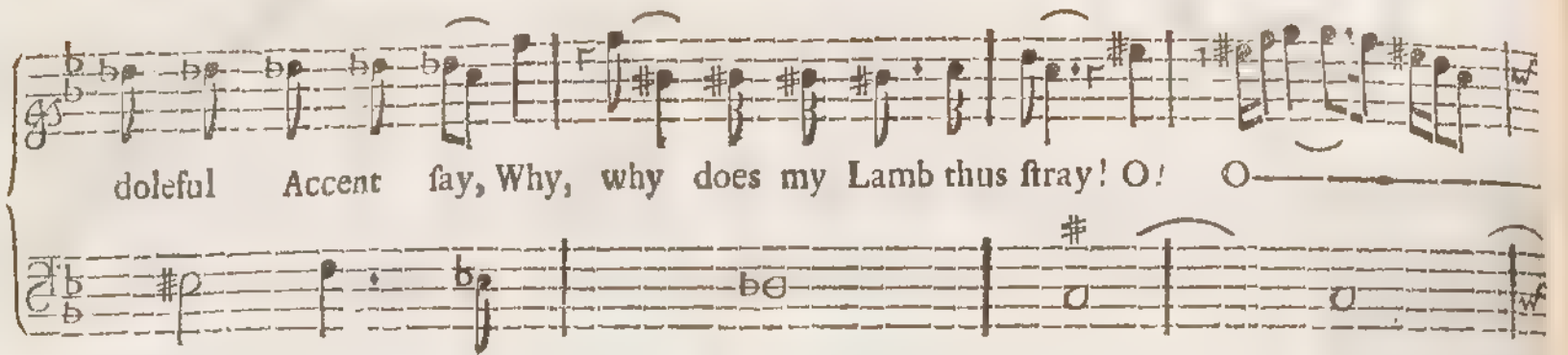
neither, neither hath a wise re—turning Clue! Thy Look, thy Call, to me, shall my



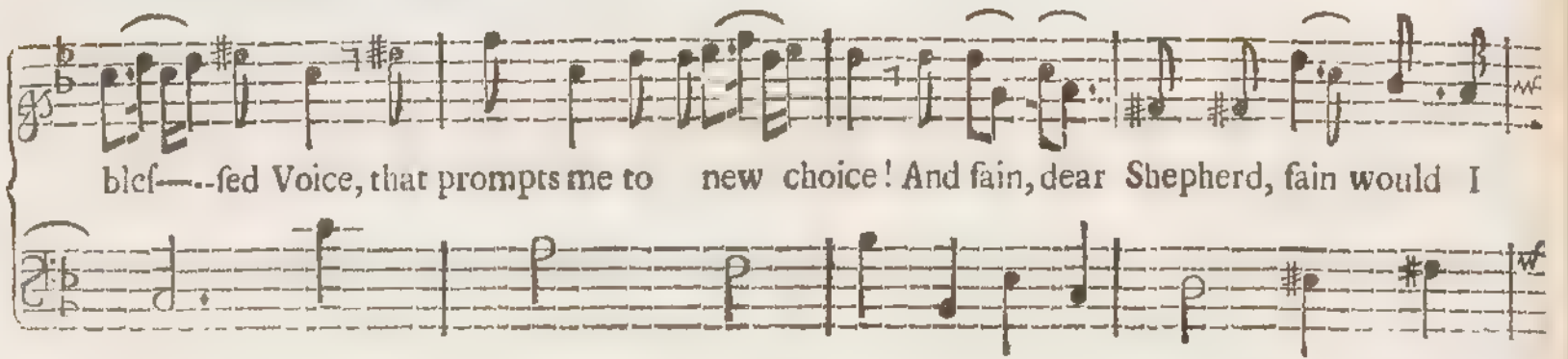
far better, A—ri—ad—ne be. O most swee—t dear J^esu! O most sweet,



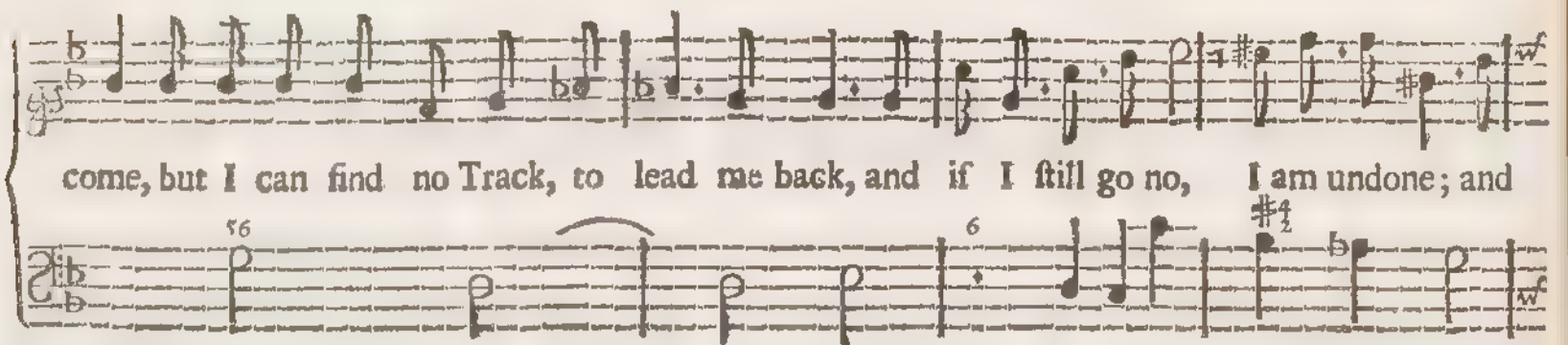
O most sweet, most sweet, dear J^esu! Hark, hark, I hear my Shepherd call away, and in a



doleful Accent say, Why, why does my Lamb thus stray! O! O—

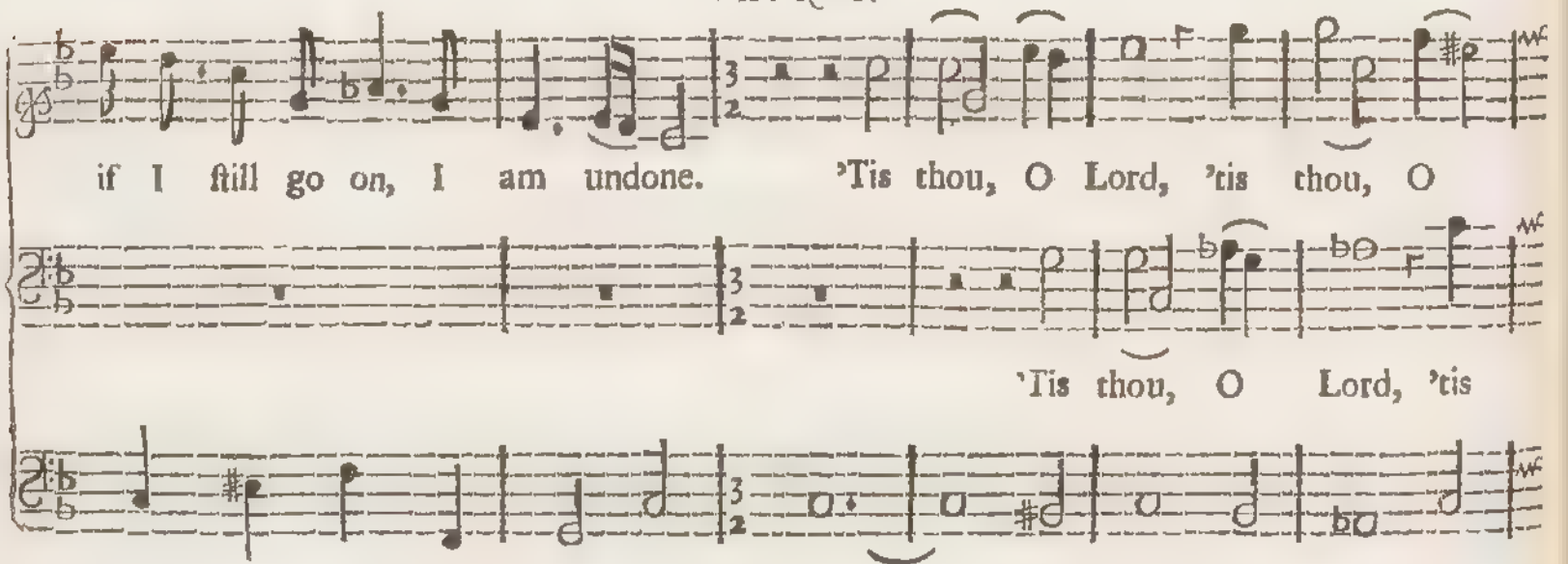


blef—-fed Voice, that prompts me to new choice! And fain, dear Shepherd, fain would I



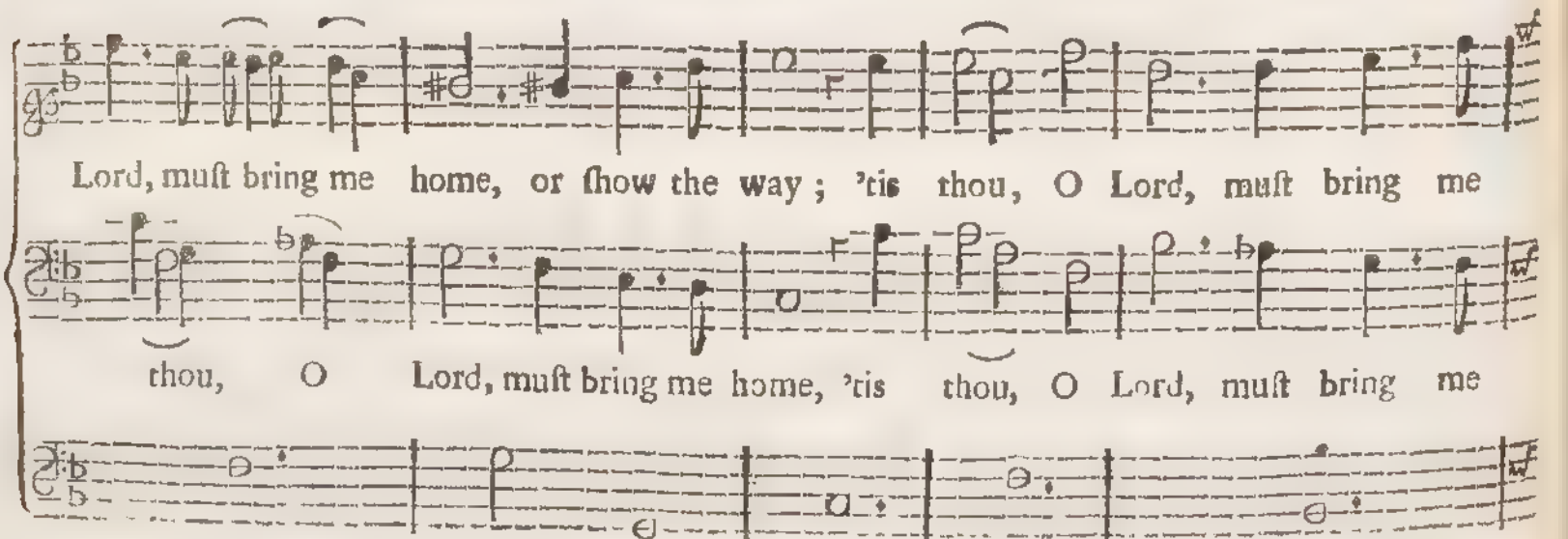
come, but I can find no Track, to lead me back, and if I still go no, I am undone; and

CHORUS.



if I still go on, I am undone. 'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis thou, O

'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis



Lord, must bring me home, or show the way; 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me

thou, O Lord, must bring me home, 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me

home, or show the way; for poor Souls have thou—

home, or show the way; for poo—r Souls, for

— sand ways to stray, for poo—r Souls have thousand ways to stray, yet

poo—r Souls, have thou— — sand ways to stray, yet

to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.

to re—turn, yet to re—turn, but on—ly one.

A Penitential HYMN. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Great God, and Just! How can'st thou see, dear God, our

Mi-se-ry, and not in Mercy set us free? Poor, mi-se-ra-ble Man! How wer't thou born?

Weak as the dewy Jewels of the Morn'! Wrapt up in ten-der Dust, guarded with

Sins and Lust; who, like Court-Flatterers, wait, to serve themselves in thy unhappy

Fate: Wealth is a Snare, and Po-ver-ty brings in Inlets for Theft, paving the way for

Sin; each perfum'd Va-ni-ty doth gent-ly breath Sin in thy Soul, and whispers it to

death: Our Faults, like ul—ce—ra—ted Sores, do go o're the sound Flesh, and do cor—

rupt that too. Lord! we are sick, spot—ted with sin, thick as a cru—sty

Lepers Skin; like Naaman, bid us wash, yet let it be in streams of Blood, that

flow from thee.

CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.

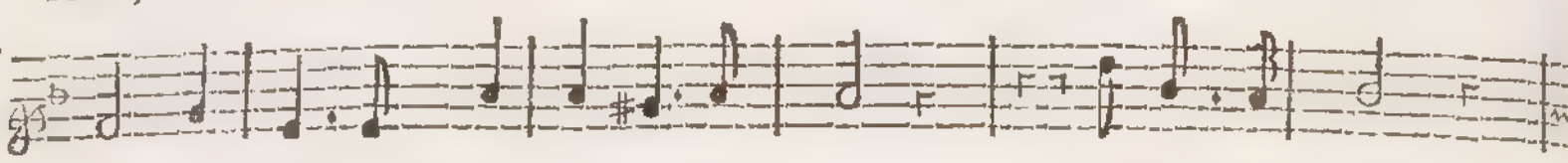
Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le---lu--jahs, Psalms, and

Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu--jahs, Psalms, and


Then will we sing, touch'd by the heav'nly Dove's bright Wing; Hal-le—lu—jahs, Psalms, and



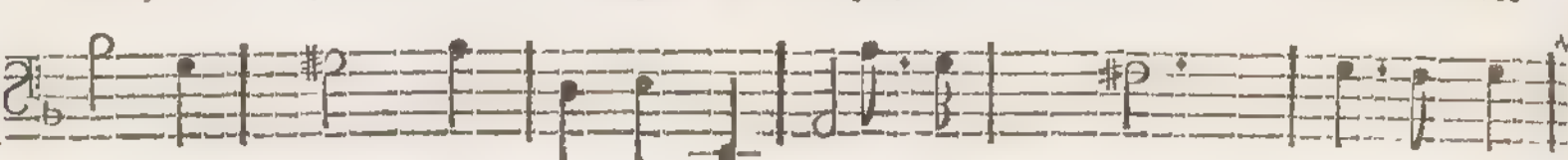
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; ever good,



Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; and e—ver just,




Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; e—ver



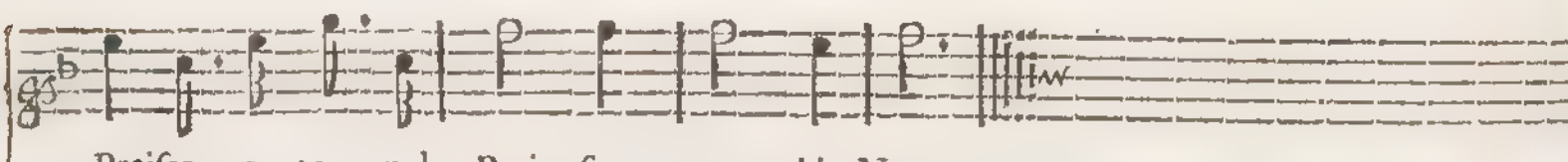

who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal



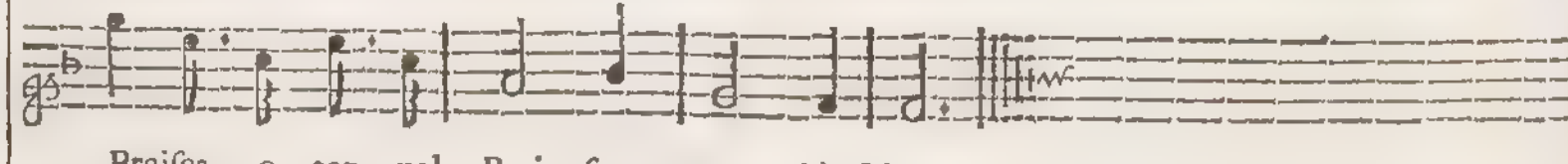
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal



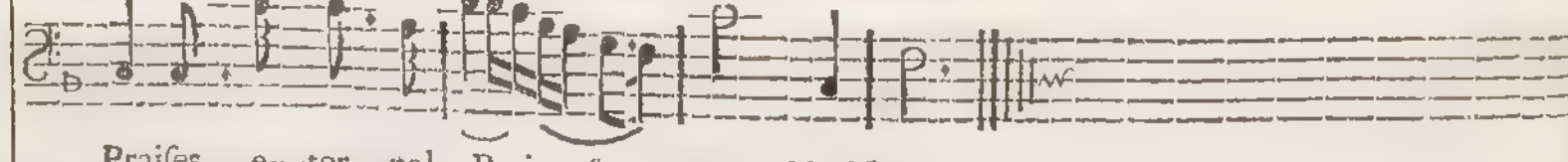
high, who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal

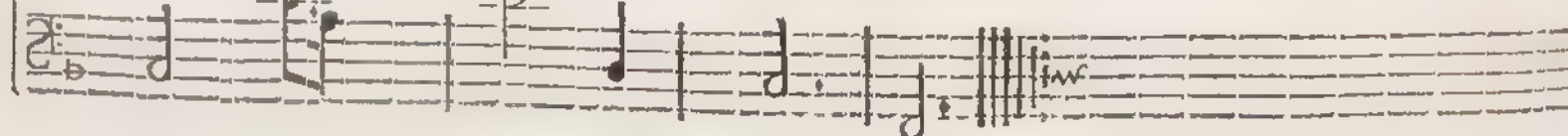
Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.



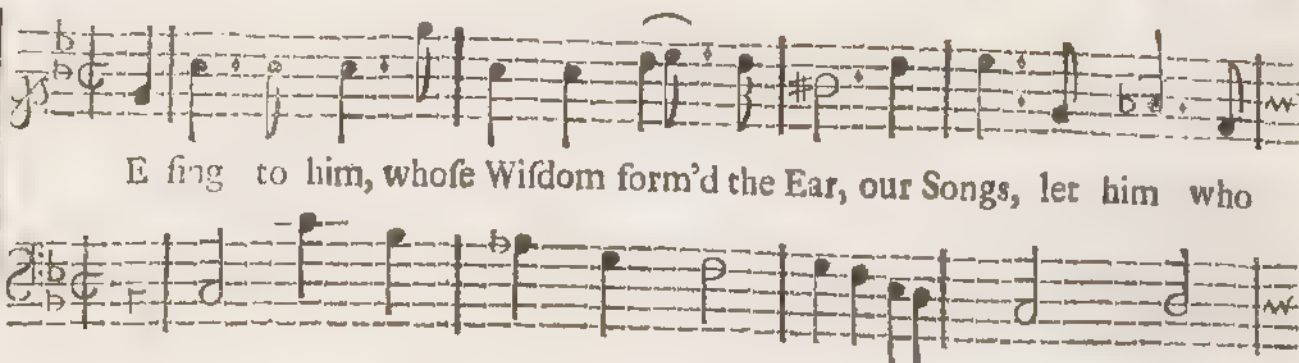
Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.



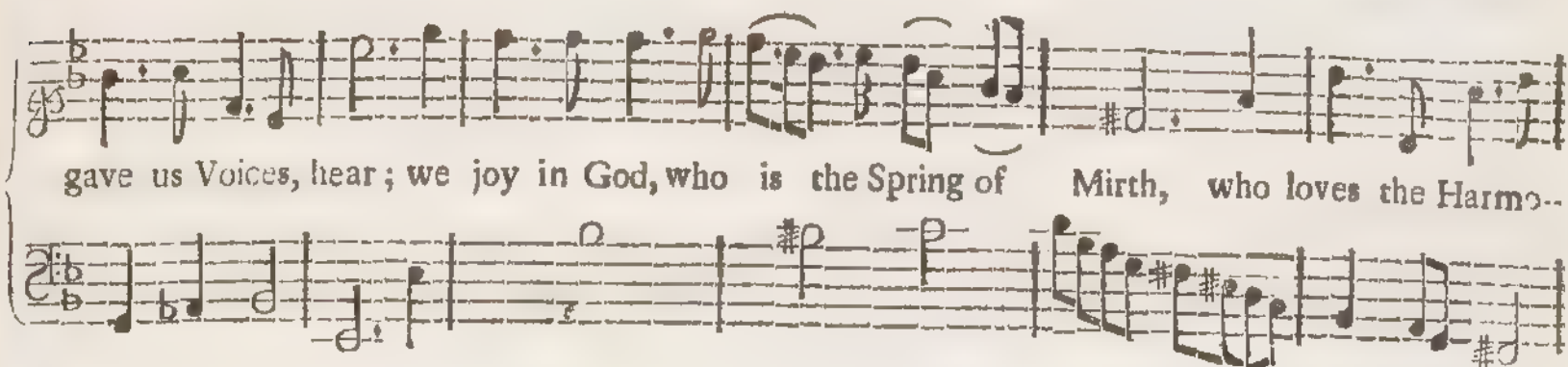
Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.



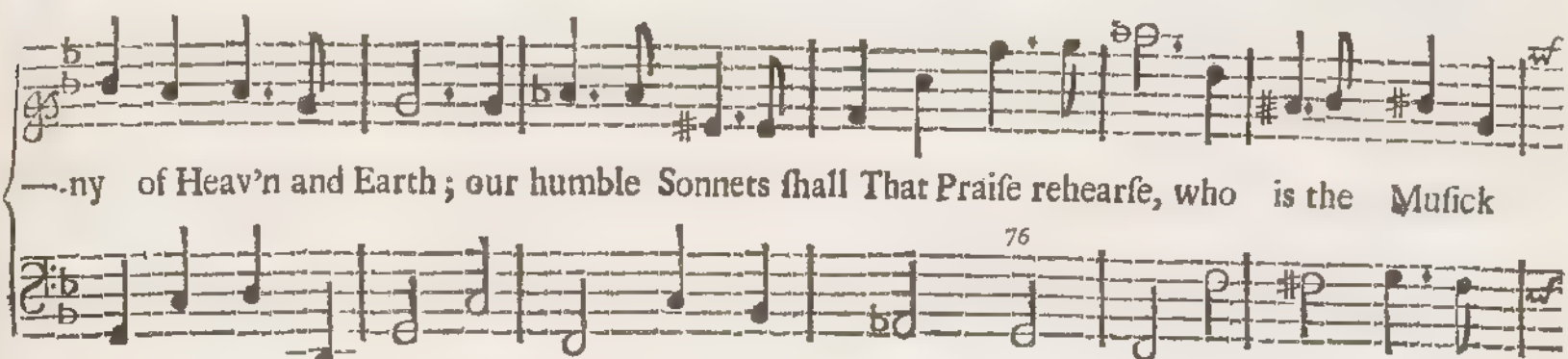
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



E sing to him, whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, our Songs, let him who



gave us Voices, hear; we joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth, who loves the Harmo--



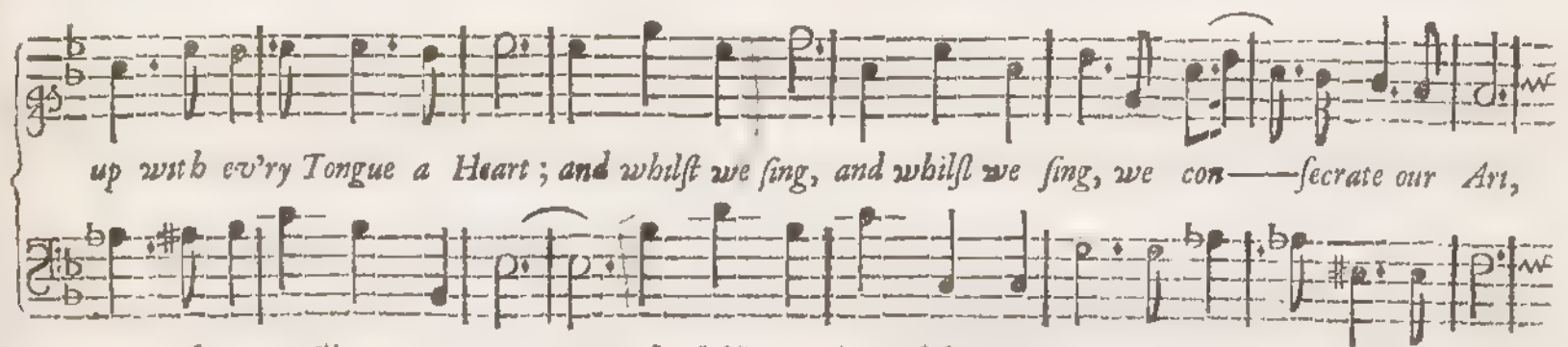
—ny of Heav'n and Earth; our humble Sonnets shall That Praise rehearse, who is the Musick

CHORUS.



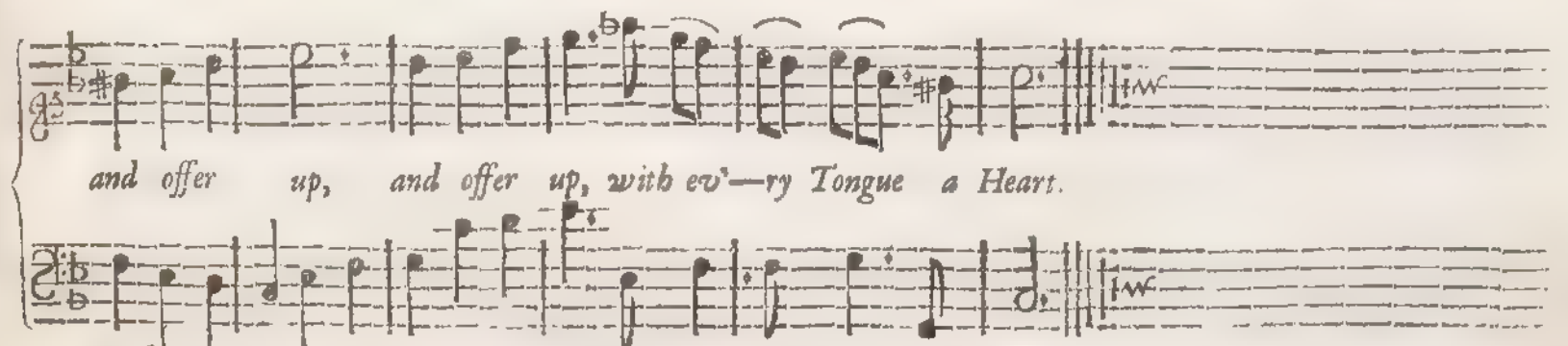
of the Universe. And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art, and offer

And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art, and offer



up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,

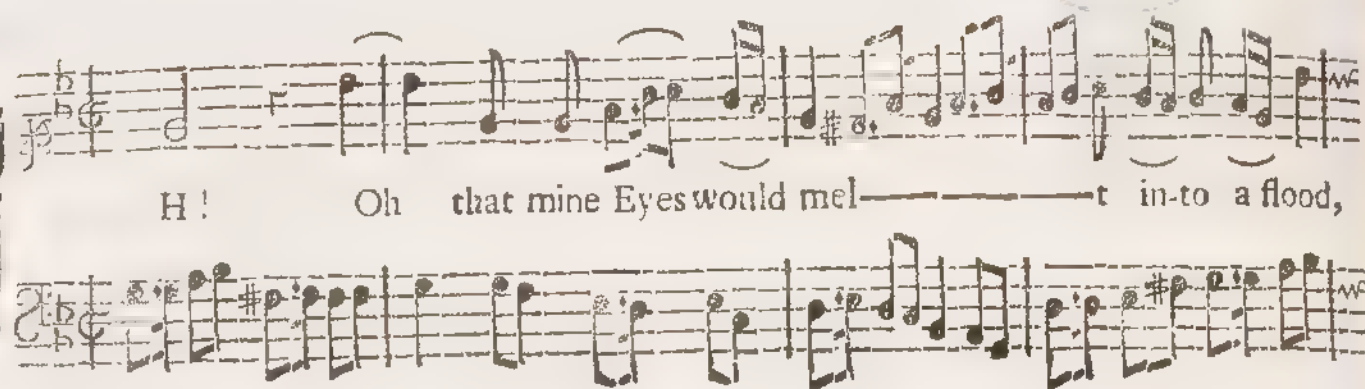
up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, whilst we sing, we con—secrate our Art,



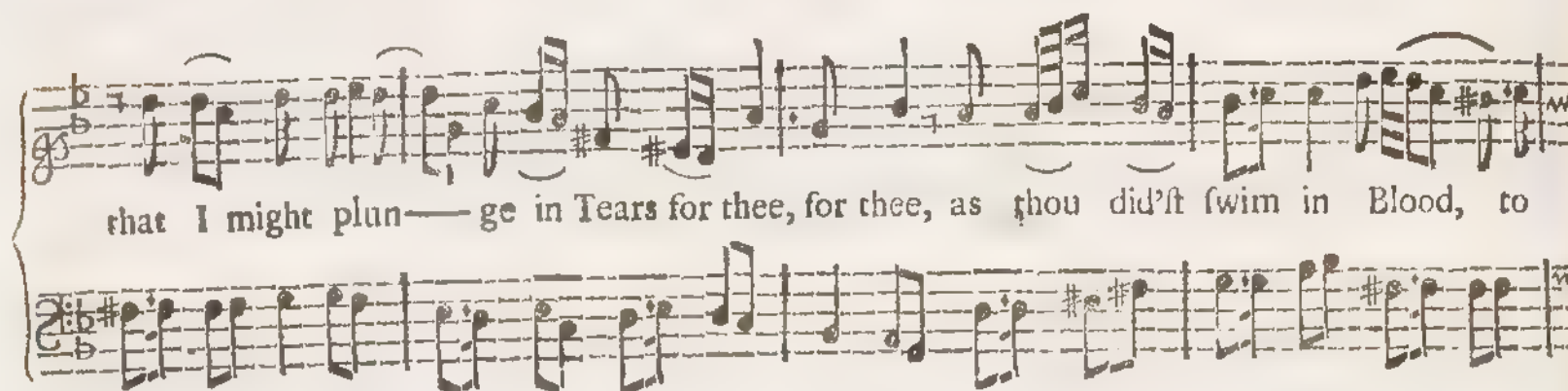
and offer up, and offer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

and offer, and offer up, offer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

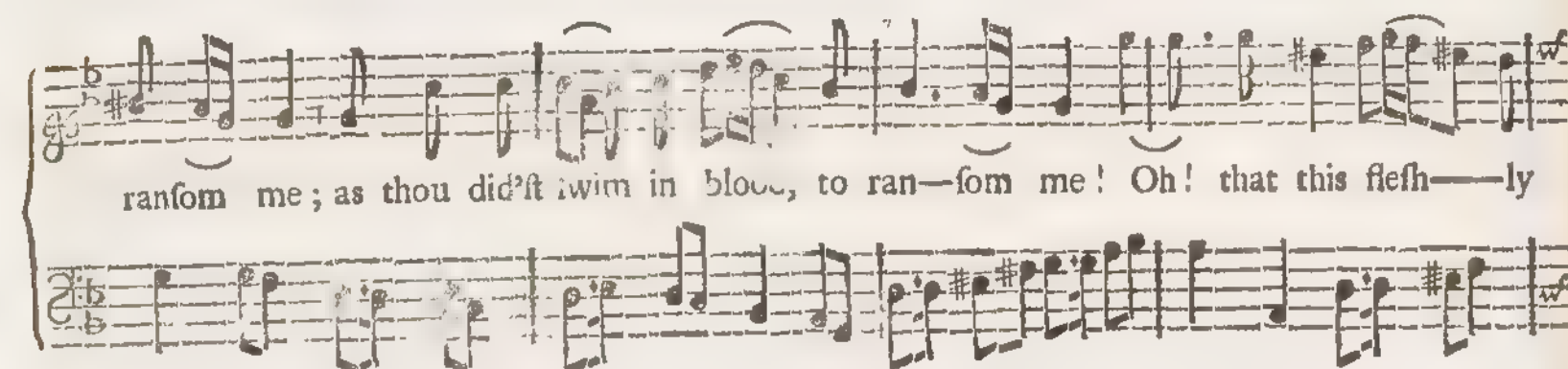
Set by Dr. John Blow.

of Music
Library

H! Oh that mine Eyes would mel—t in-to a flood,



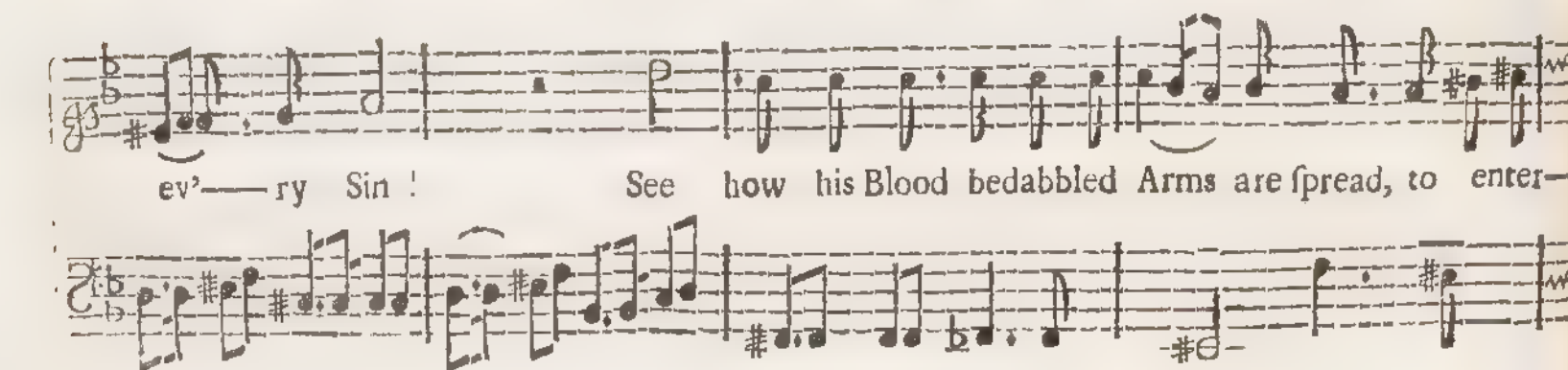
that I might plun—ge in Tears for thee, for thee, as thou did'st swim in Blood, to



ransom me; as thou did'st swim in blood, to ran—som me! Oh! that this flesh—ly



Lymbeck would be—gin to drop, drop a Tear, to drop, drop, drop a Tear for



ev'—ry Sin! See how his Blood bedabbled Arms are spread, to enter—



—tain Death's wel-com Bands; be—hold, be-hold his bowing Head, his bleeding

Hands, his oft re—pea—red Stripes! Behold his wounded Side! Hark, hark, hark, how he groans!

Remember how he cry'd! The very Heav'ns put Weed of Mour—ning

on; the so—lid Rocks in sun—der rent, and yet this Heart, and yet this

Heart, this Stone, could not re—lent! Hard-hearted Man! Hard—hear—ted Man! And

on—ly Man deny'd to wee—p for him, to weep for

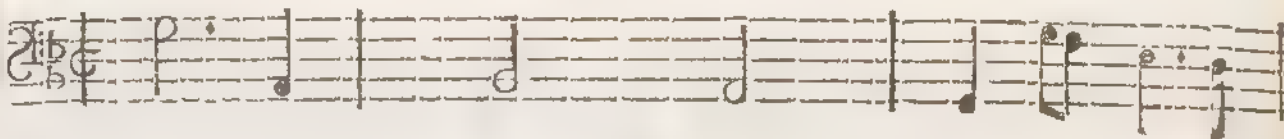
him, for whom he on—ly dy'd!

On a Dying-Friend. The Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.

Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.



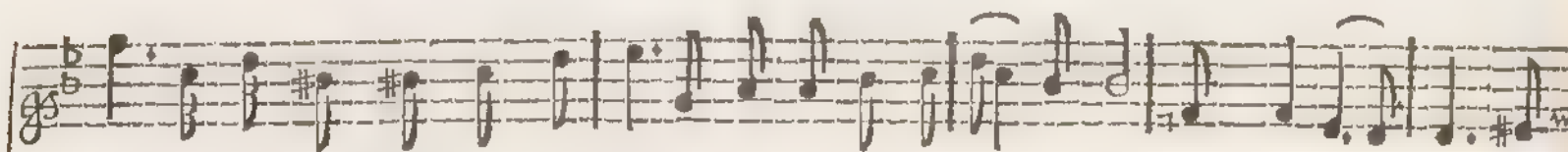
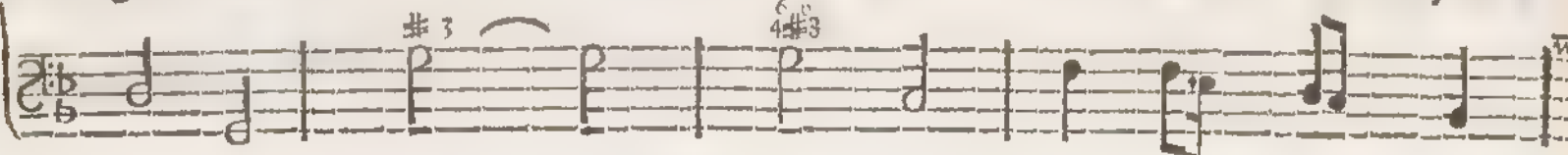
H the sad day ! when Friends shall shake their heads, and say of mise--



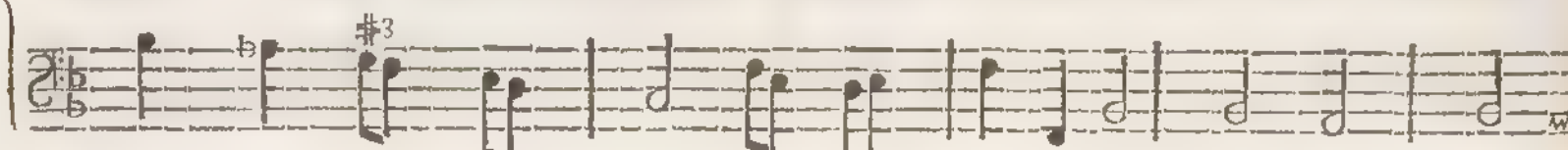
—rable me, Hark how he groans ! look how he pants for Breath ! fee, fee, how he struggles with the



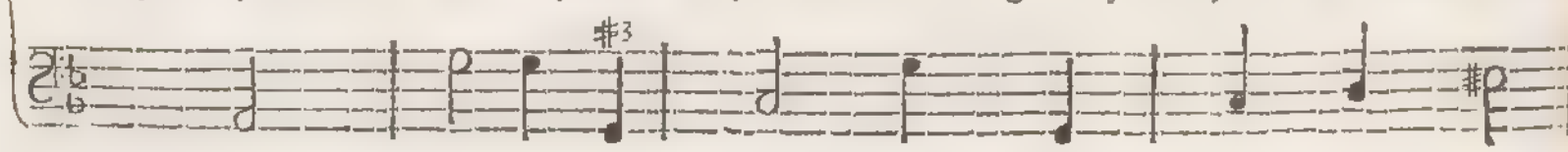
Pangs of Death ! When they shall say of these dear Eyes, How hollow, and how dim they be !



Mark how his Breast does swell and rise, against his potent E—nemies. When some old Friend shall

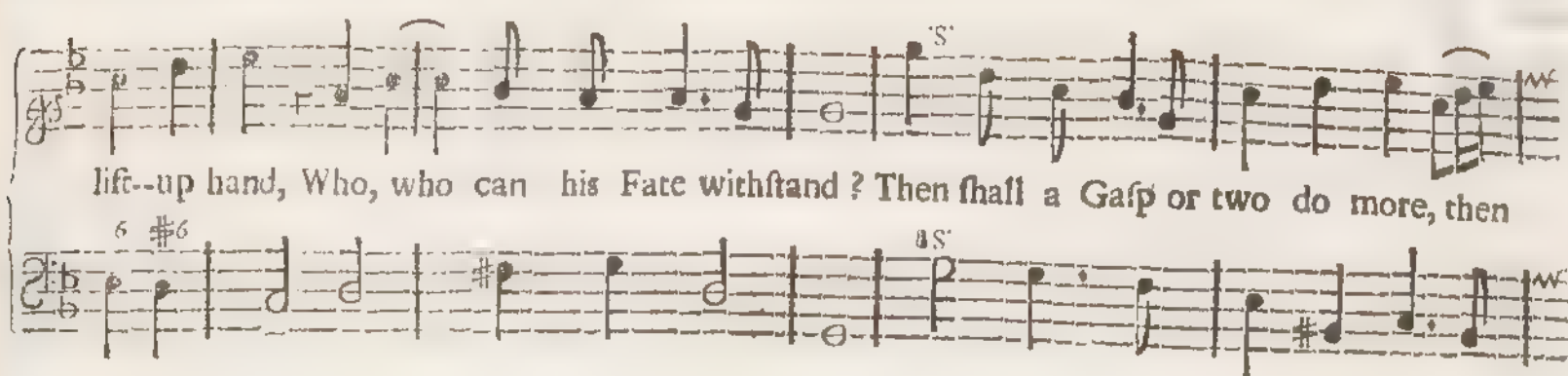


step to my Bed-side, touch my chill Face, and thence shall gent-ly slide ; and when his next Com-

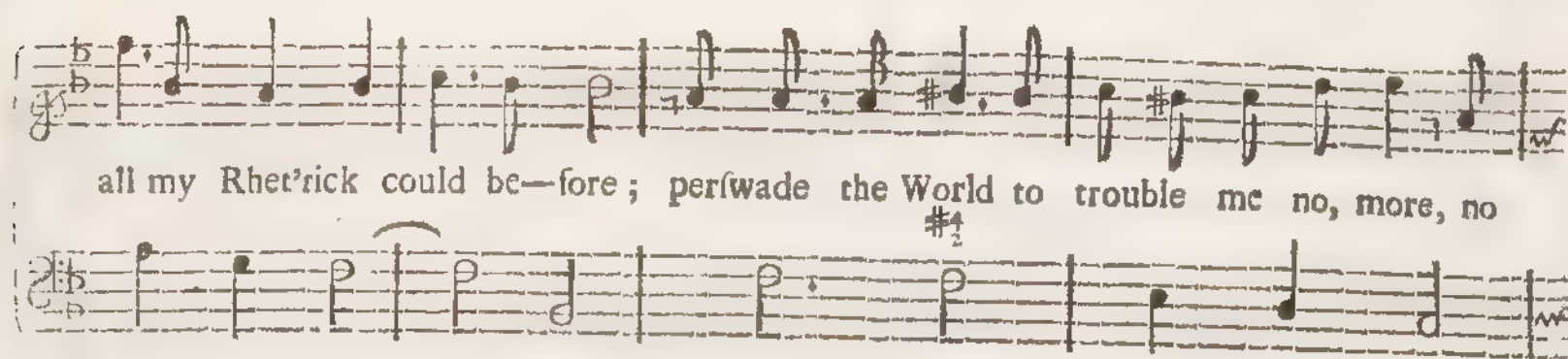


—panions say, How does he do ? What hopes ? Shall turn a--way, an-swe-ring on—ly with a

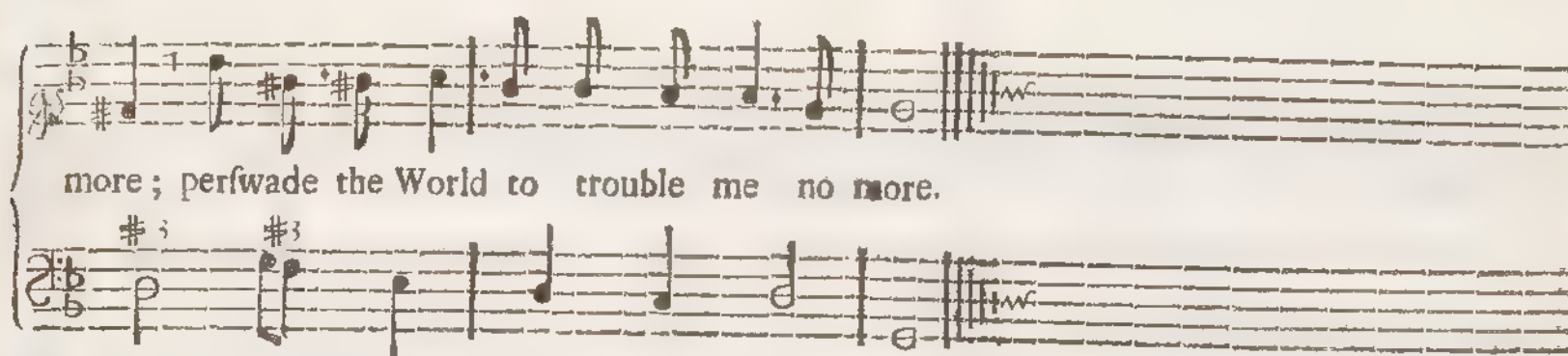




lift-up hand, Who, who can his Fate withstand? Then shall a Gasp or two do more, then




all my Rhet'rick could be-fore; perswade the World to trouble me no, more, no

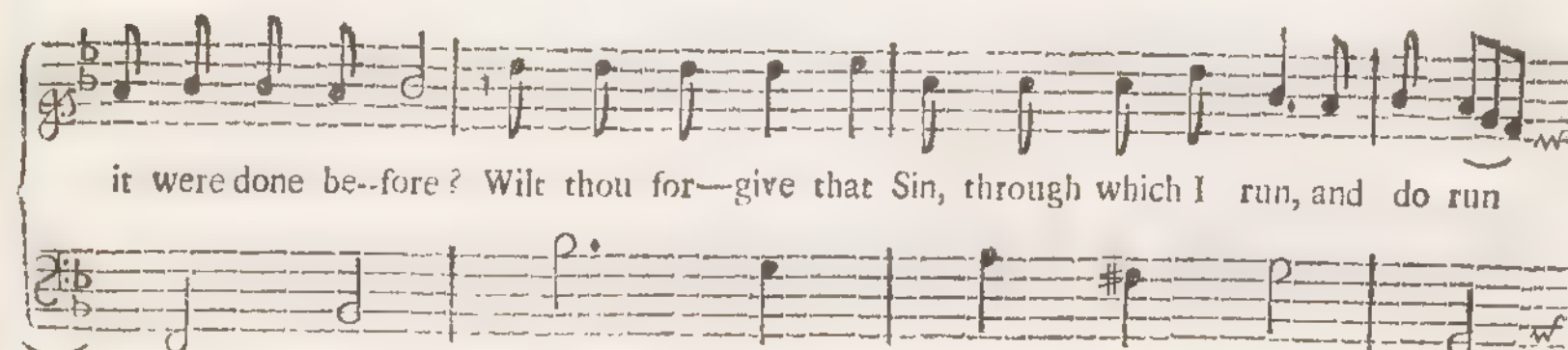


more; perswade the World to trouble me no more.

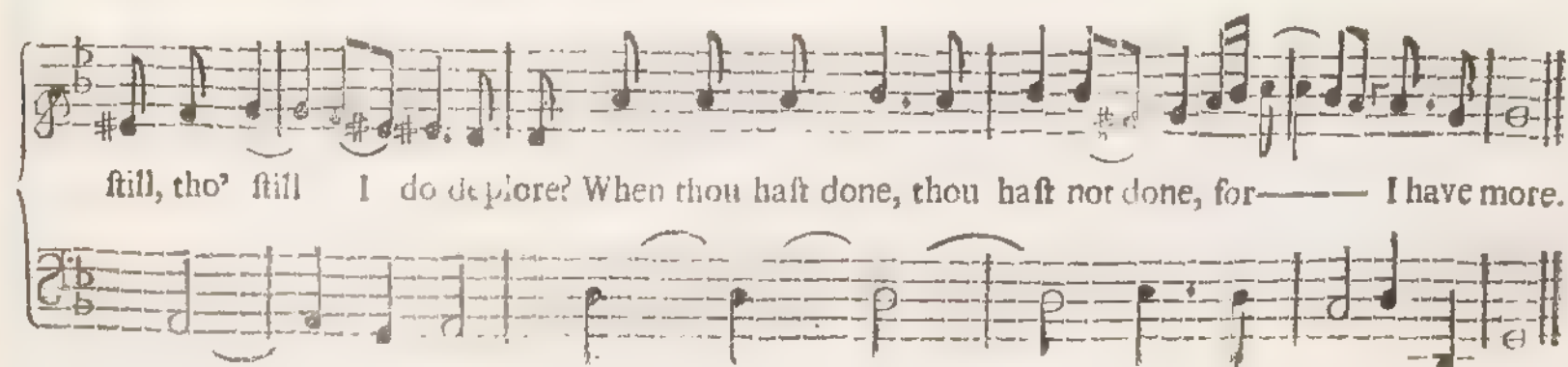
The Words by Dr. Dunn. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes.



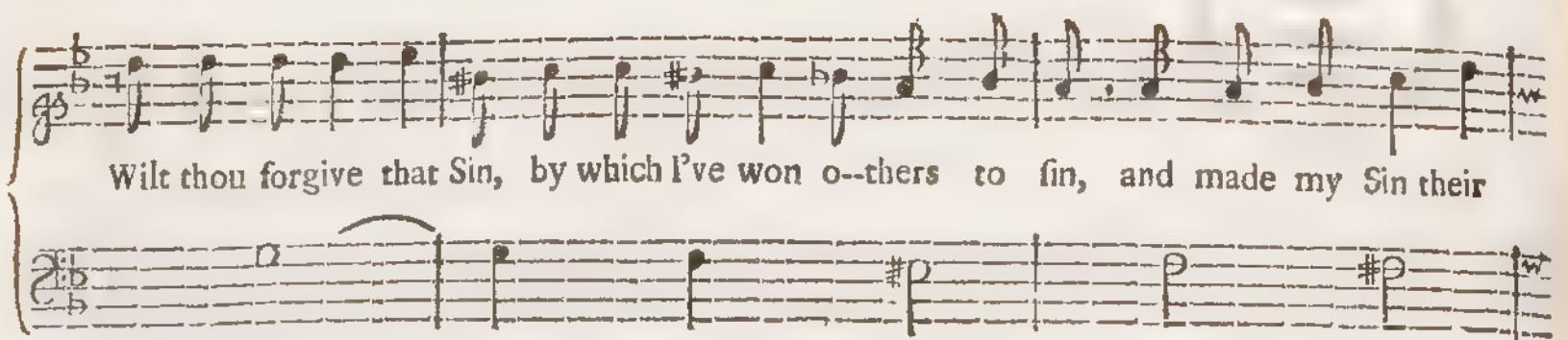
WILT thou forgive that Sin, where I began, which was my Sin tho'



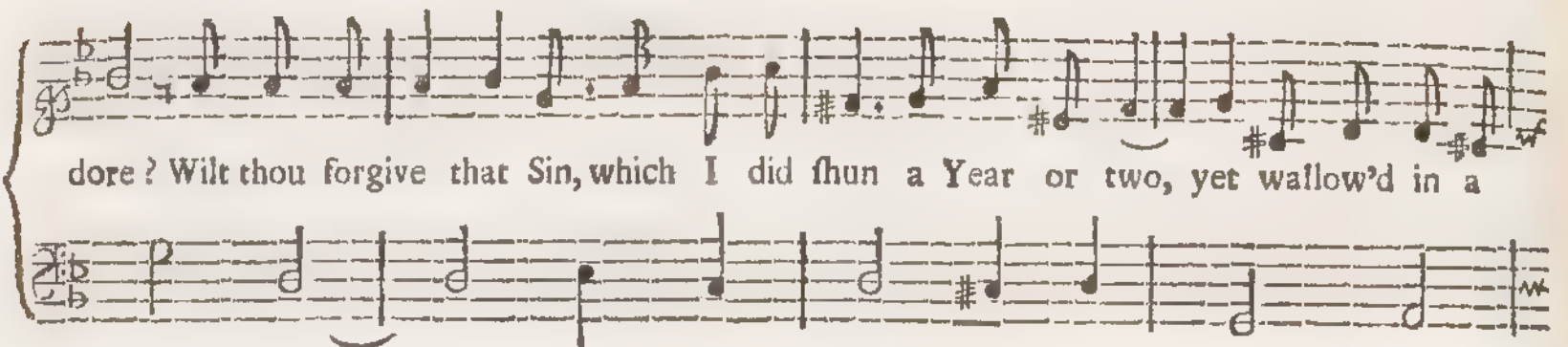
it were done be-fore? Wilt thou for-give that Sin, through which I run, and do run



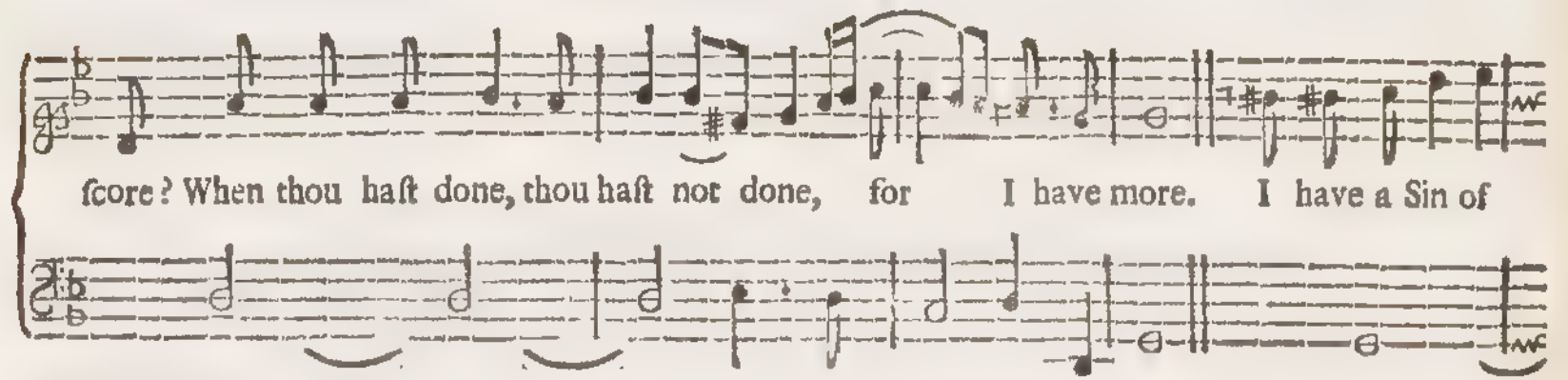
still, tho' still I do deplore? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for—— I have more.




Wilt thou forgive that Sin, by which I've won o--thers to sin, and made my Sin their



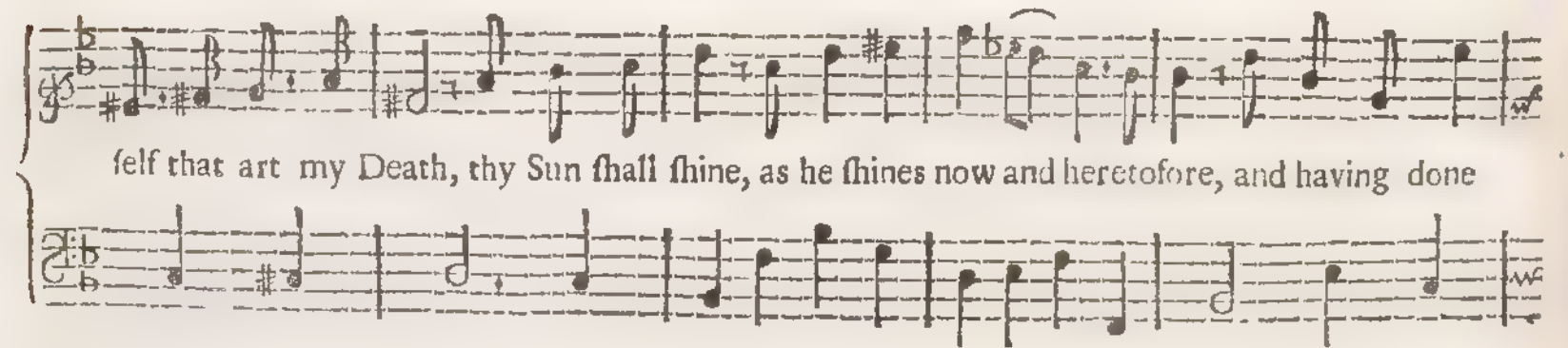
dore? Wilt thou forgive that Sin, which I did shun a Year or two, yet wallow'd in a



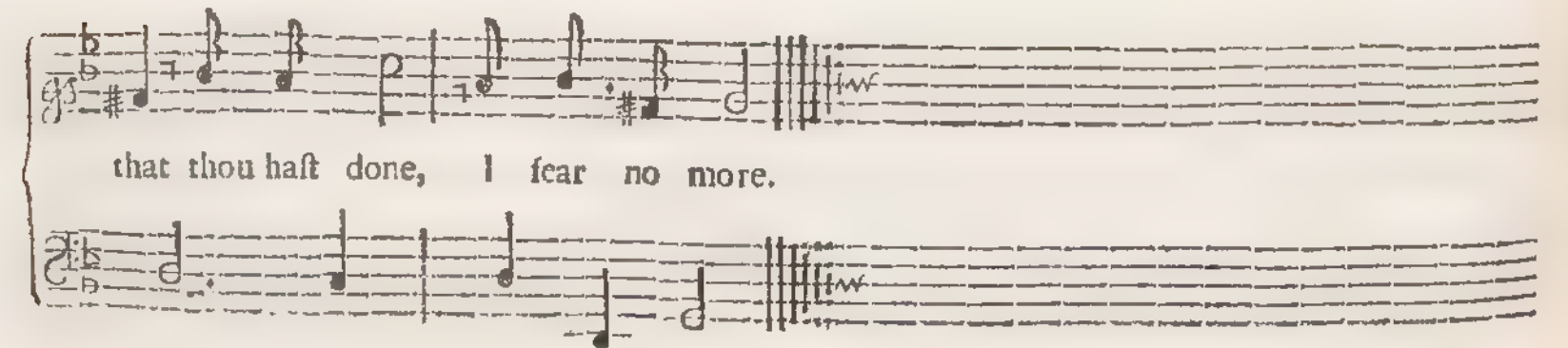
score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more. I have a Sin of



Fear, that when I've spun my last Thread, I shall perish on the Shore; but swear by thy



self that art my Death, thy Sun shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore, and having done

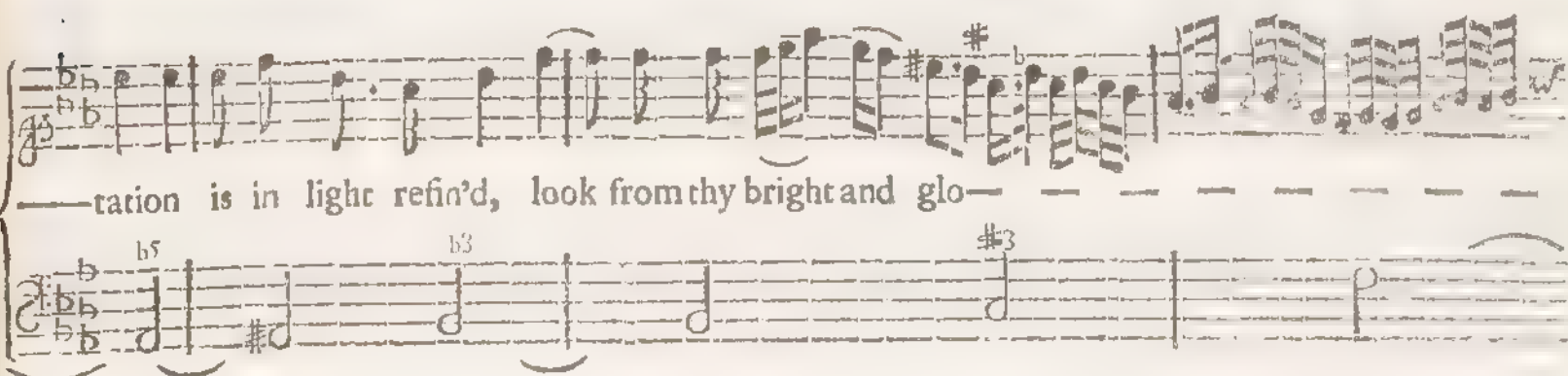


that thou hast done, I fear no more.

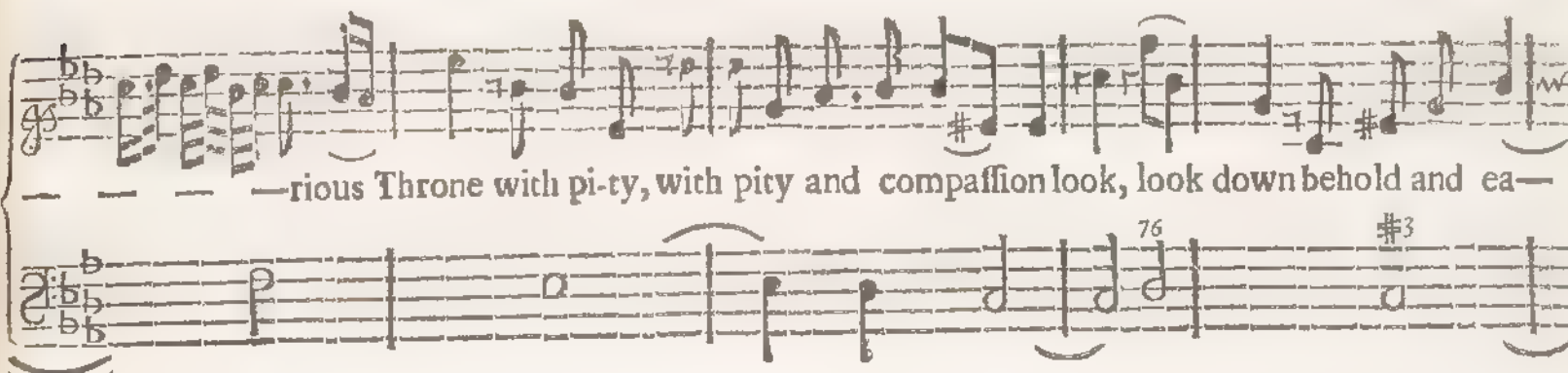
A Divine HYMN. Sett by Mr. John Church.



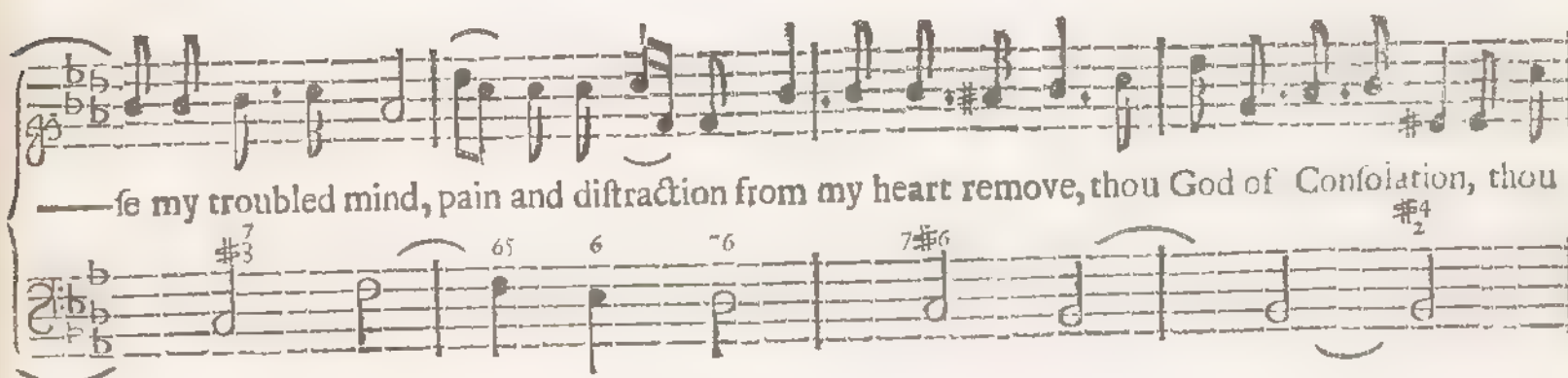
God for ever blest in boundless peace & rest, whose habi-



tation is in light refin'd, look from thy bright and glo-

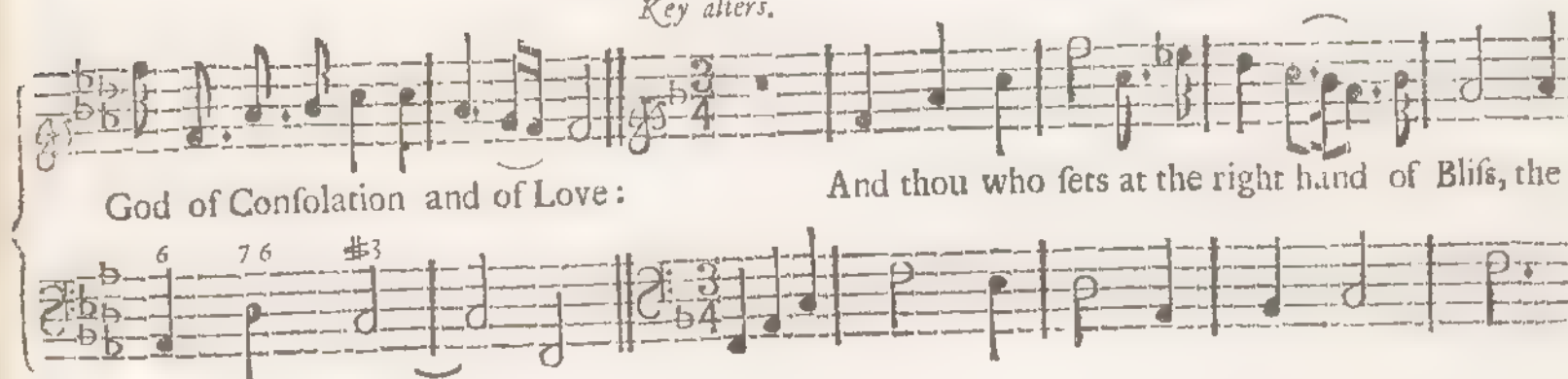


rious Throne with pi-ty, with pity and compassion look, look down behold and ea-

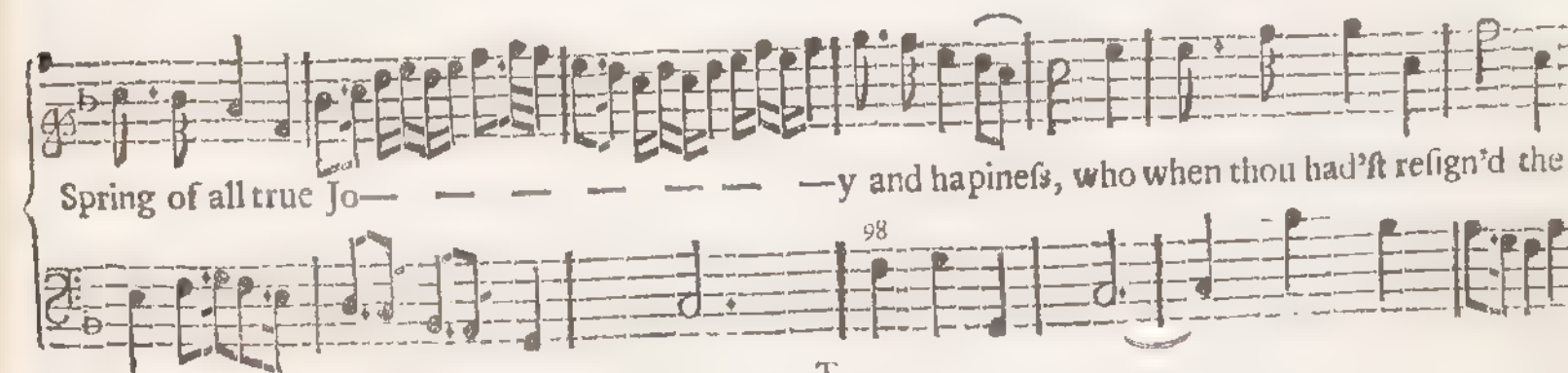


se my troubled mind, pain and distraction from my heart remove, thou God of Consolation, thou

Key alters.



God of Consolation and of Love: And thou who sittest at the right hand of Bliss, the



Spring of all true Jo—y and hapiness, who when thou had'st resign'd the

glo-rious station to redeem mankind, didst with a

word becalm the ra-ving, ra-ving Sea; and

make the boi-strous winds, thy gentler, gentler,

gentler breath O-bey.

Oh quickly, quickly Lord al-lay the storms and Tempests of my

Breast, with sin and guilt o'er-laden, o'er-laden and de-press'd, and

by thy pow'r controul and check the boil-ing waves, that row

and, tofs, and wrack and o--ver-whelm, and tofs, and wrack and

o--verwhelm my sick de--spair-ing, sick de--spair-ing, my sick de--spair-ing foul.

And thou most sweet, most sweet, and sa--cred Dove, thou God of

Peace and e--ver-last-ing Love, visit, O visit ev'ry part of my distressed mind, and

Heart, and that I may prepare for thy Reception and Communion, there all

fin and fin--ful thoughts, all sin and sinful thoughts from thence expel, by thy most sov'reign

influence hear, hear O most holy Tri-ni-ty, most ho-ly Tri-ni--ty, Center of all Di-

-----vi-ni-ty; hear, hear and graciously vouchsafe to grant my pray'r, O con-d-

-----scend that mercy to extend, and save me from the gulph, and save me from the

gulph of black de-spair.

The DISSOLUTION. Sett by Mr. John Weldon.

H Ap-py, happy the Man to whom the Sa-cred Muse her night—

ly vi-sits pays, and with her ma-gick Rod O-pens his

mortal Eyes, he, he Nature at one glance sur-veys, and past and future near and

di-stant views. I'm mounted on

Fancy, and long to be gone, I'm mounted on Fancy, and long to be

gone to some Age, or some World, to some Age or some World unknown.

Swifter then Time, swifter then Time, and impatient of stay, to the West, to the ut-termost

limits of Day ; To the end of the World I'll ha sten a-way, I'll

hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away ; I'll ha — — — sten away,

I'll hasten a-way ; Swifter then Time, swifter then Time, and im-patient of

stay, to the West, to the ut-termost limits of Day ; To the end of the

World I'll hasten away, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten, I'll hasten away ; I'll ha — — —

Slow.

sten away, I'll hasten a—way; Where I may see it a—

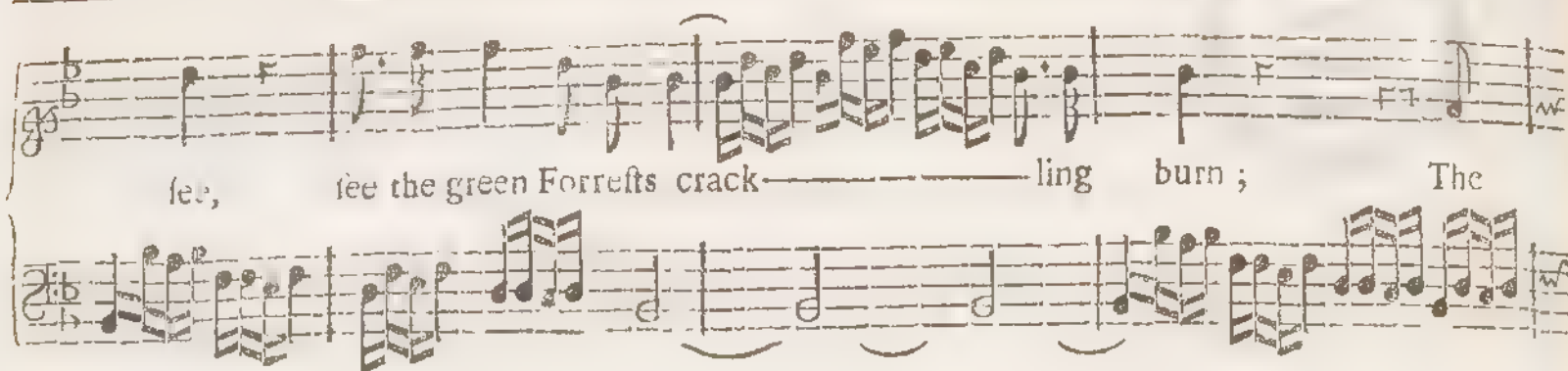
—pire and melt a—way, in e— —ver—la—sing Fire.

'Tis done! 'tis done I see a fla— —ming Se— —raph fly, and light his

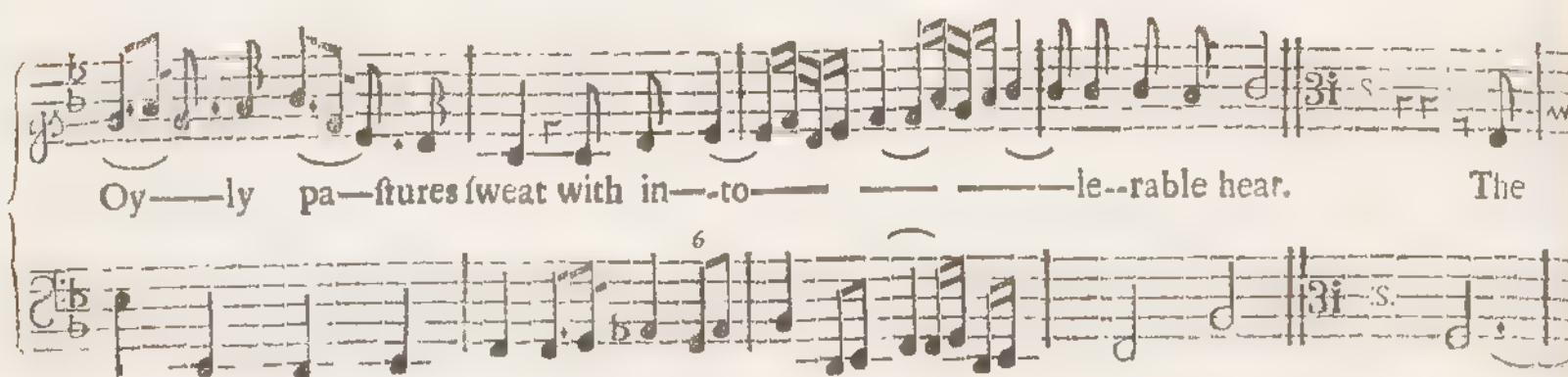
Flamboy at the Sun; Then ha— —sing down to the curst Globe, then ha— —sing

down to the curst Glob, his bla— —zing Torch ap—ply, See, see the green

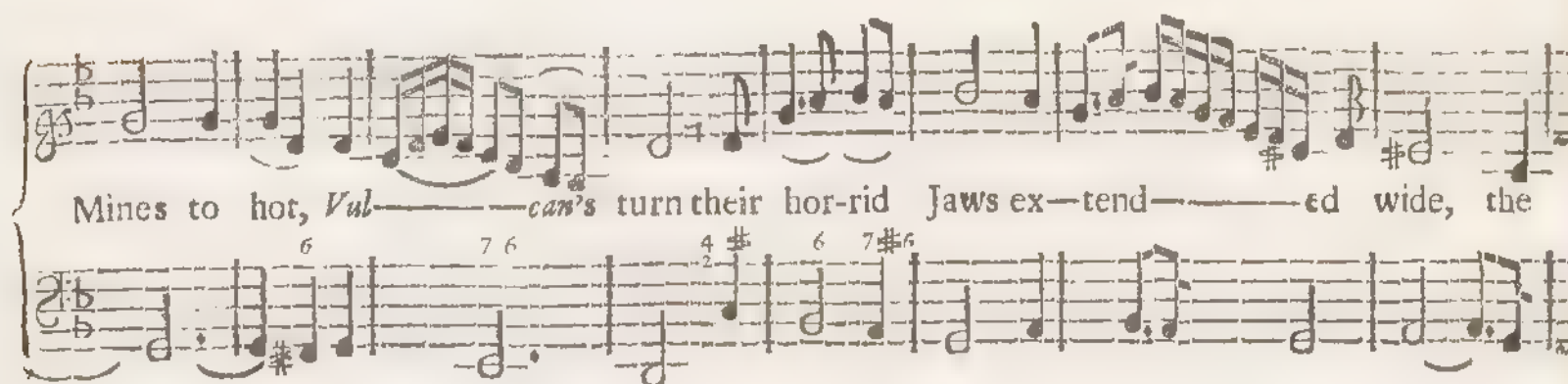
Forrests crack— —ling burn, ice,



see, see the green Forreſts crack—ling burn; The



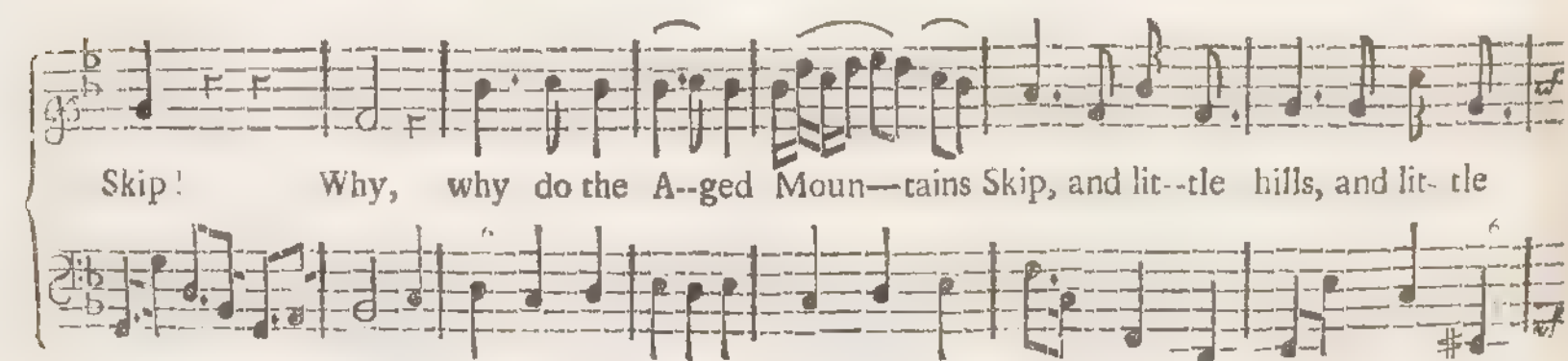
Oy—ly pa—ſtures ſweat with in—to—le—rable hear. The



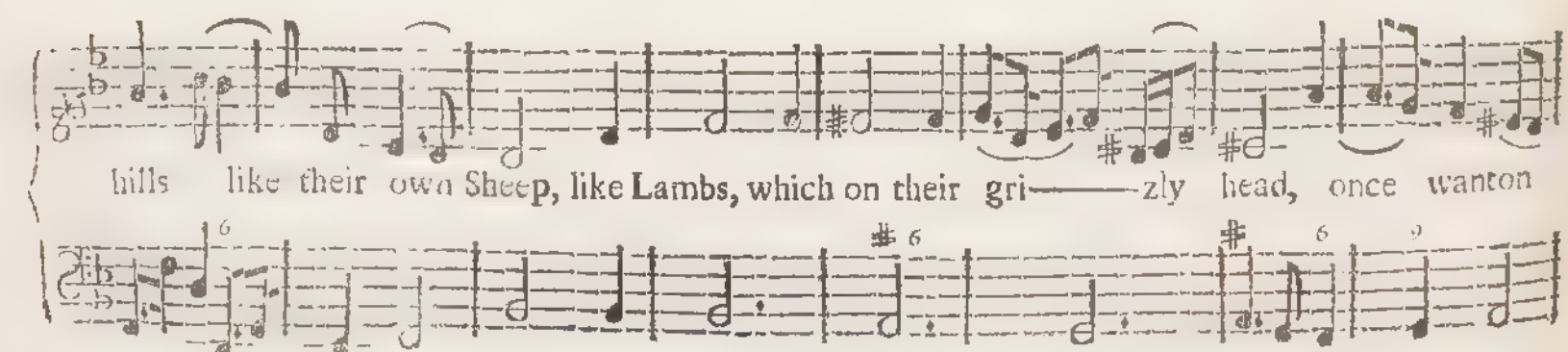
Mines to hot, *Vul—can's* turn their hor-rid Jaws ex—tend—ed wide, the



Sulphurous contra—gion ſpread. Why, why do the A—ged Moun—tains



Skip! Why, why do the A—ged Moun—tains Skip, and lit-tle hills, and lit-tle



hills like their own Sheep, like Lambs, which on their gri—zly head, once wanton

play'd, once Wan

Brisk.

ton play'd. Expended Vapours strug—ling to the

Birth, roa—r in the Bowels of the Earth; and now the Earth's Foun-

—dations crack a funder, Burst, Burst, Burst with subte—ra—nious

Thun—der, dusky Flames, and li-vid Flashes, rend, rend, rend the

trem—bling Globe to Ashes; Fiery

torrents row— — — — — ling down the Naked Valls vs drown, and with their ruddy

Waves supply the Channels, the Channels of th' exhusted Sea. Seas to thin Vapours

boil—d a—way, leave their crook—ed Channels dry; and not one drop

re—turns a—gain, to cool the thir— — —sty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—

—turns a—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, not one drop re—turns a—

—gain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain, to cool the thirsty Earth with Rain.

Slow.

And must all, must all Earth the im— par— tial ru—in share, spair, spair ye re—

—vengeful An— — gels spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An— — gels, spair,

Slow.

spair, spair, spair ye re—vengeful An—gels spair; spair the Mu—fer, spair the

Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let me for Wicham's, let me for Wicham's Peace—

—ful walls in—treat, spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—ses blis—ful Seat, let

me for Wicham's, let me for Wic—ham's peace—ful walls in—treat;

spair the Mu—ses, spair the Mu—st's blis—ful Seat, let me for *Wicham's*, let


me for *Wicham's* peace— — — — —ful walls in—treat. No, no,

'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, and *Bodley's* Spi—cy Nest, of learning to must perish, must


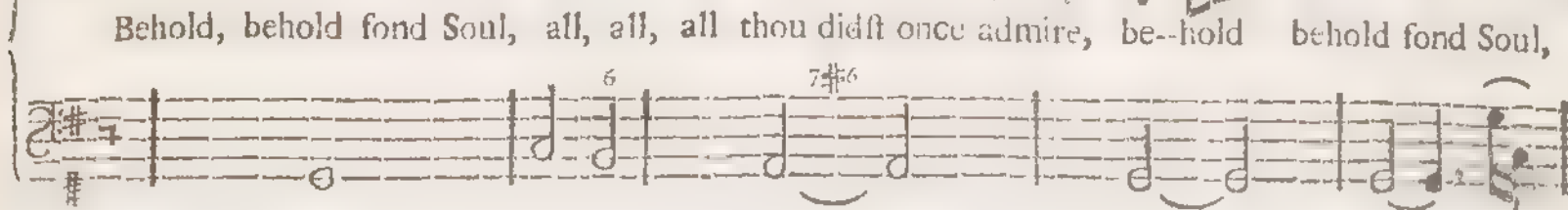
perish, must perish with the rest; the Oracles of God alone, an ha—

—fly Angel snatch'd, snatch'd away, and bore them high thro' past— — — — —ed


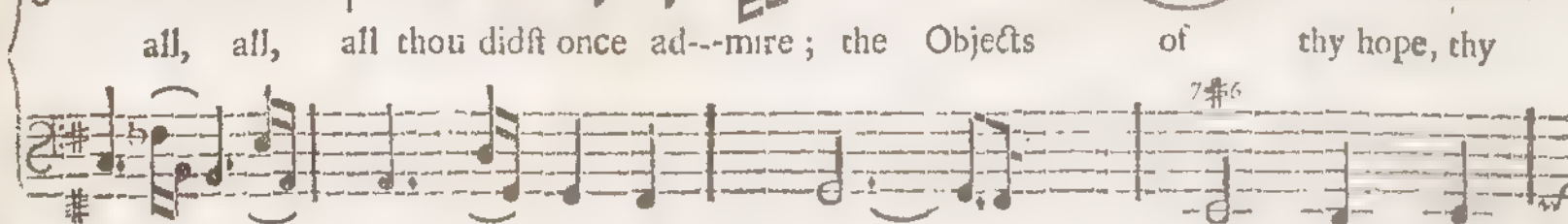
Flaims to the E— — — — —ter — — — — —nal Throne.





Behold, behold fond Soul, all, all, all thou didst once admire, be--hold behold fond Soul,



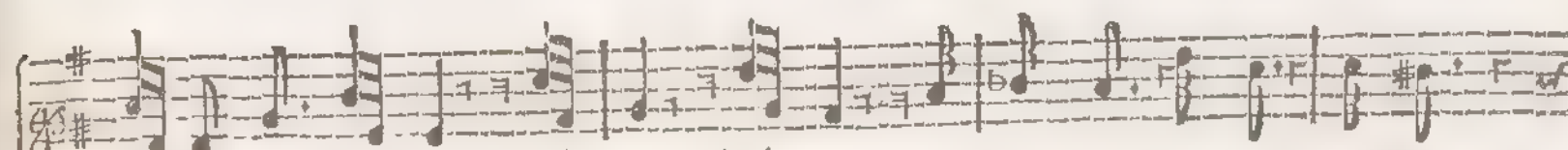
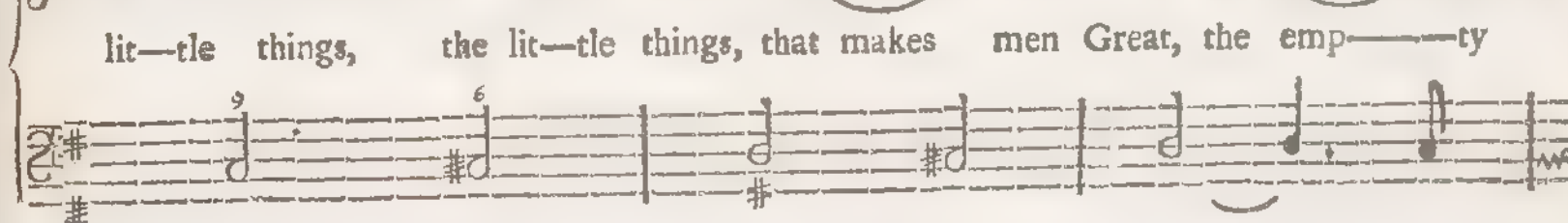
all, all, all thou didst once ad--mire; the Objects of thy hope, thy



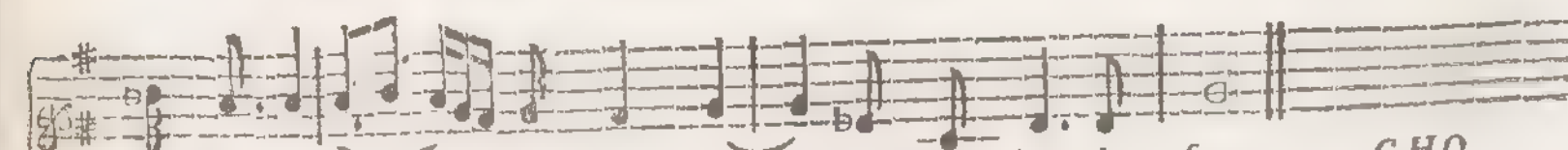
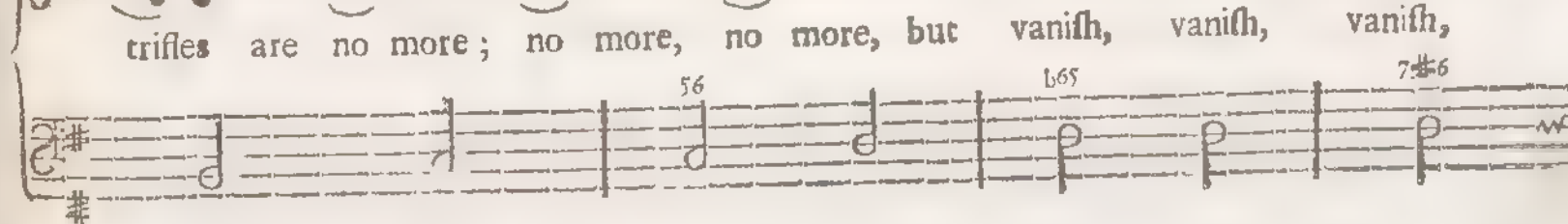
hope and thy desire, Houses and Lands and large Estate, the



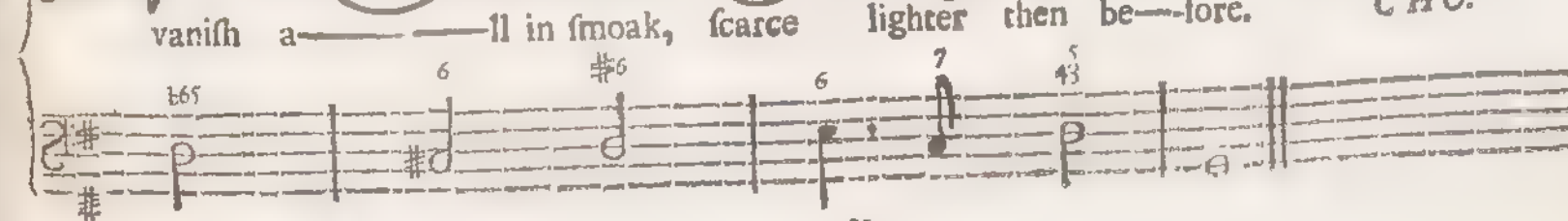
lit--tle things, the lit--tle things, that makes men Great, the emp--ty



trifles are no more; no more, no more, but vanish, vanish, vanish,



vanish a--ll in smoak, scarce lighter then be--fore. CHO.



CHORUS.

Was it for this, the States-man Wra— — — — —

Was it for this, for this, the States-man Wra— — — — —

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this the

—ck'd his thought; was it for this, for this, for this, for this, for this the

Souldier fought? fought.

Souldier fought? fought. While Grum— — — — —bling Drums like

While Grum— — — — —bling Drums like Thu— — — — —

Thunder bear, while gru— — — — —mbling Drums like

der beat, and clang—ing
Thun—der beat, and clang—ing Trumpets, and

Trumpets, and clang—ing Trumpets, rai—'d
clang—ing Trumpets rai—'d

the martial Heat; while
—'d the martial Heat, while grum—bling Drums like Thun—der

grum—bling Drums like Thun—der
beat, while grum—bling Drums like

der beat, and clang—ing Triumphets, Trum—
Thun—der beat, and

phets rai—s'd the mar—tial
clang—ing Triumphets rai—s'd the martial

Heat, and clan—ging Triumphets, Trum—phets rai—
Heat, and clan—ging Triumphets rai—

—s'd the martial Heat.
—s'd the martial Heat.

I burn, I

burn, I burn, I

burn, burn, I

burn, my Soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ; my

soul is all, is all, is all, is all, is all, is all on flame ; the

Ra—ging Image fires my

brain ; the Ra—

—ging Image fires, my brain;

Slow.

Cool, Cool it ye Sa—cred Nine, cool, cool it ye fa—cred Nine, in A—ganippes flow—

—ing stream; left I pursue the no—ble

Theme too long, let frequent rest stop, stop, let frequent rest stop, stop, stop,

stop, stop, stop, stop, stop the bold Song. C H O.

CHORUS.

Now Na-ture is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—sick lose; now

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Musick lose;

Now Nature is un—strung,

Now Nature is unstrung, the

Nature is un—strung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their Mu—

Now Nature is unstrung, the Sphers their

Sphers their Mu—sick lose;

—sick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

—sick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

Musick lofe; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

43

Ages now ends in a fo—

now, now ends in a fo—lemn clofe,

Ages now ends in a fo—

now, now end in a fo—lemn clofe,

—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of . Ages, the Song of

in a folemn clofe ; the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

—lemn clofe, in a folemn clofe, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of

the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages, the Song of Ages,

7 43

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends,

the Song of Ages, now, now ends,

Ages, the Song of Ages now ends in a fo——lemn clofe, in a

the Song of Ages now, now ends in a fo——lemn clofe, in a fo——

6 4 3 2 8b3 9 8 7 9
5 7 6 5 6 6 5 6

fo—lemn close, in a fo—lemn close, in a fo—lemn

lemn close, in a fo—lemn close, in a fo—lemn

Figured Bass: 8 7 6 8 / 6 5 4 3, 7 6 5 7 / 2 4 3 2, 6 5 4 6 / 8 1 3 2 8, 5 4 3 5 / 7 2 8 7, 4 4 2 4 / 6 8 7 6

now ends in a fo—lemn close.

now ends, now ends, now ends in a fo—lemn close.

close; now ends, now ends, now, ends, ends, ends in a solemn close.

close; in a fo—lemn close.

Figured Bass: 3 6 5 6 / 5 4 3 4, 5 4 3 4 / 3 2 8 2 / 5 4 3 4, 3 4 4 3 / 5 6 5

The following ANTHEMS, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-si-dereth the Poor, the Poor—



Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the



Blessed is he, Blessed is he, is he that considereth the Poor, the



and needy; Blessed is he, blessed is he that con-sidereth the poor ———— r and



Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-si-dereth the Poo ———— r and



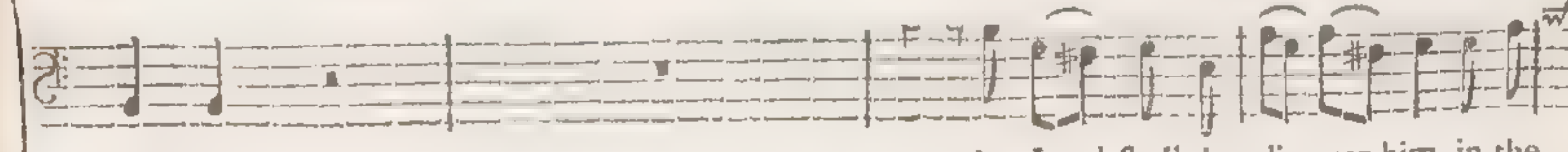
Poor and needy; Blessed is he, Blessed is he that con-sidereth the Poo ———— r and



needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time, in the



needy; the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the time of trouble, de-li-ver him in the



needy;

the Lord shall de-li-ver him in the



time of trou—ble; the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the tim—

time of trouble; the Lord shall de—li—ver him, shall de—li—ver him in the

time of trouble; the Lord shall de—li—ver him, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the

—e of trouble, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the time of trouble.

—time of trouble, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the time of trouble.

time of trouble, the Lord shall de—li—ver him in the time of trouble.

Verse Solus.

The Lord preserve him, preserve him, and keep him a—li—ve, and

keep him a—live, the Lord preserve him, the Lord pre—serve him, preserve him and

keep him a—liv—e; that he may be

blessed, that he may be blef—ed up—on

Earth; and de—liver not thou him, and de—liver not thou him in—to the will of his enemies;

and deliver not thou him, and deliver not thou him into the will, into the will of his enemies.

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

The Lord comfort him, the Lord comfort, comfort him, the Lord comfort him when he

lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his bed in

lyeth sick up-on his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed in

lyeth sick upon his Bed; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all

his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his Bed, all,

Bed in his sickness; make thou all his Bed, make thou all his

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.

all, all, all, all, all his Bed in his sickness.

Bed, all, all, all, all, make thou all his Bed in his sickness. Glo—ry be to the Father, Glo—



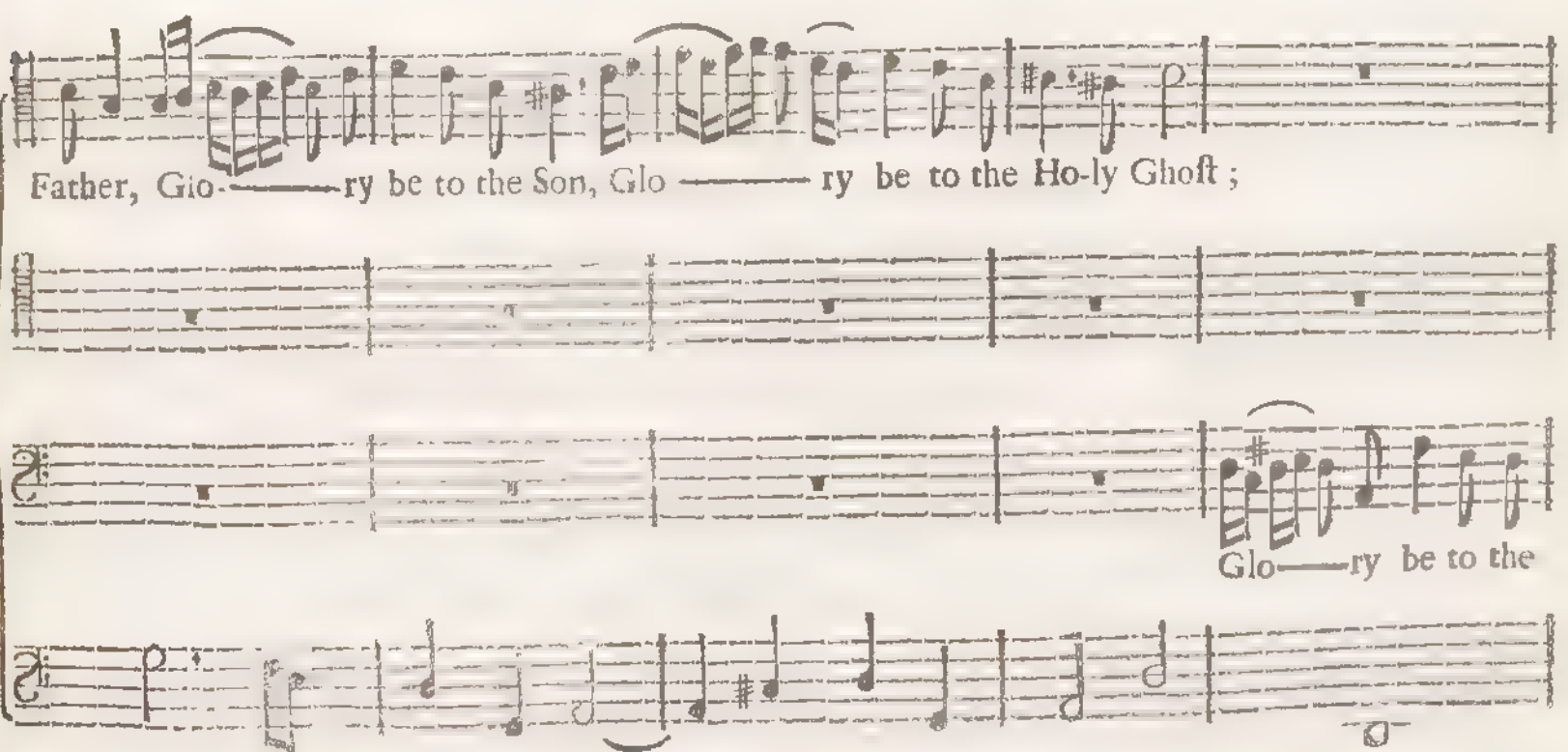
Co—ry be to the

—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;



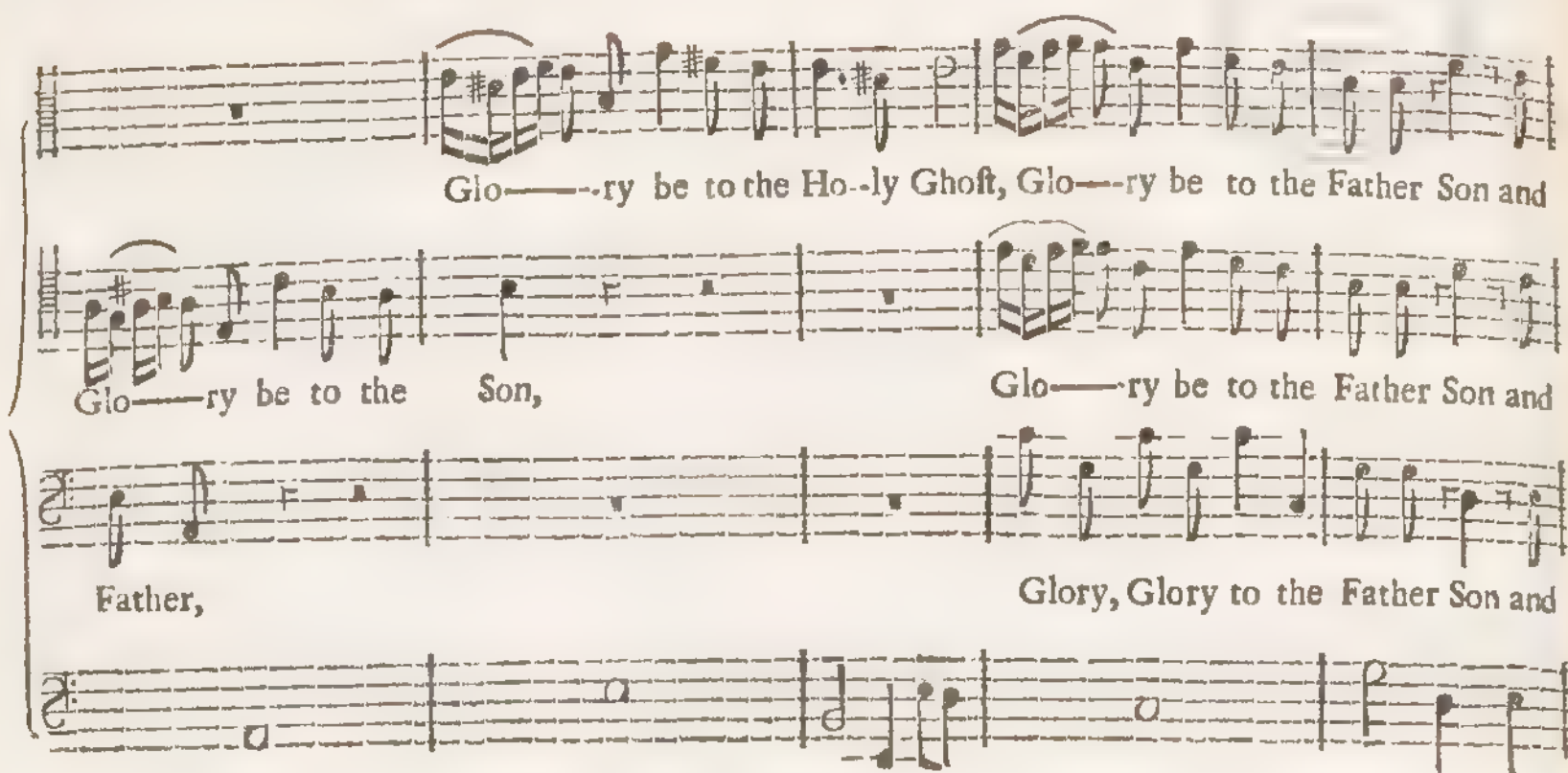
Glo—ry be to the

Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

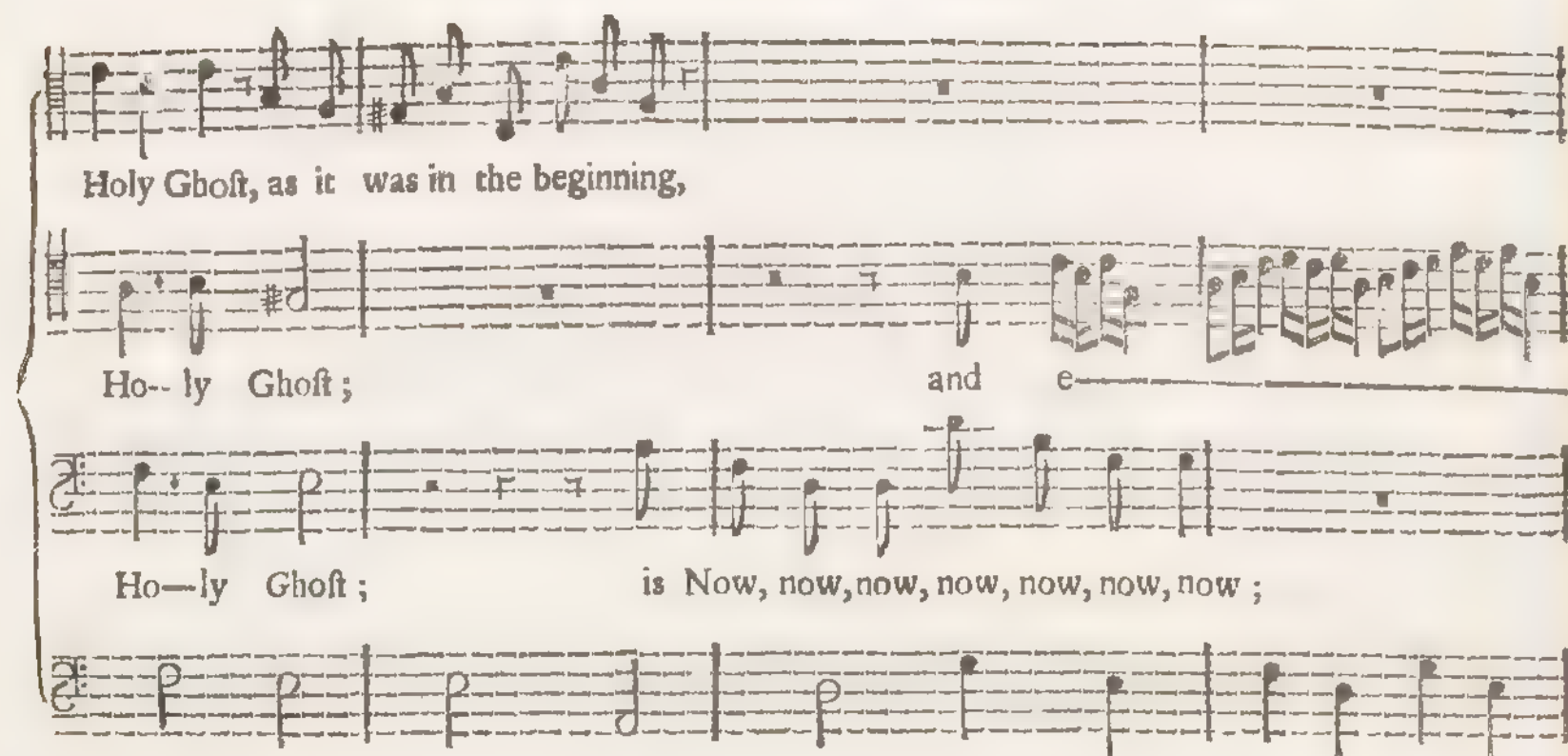


Father, Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Glo—ry be to the



Glo—ry be to the Ho—ly Ghost, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and
 Glo—ry be to the Son, Glo—ry be to the Father Son and
 Father, Glory, Glory to the Father Son and



Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning,
 Ho—ly Ghost; and e—
 Ho—ly Ghost; is Now, now, now, now, now, now, now ;



Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;
 —ver shall be, Glo—ry to the Father Son and Ho—ly Ghost;
 Glory, Glory to the Father Son and Holy Ghost, world without

An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.



was glad, I was glad, when they said un-to me,

we will go, we will go into the House of the Lord; we will go, will go into the

House of the Lord, our feet shall stand in thy Gates O! O! Je—ru—sa—

lem; our Feet shall stand, shall, stand in thy Gates O — — — —

— Je—ru—sa—lam, O! — — — — Je—ru—sa—lem.



For there the Tribes go up,



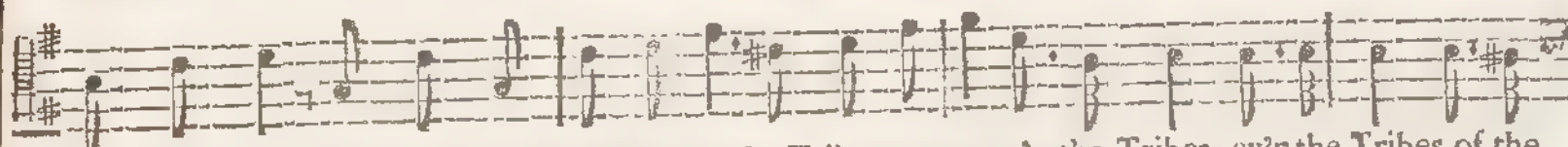
For there the



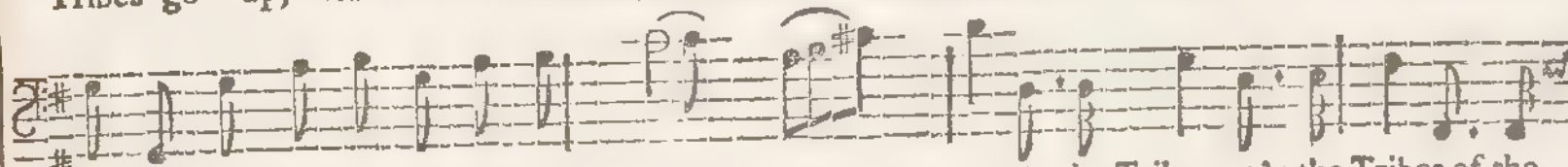
Jerusalem is built as a City that is at unity in its self, for



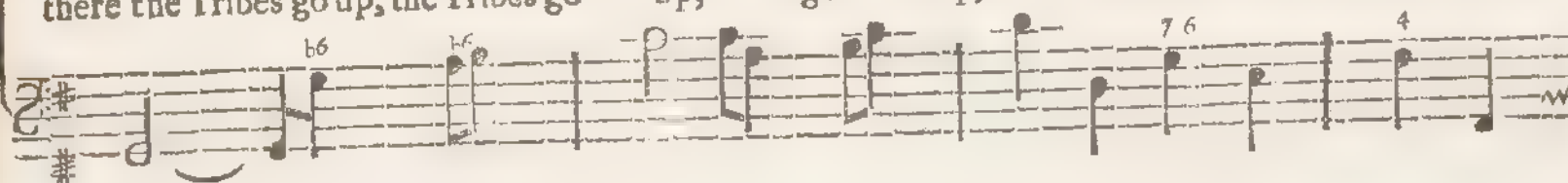
for there the Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the



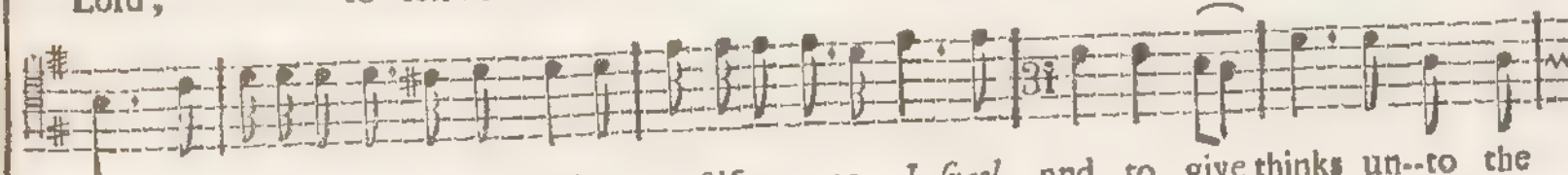
Tribes go up, for there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the



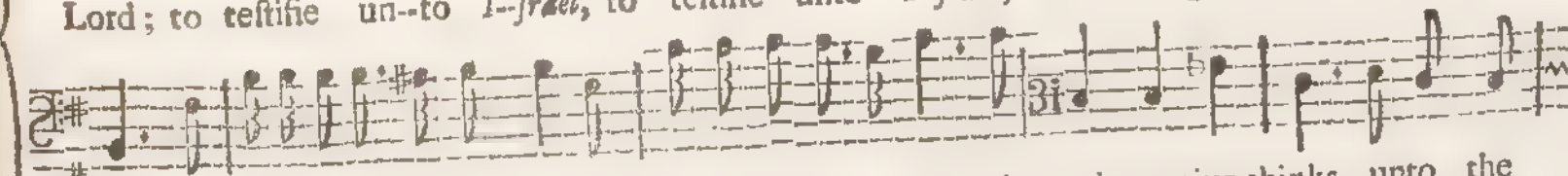
there the Tribes go up, the Tribes go up, go up, ev'n the Tribes, ev'n the Tribes of the



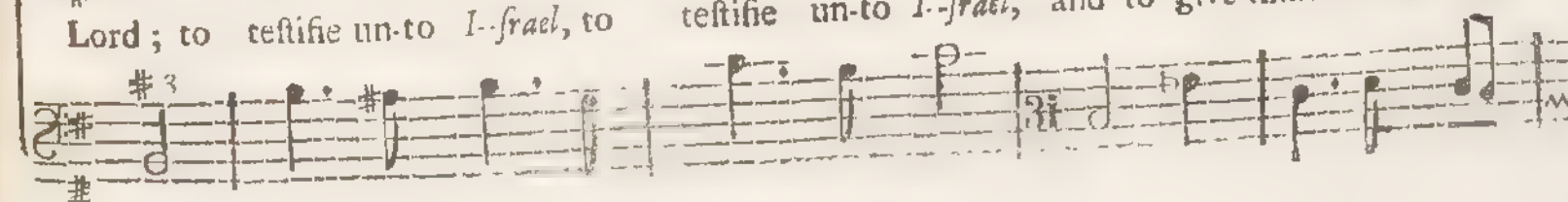
Lord; to testifie unto I--rael, and to give thanks un--to the



Lord; to testifie un--to I--rael, to testifie unto I--rael, and to give thanks un--to the



Lord; to testifie un--to I--rael, to testifie un--to I--rael, and to give thanks unto the



name of the Lord, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give
 name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks, to give thanks unto the name, give
 name of the Lord, and to give thanks, and to give thanks unto the name, give

thanks un--to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord;
 thanks un-to the name of the Lord; give thanks unto the name of the Lord; for there is the
 thanks un-to the name of the Lord, give thanks unto the name of the Lord;

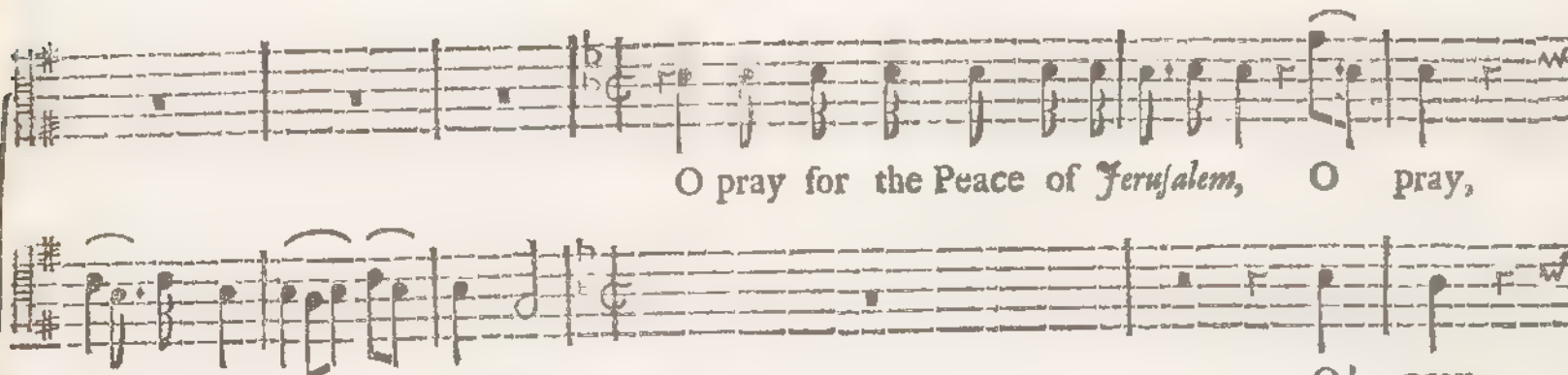
feat of Judgment, ev'n the feat of the House of David, for there is the feat of Judgment



ev'n the seat of the House of David, ev'n the seat of the House of David, ev'n the

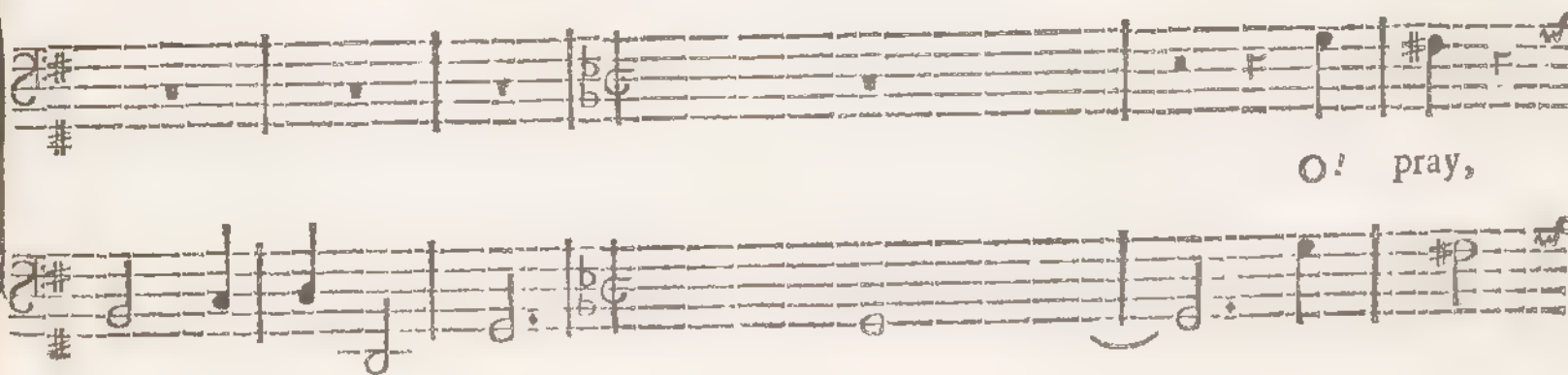


O pray for the Peace of Jerusalem, O pray,

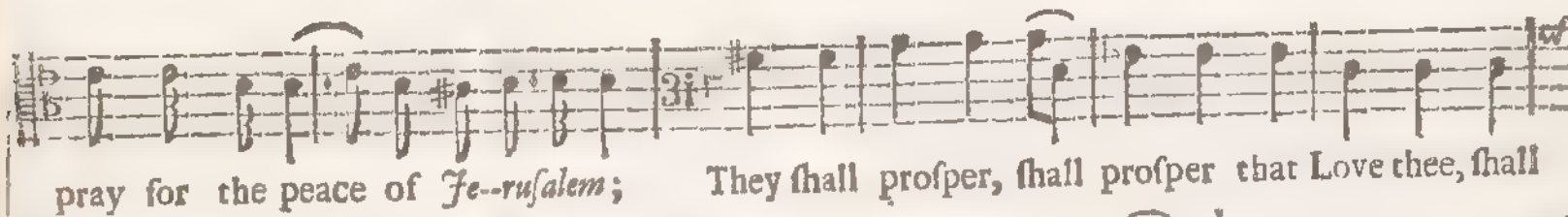


seat of the House of David.

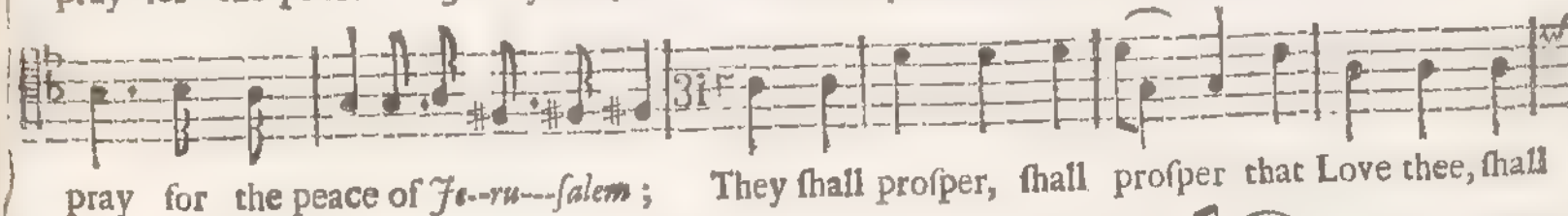
O! pray,



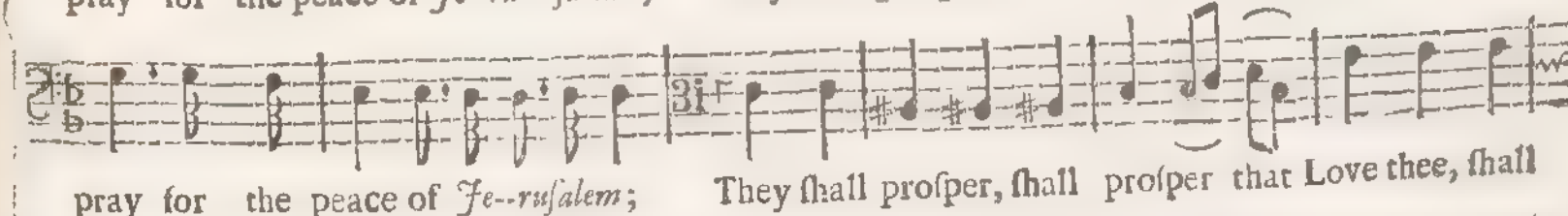
O! pray,



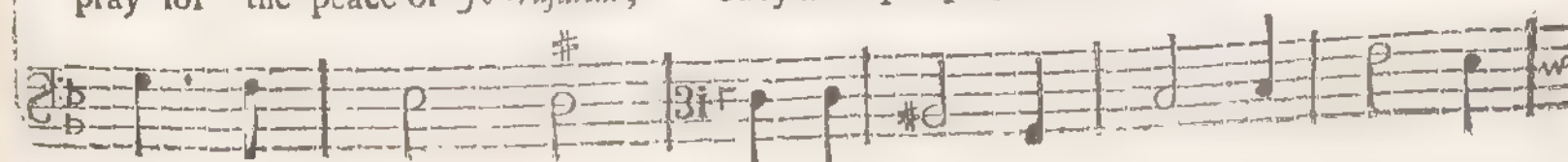
pray for the peace of Je--ru--salem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall



pray for the peace of Je--ru--salem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall



pray for the peace of Je--ru--salem; They shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall





prof ——— per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

prof ——— per that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

prosper, shall prosper that Love thee; they shall prosper, shall prosper that

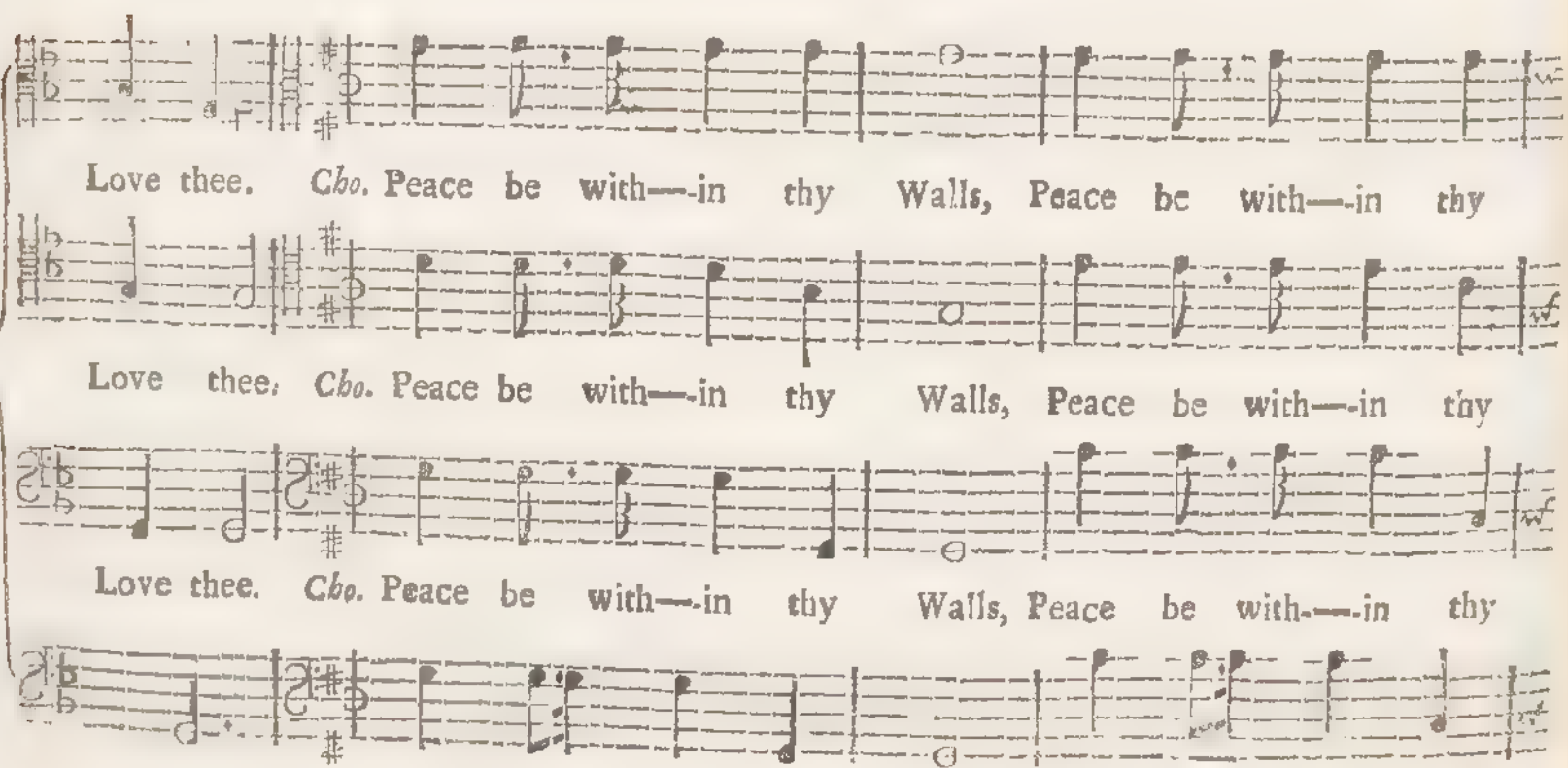


Love thee, shall prof ——— per that Love thee, shall prof ——— per that

Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that

Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that Love thee, shall prosper, shall prosper that

48



Love thee. Cho. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy

Love thee, Cho. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy

Love thee. Cho. Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy



For my Brethren and companion's sake, I will wish, will wish thee prof—

I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity, will wish thee prof—

and Companions sake, I will wish, will wish, will wish thee prof—

—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

—perity, I will wish, will wish thee prof—perity; Peace be with—in thy

Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Vers. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Cho. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Vers. Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls, Peace be with—in thy Walls,

Cho.



Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in



Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in



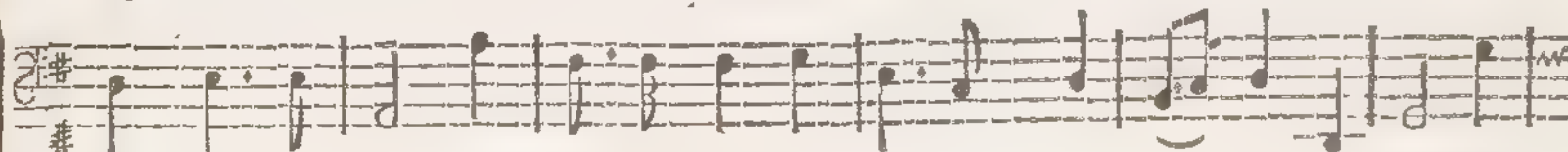
Peace be with—in thy Walls, and plenteousness with—in, with—in



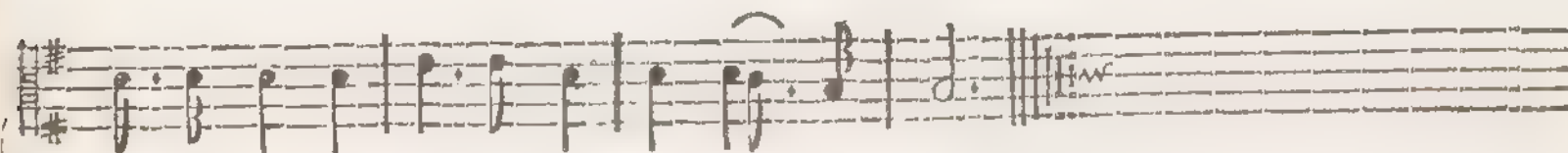
thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and



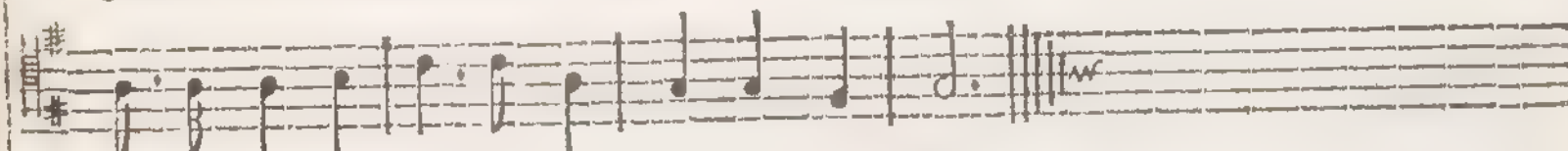
thy Pa—la—ces and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and



thy Pa—la—ces, and plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces, and



plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces:



plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



plenteousness with—in, with—in thy Pa—la—ces.



An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.

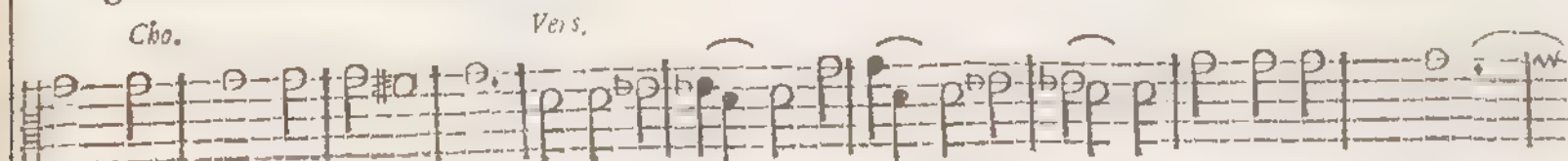


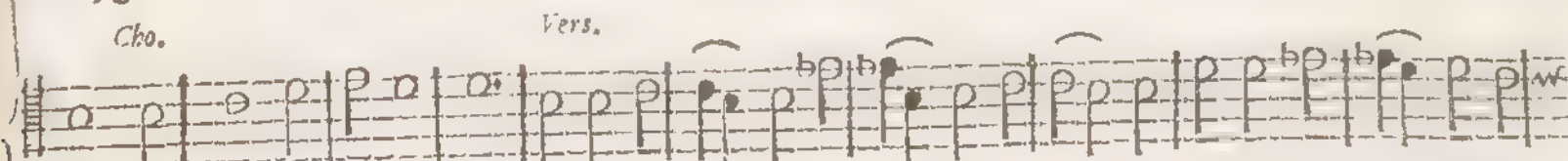
Cho. *O give thanks,* *give thanks,*
 Vers. *Give thanks,* Cho. *O give thanks,* Vers. *give thanks,* Cho. *give thanks,* Vers. *O!*
 Vers. *O give thanks,* Cho. *O give thanks,* Vers. *give thanks,* Cho. *give thanks,* Vers. *O!*
 Vers. *O give thanks,* Cho. *O give thanks,* Vers. *give thanks,* Cho. *give thanks,* Vers. *O!*
 Vers. *O give thanks,* Cho. *O give thanks,* Vers. *give thanks,* Cho. *give thanks,* Vers. *O!*


Cho. *O!* *O give thanks,*
 Cho. *O give thanks, O!* Vers. *O give thanks, give thanks unto the*
 Cho. *O give thanks, O! O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks, unto the*
 Cho. *O! O give thanks, O! O! O! O give thanks, give thanks un-to the*

Cho.


 give thanks un-to the Lord ; for he is gracious, is


Cho. *Vers.*

 Lord, give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gra—

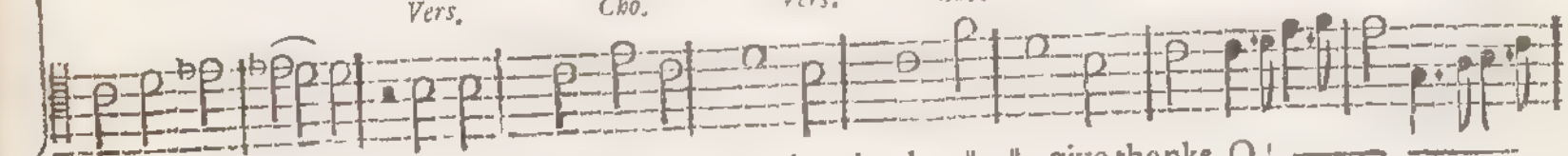
Cho. *Vers.*

 Lord ; give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious, is

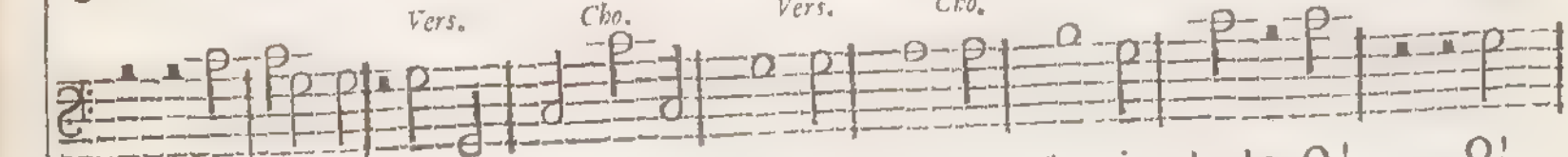
Cho. *Vers.*

 Lord ; give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is gracious, is gracious, for he is gracious,

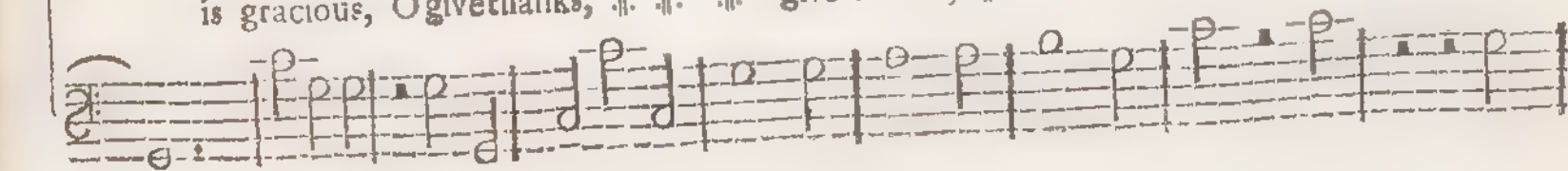


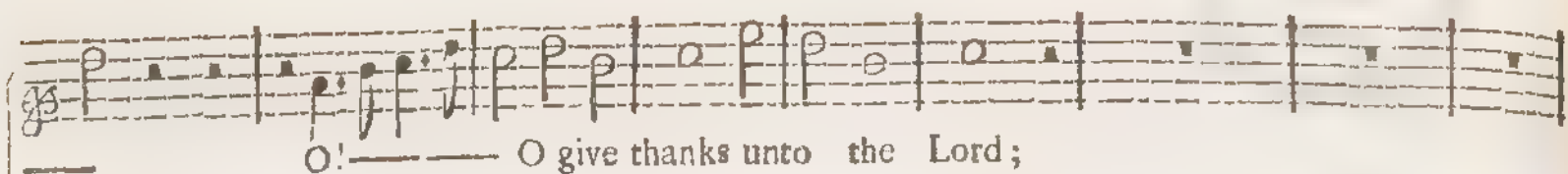
Cho. *Cho.* *Cho.*

 gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, give thanks, O! —

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.* *Vers.*

 —cious, is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, O! —

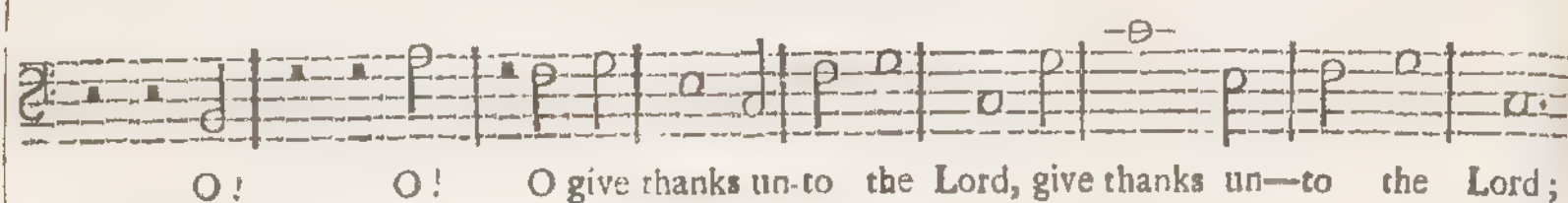
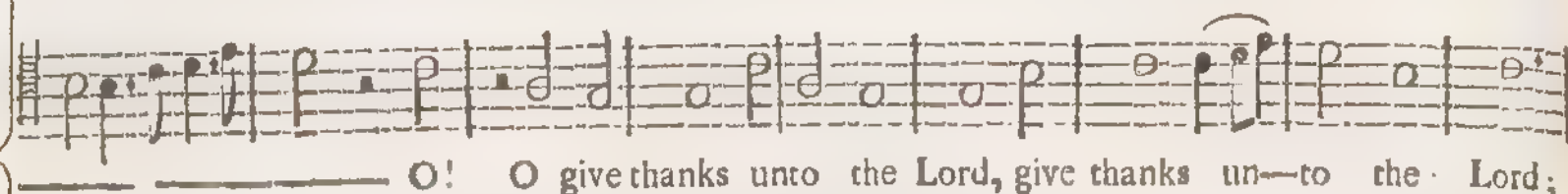
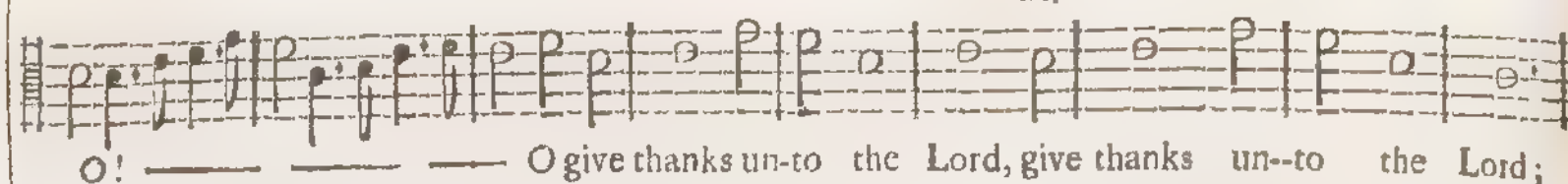
Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.* *Cho.*

 gracious, is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, O! —

Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.* *Cho.*

 is gracious, O give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, :: :: :: give thanks, O! O!

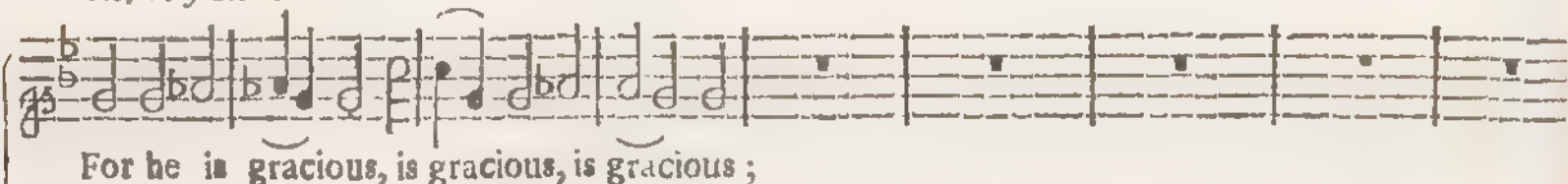




Vers.

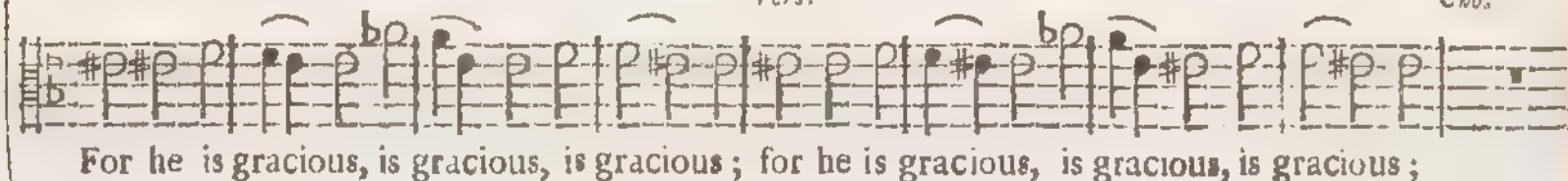


Cho. Very Slow.

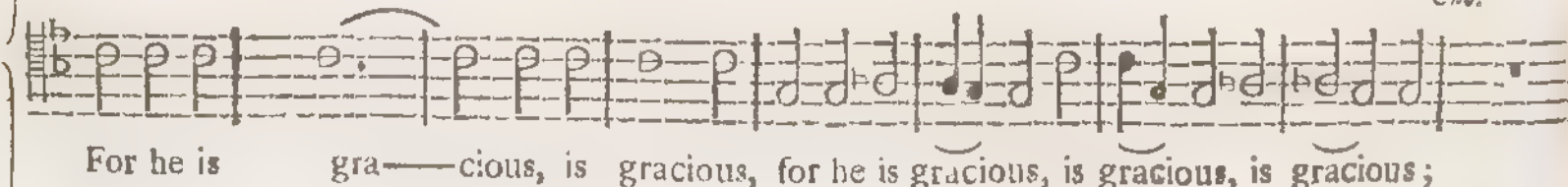


Vers.

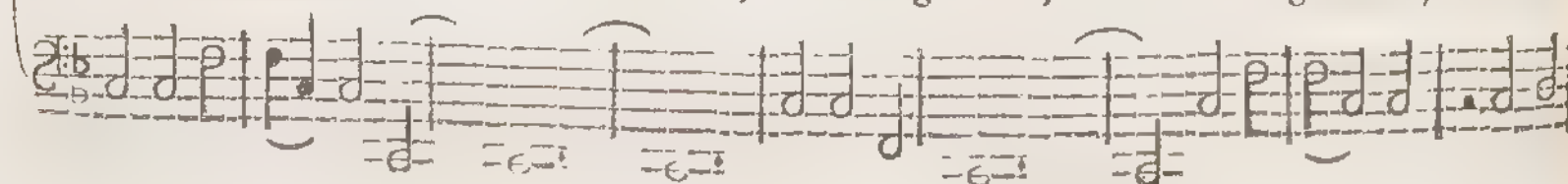
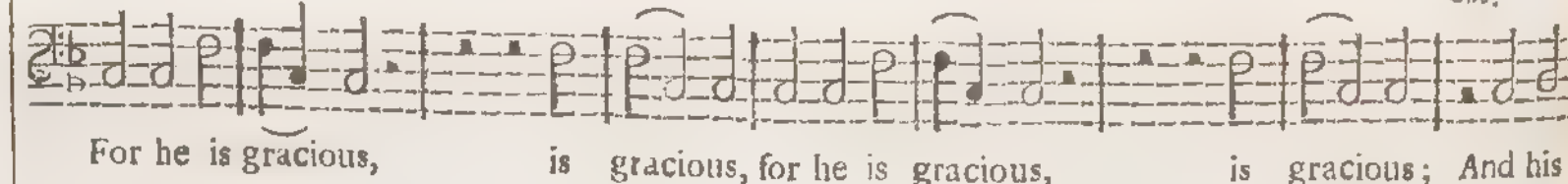
Cho.



Cho.



Cho.



And his mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for e——

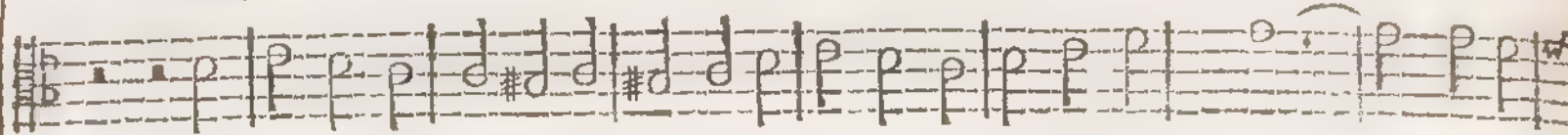
And his mercy en-du-reth for ever, his mercy endureth for e——ver, for

And his mercy endureth, endureth for e——ver, his mercy endureth for

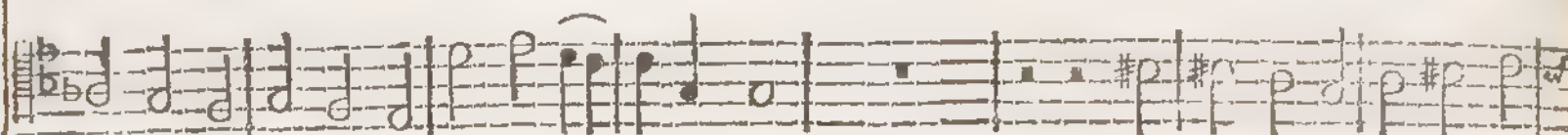
mercy endureth, his mercy endureth for e——ver, his mercy endureth for

Cho.

his mercy en-dureth, his mercy en-dureth for e—

Cho.

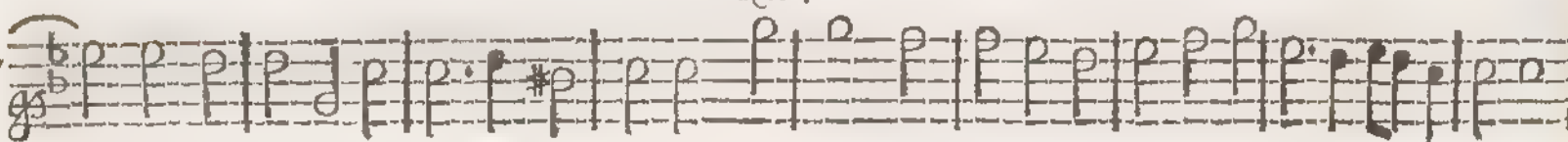
his mercy en-dureth for ever, his mercy en-dureth for e—ver, for



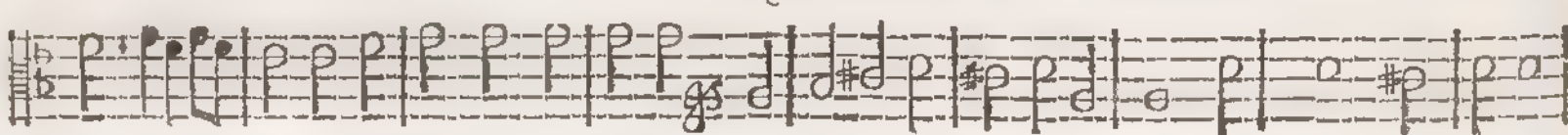
mercy endureth, en-dureth for e—ver, his mercy endureth for



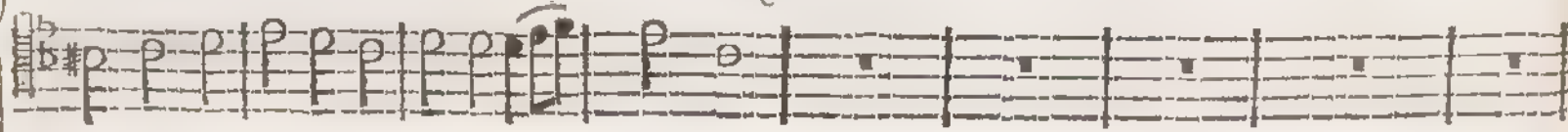
—dureth for, mercy en-dureth for e—ver, his mercy en-dureth for

*Ritor.*

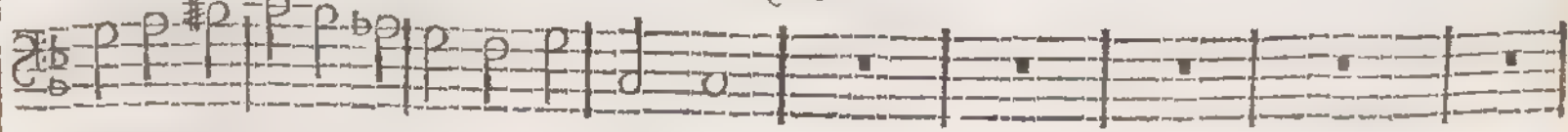
—ver, his mercy endureth for ever.

Ritor.

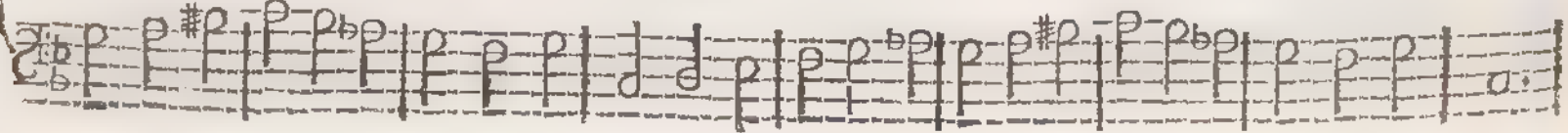
e—ver, endureth for ever.

Ritor.

ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver.

Ritor.

ever, his mercy endureth for e—ver.



Who, who can express the no-ble acts of the

7 6 43 76

ble acts of the Lord? Who, who can express the no-ble

1 7#6 43 2

no-ble, no-ble acts of the

acts; the no-ble, no-ble acts of the

Lord? Or shew forth all, a-ll, his Praise?

Lord? Or shew forth all, a-ll his Praise, or shew forth

4#3

Or shew forth all, shew forth all, all, all, or shew forth all, or shew forth all, all, all,

—or shew forth all his praise. —his praise.

Ac-cording to the favour that thou
Remember, re-member, remem-ber
Remember, remember, remember me O Lord,
According to the favour that thou bear'st un—to thy

bear'st un-to thy people; remember, re-mem-ber, remem-ber me O Lord; ac-
me O Lord, according to the favour, that thou bear'st un-to thy people; re-
according to the favour that thou bear'st un-to thy
people, remember, remember, re-member me O Lord, according to the

cording to the favour, that thou bear'd un-to thy people, remember me O
member, remember, re-mem-ber me O Lord, remember me O
peo-ple; ac-cording to the favour, that thou bear'st un-to thy
favour, that thou bear'st unto thy people; re-



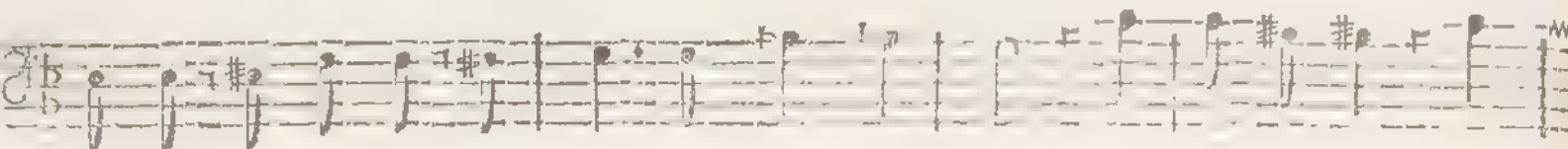
Lord, remember, remember, remember me O Lord; O vi--sit me, O



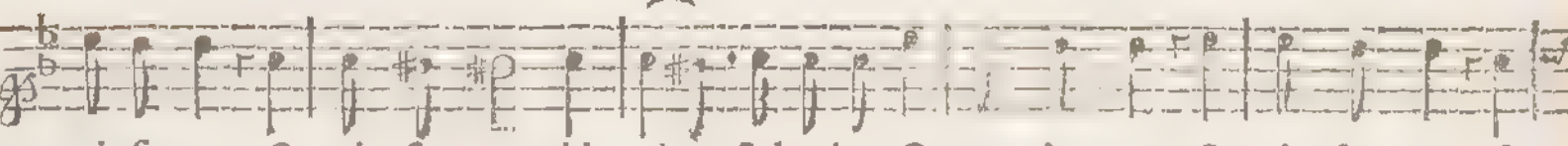
Lord, according to the favour that thou bear'st unto thy people; O vi-fit me,



people; re-member, re--mem--ber me O Lord; O vi--sit me,



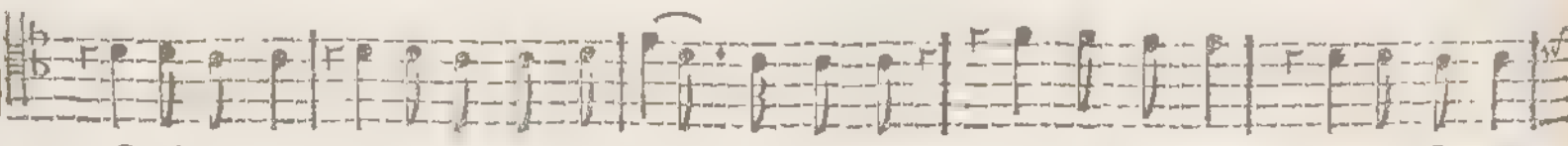
--member, remember, re--mem--ber me O Lord; O vi-fit me, O



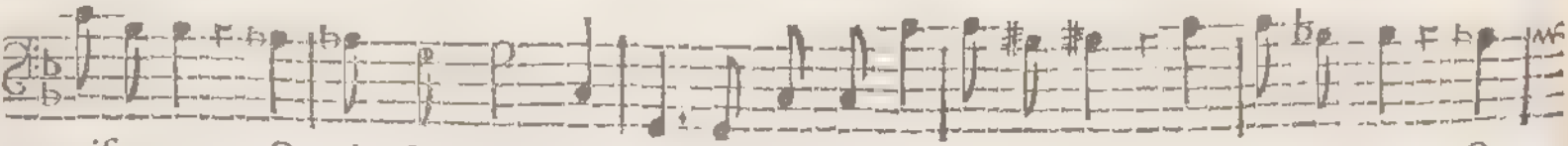
vi-fit me, O vi--fit me with thy Salvation, O vi--fit me, O vi--fit me, O



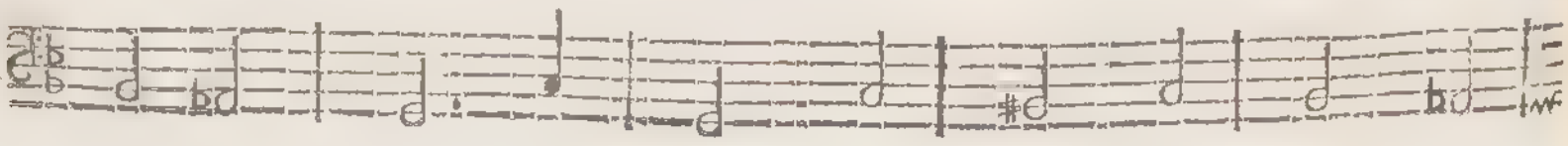
O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi-fit me, O vi-fit me,



O vi fit me, O vi-fit me with thy Salvation, O vi--fit me, O vi-fit me,

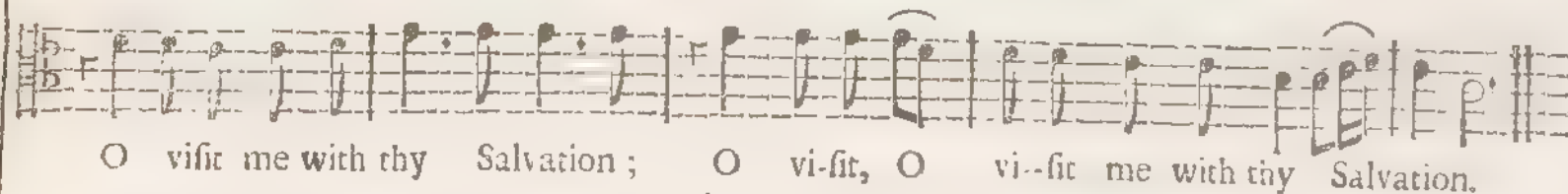
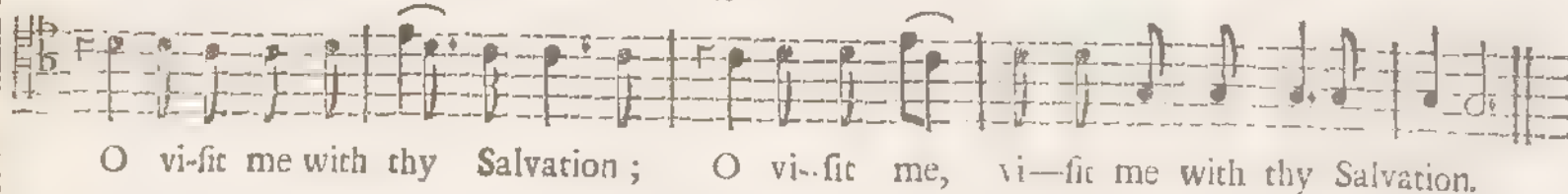
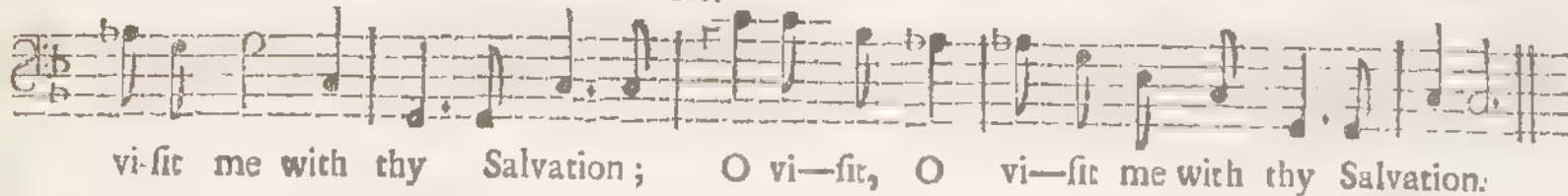
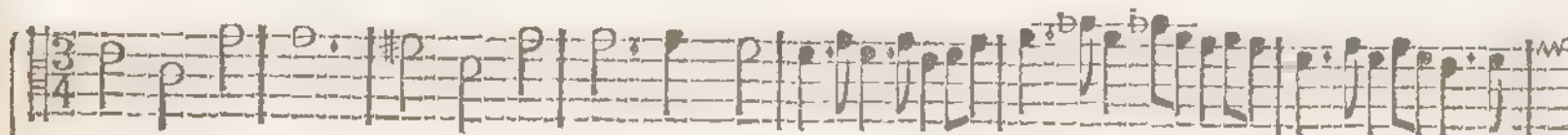
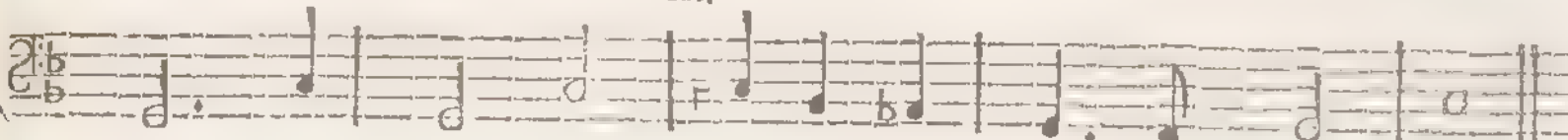


visit me, O vi--fit me with thy Salvation, O vi--fit me, O vi-fit me, O



BOOK I.

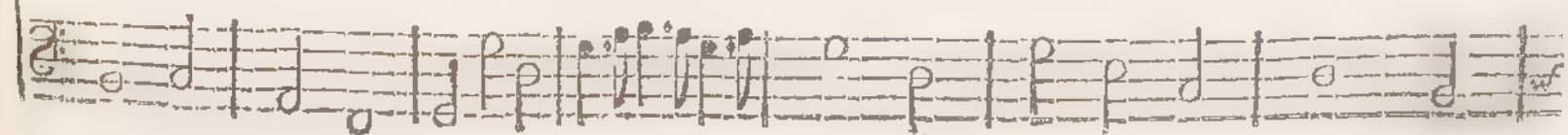
Harmonia Sacra.

Cho.*Cho.**Cho.**Cho.**Cho.*

That I may see, that I may see the feli—



—city of thy chosen; And re—joy—



Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in Heaven, and in Earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. For the Kingdom is thine, the power is thine, and the glory is thine, Father, who art in Heaven, ever and ever. Amen.

Rit.

Vers of 4 Voices.

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*;

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever la—

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever la—

Blessed, blessed, be the Lord God of *Israel*;

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever

—sing, e—ver—lasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,

—sing, e—ver—lasting, Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*,

Blessed, blessed be the Lord God of *Israel*, from ever—

—la— — — — — sing, everlasting, from everla— — — — —

from ever—la— — — — — sing,

from ever—la— — — — — sing,

—la— — — — — sing, everlasting, from ever-la— — — — —



—sing, e—ver—lasting; and world without end, and

from ever—la— — — — — sing; and world without end, and world with—

from ever—la— — — — — sing; and world without

—sing, e—ver—lasting; and world without end, and world without

world without end, and world without end, and world without end, and world without end, and world without end, world with—

—out end, and world without end, and world without end, world with

end, and world without end, and world without end, world

end, and world without end, and world without end, with—out—

Cho.

—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

—out end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

—without end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

Cho.

—end; And let all the people say, let all the people say Amen, A—

Vers. *Cho.* *Vers.*

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cho.

—men, Amen; let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

—men, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cho.

—man, Amen, let all the people say Amen, Amen, Amen, let all the people

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men:

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

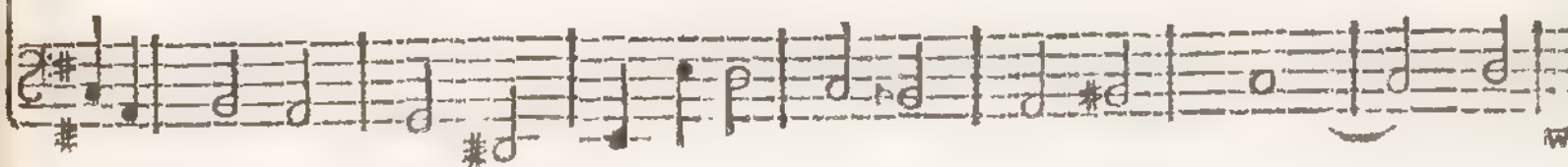
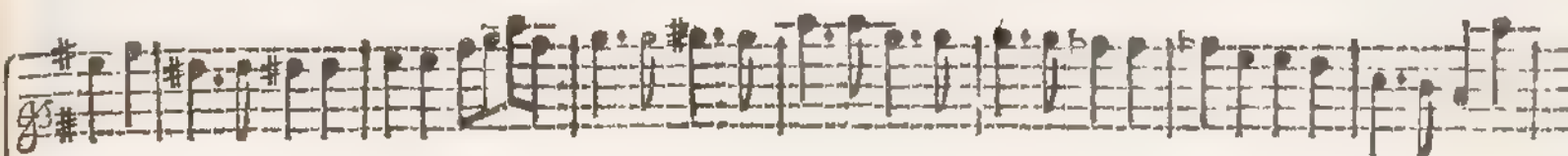
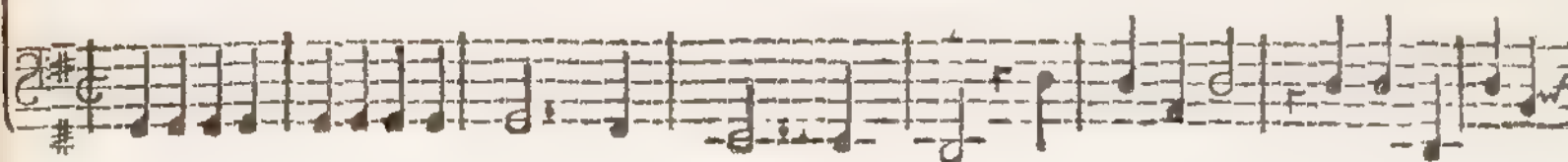
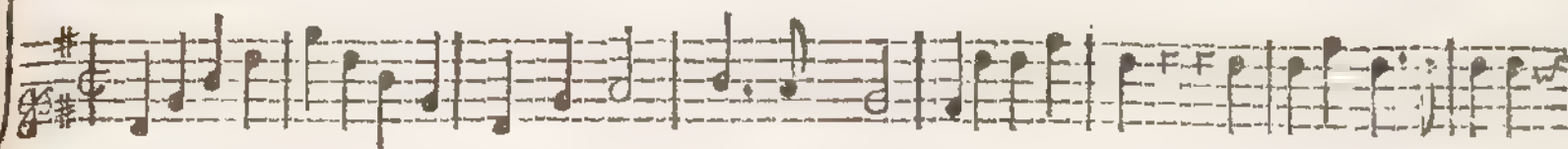
say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

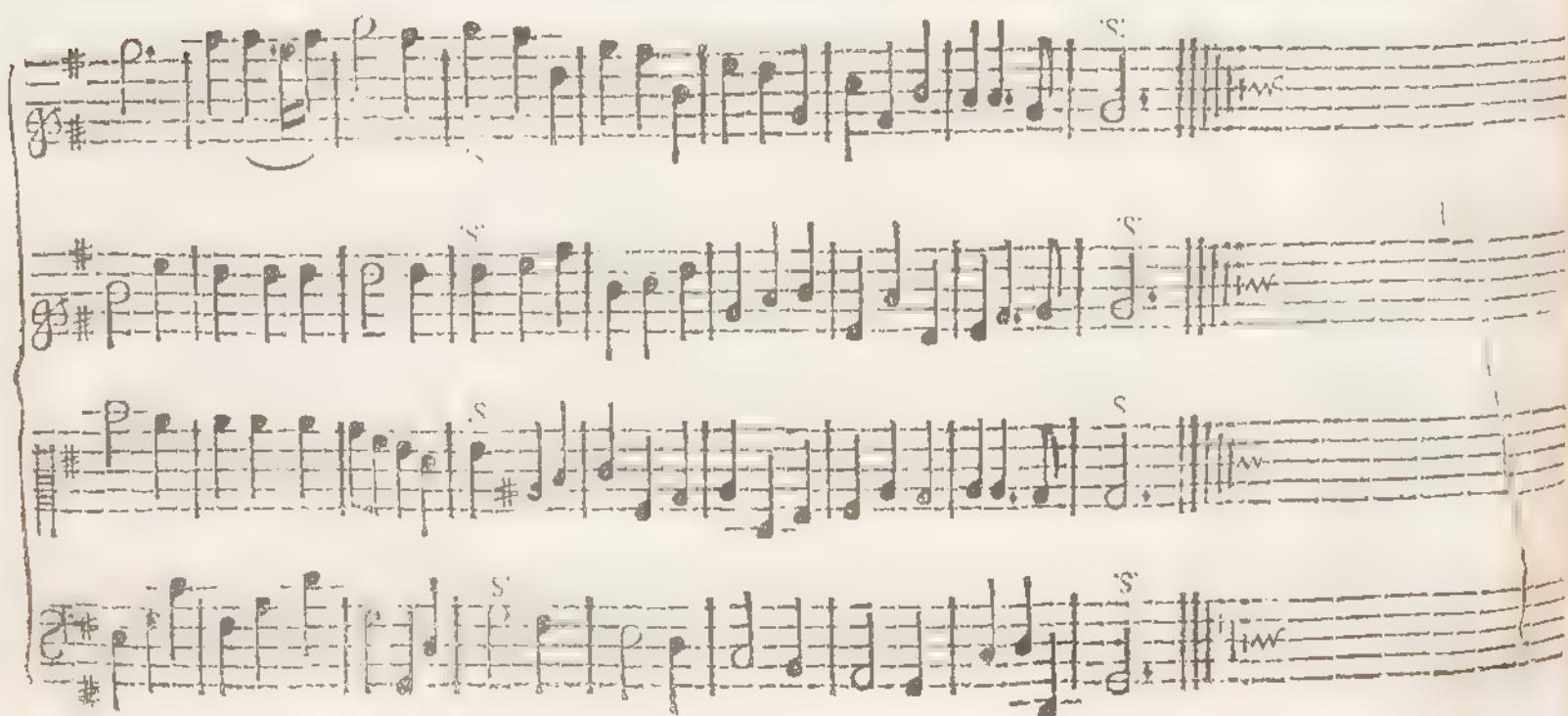
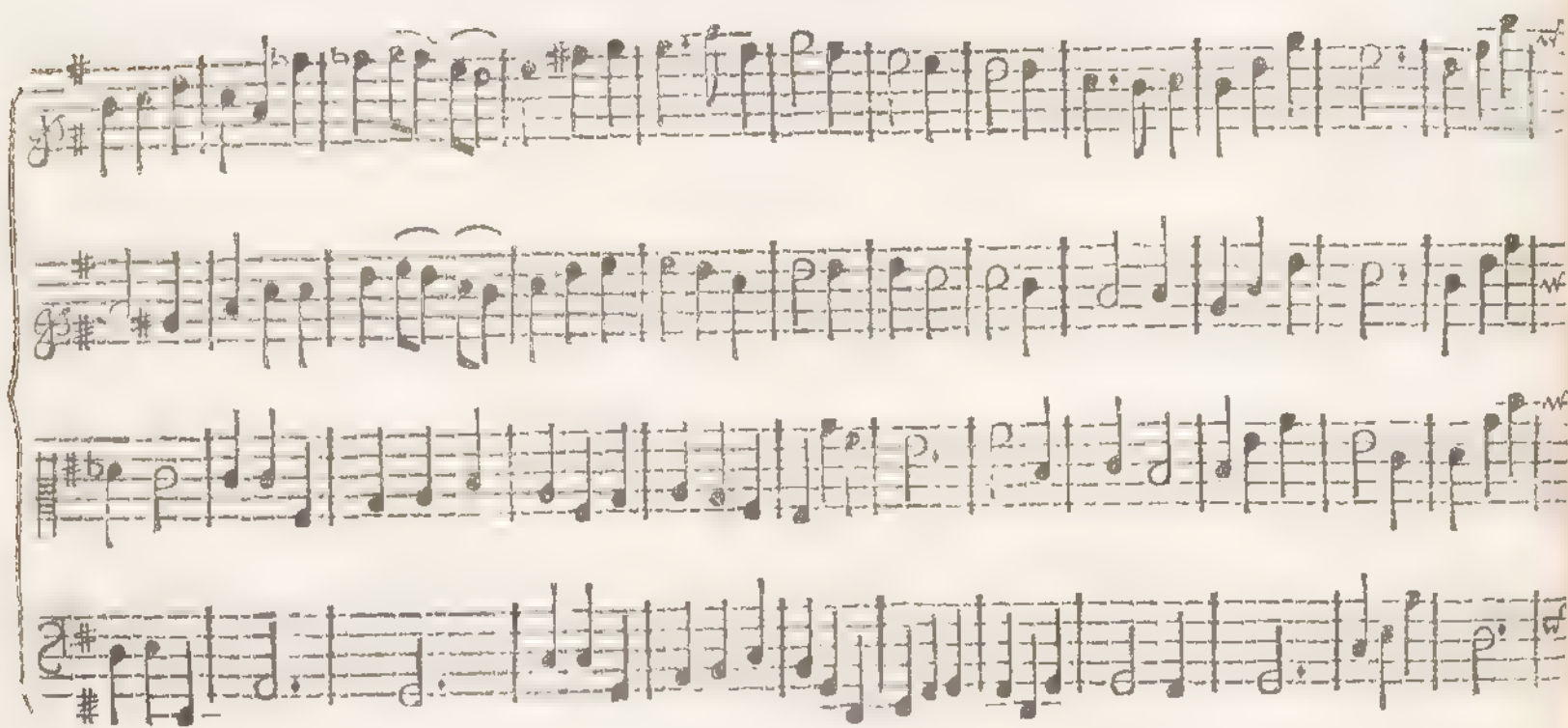
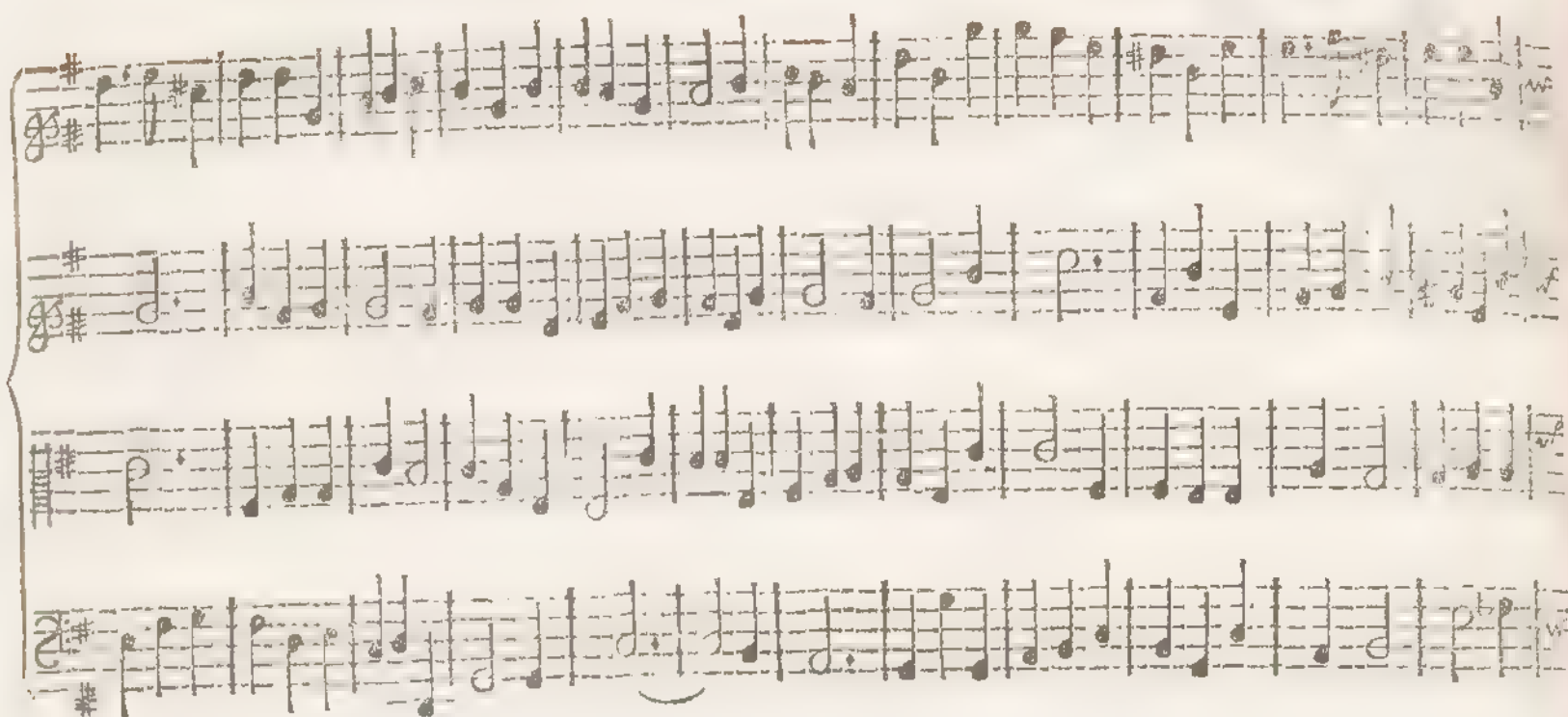
Cho. *Vers.* *Cho.*

say A—men, A—men, A—men, A—men.

*An ANTHEM, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell.**Slow.*

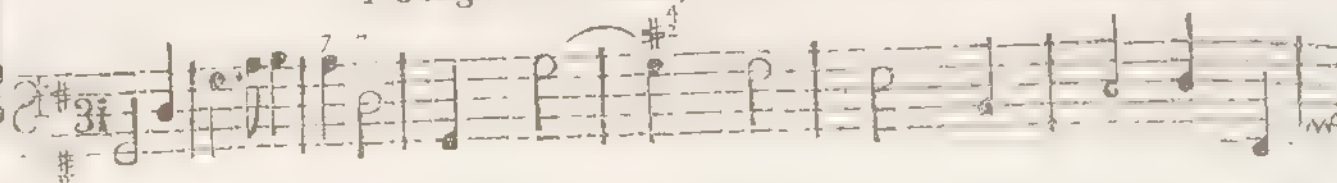
Symphony.



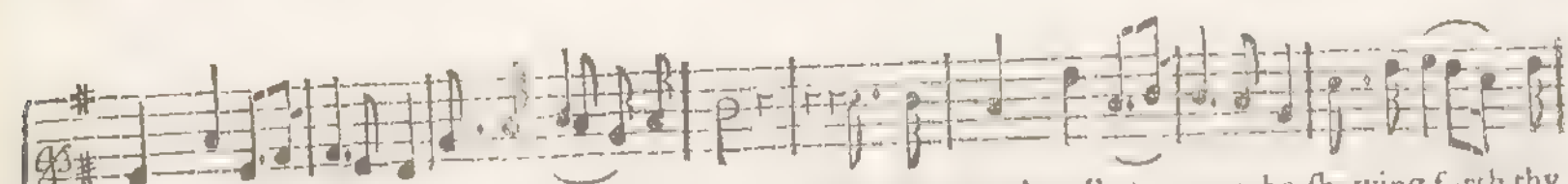
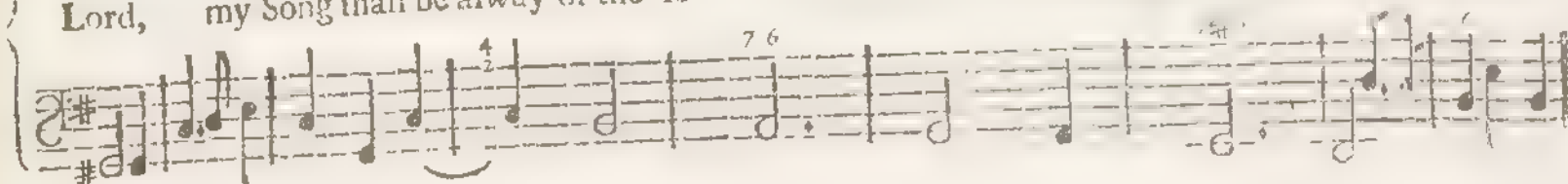




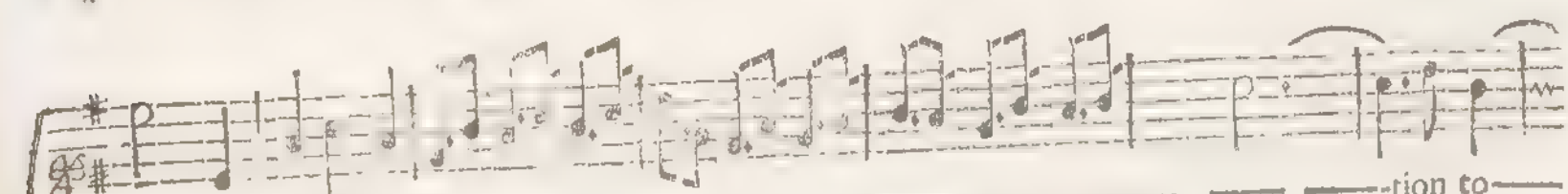
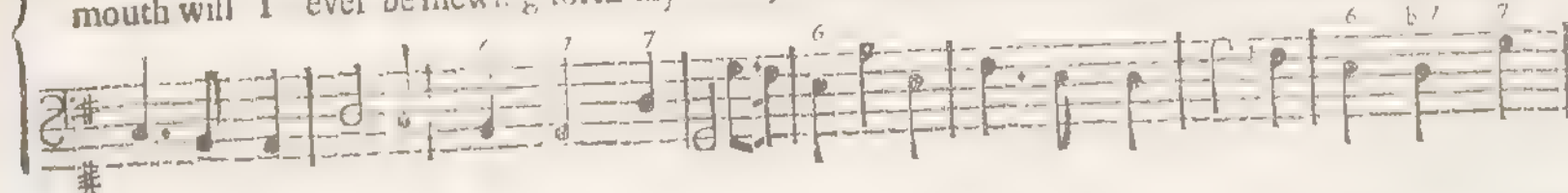
Y Song shall be alway of the lo—ving kindeets of the



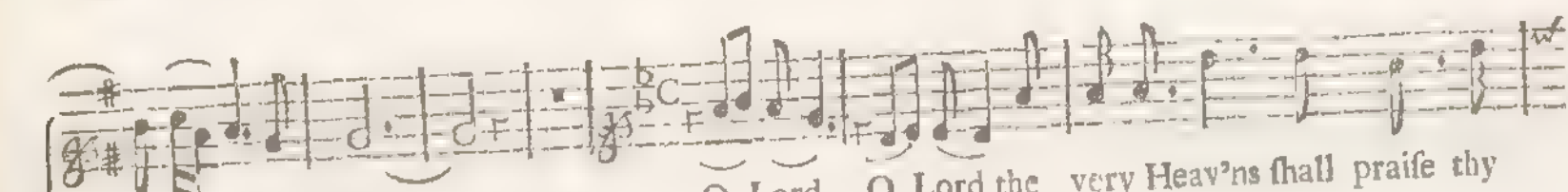
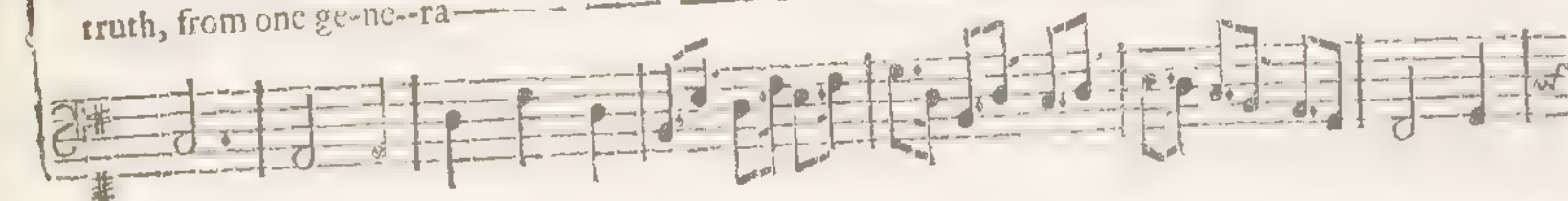
Lord, my Song shall be alway of the lo—ving kindeets of the Lord; with my



mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy truth, with my mouth will I ever be shewing forth thy



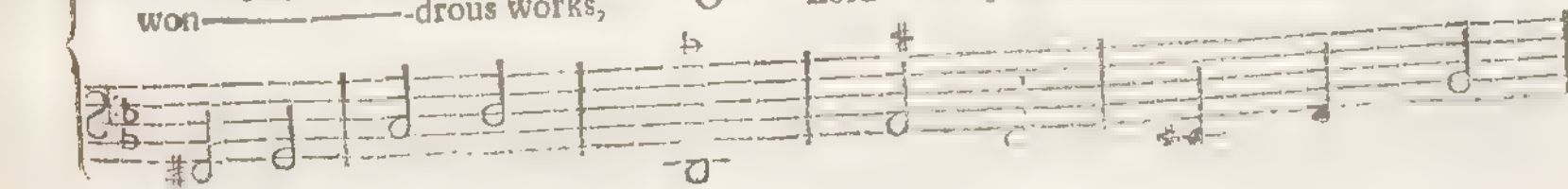
truth, from one ge-ne-ra—tion to—

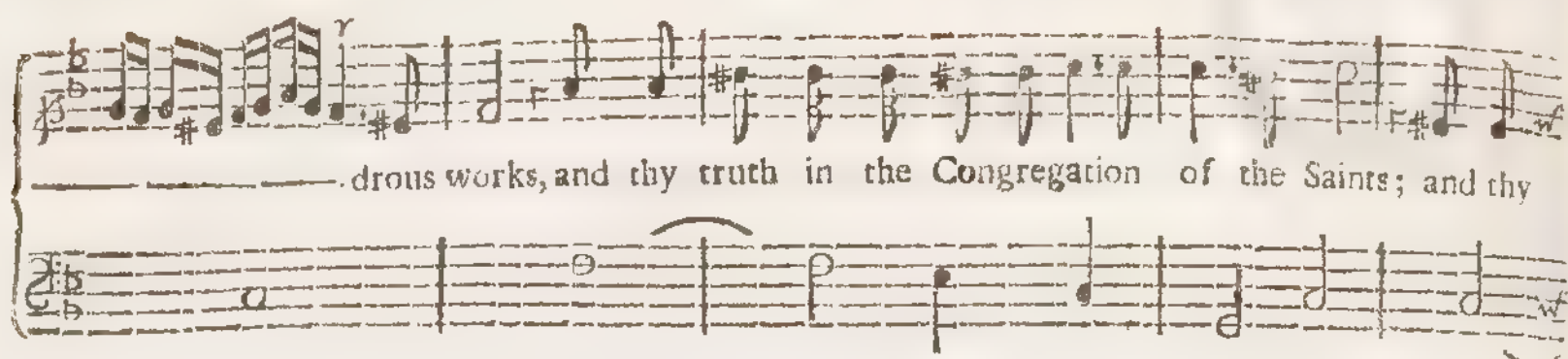


a—no—ther. O Lord, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy

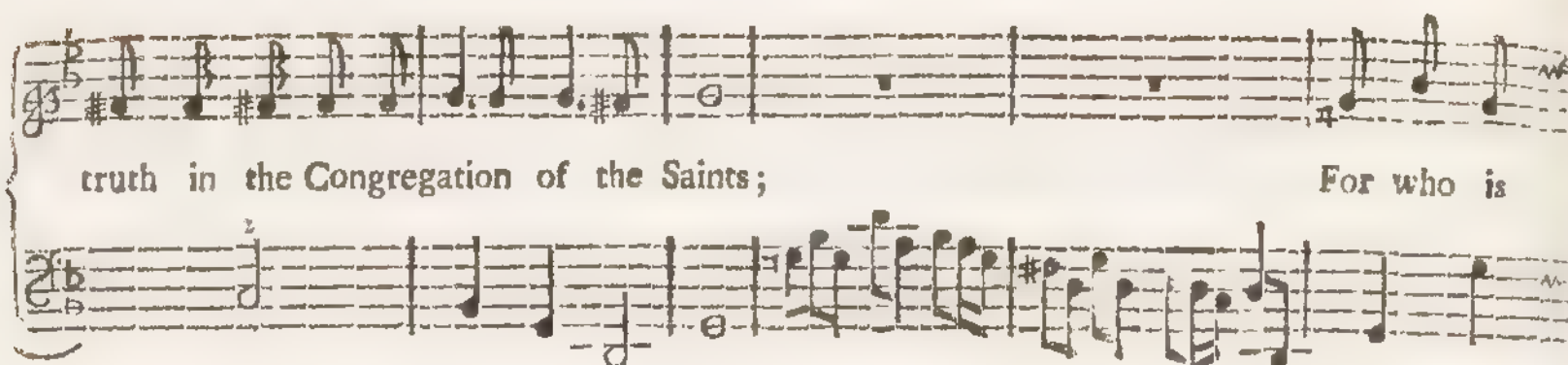


won—drous works, O Lord the very Heav'ns shall praise thy won—





drous works, and thy truth in the Congregation of the Saints; and thy



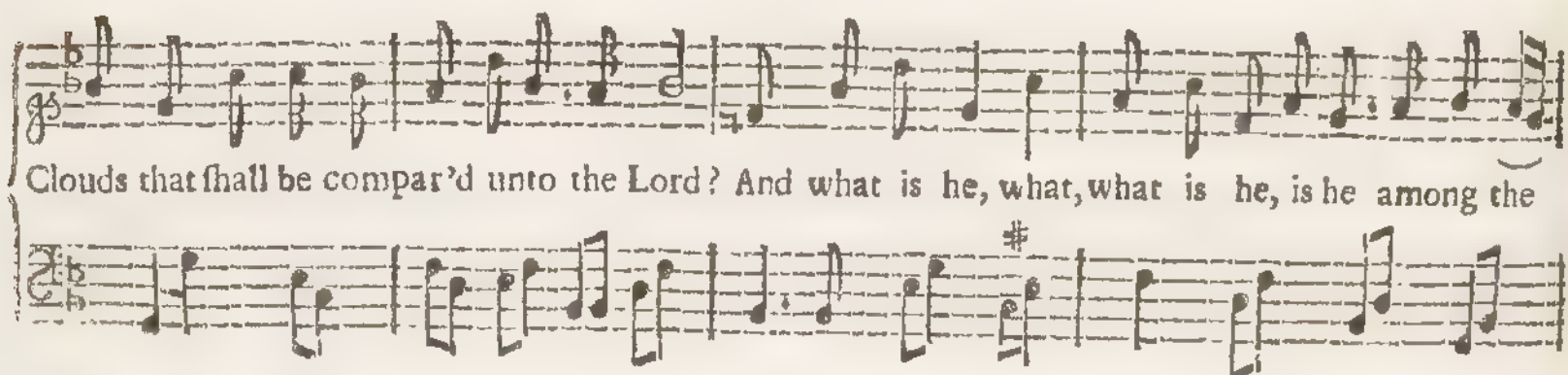
truth in the Congregation of the Saints; For who is



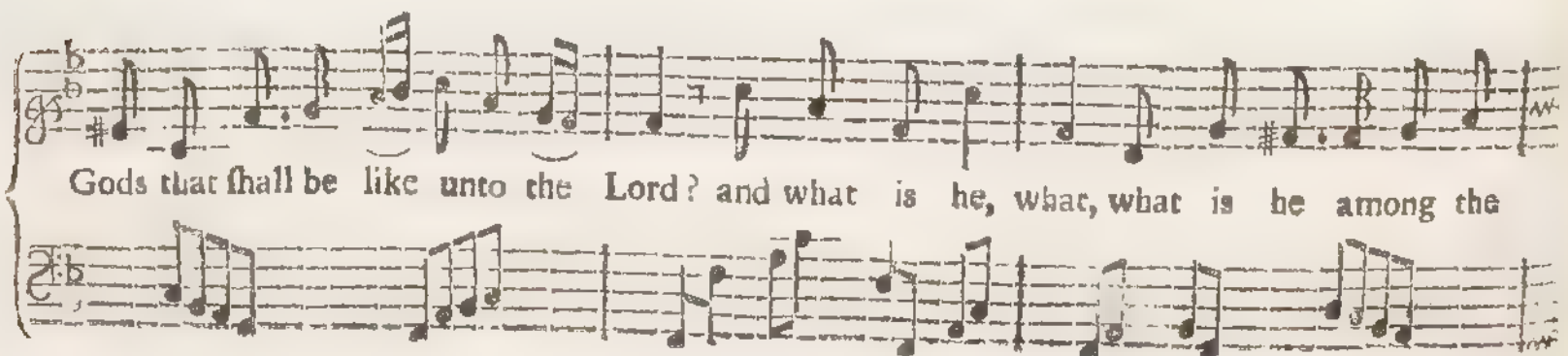
he among the Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he among the



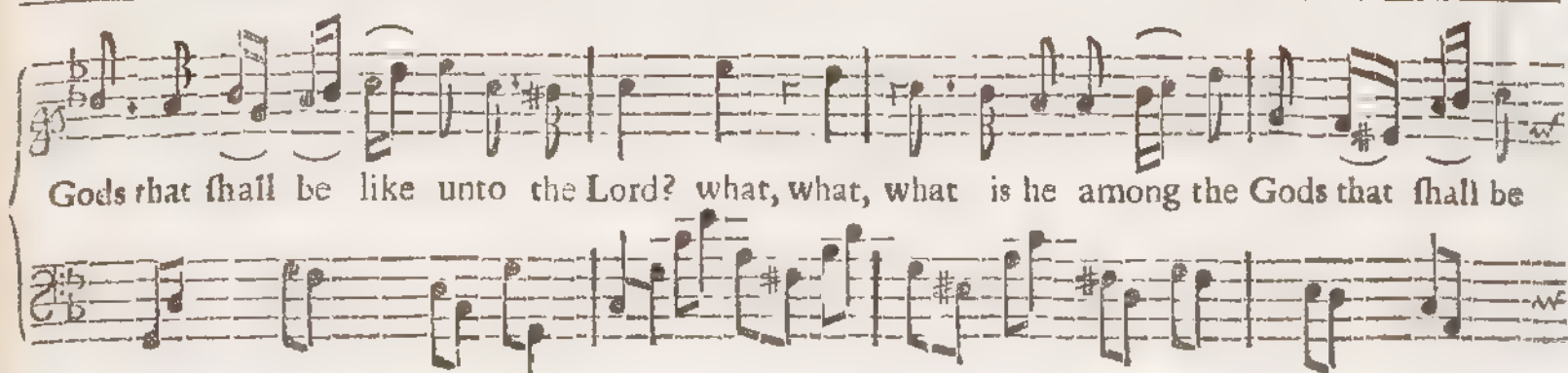
Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? For who is he, for who is he among the



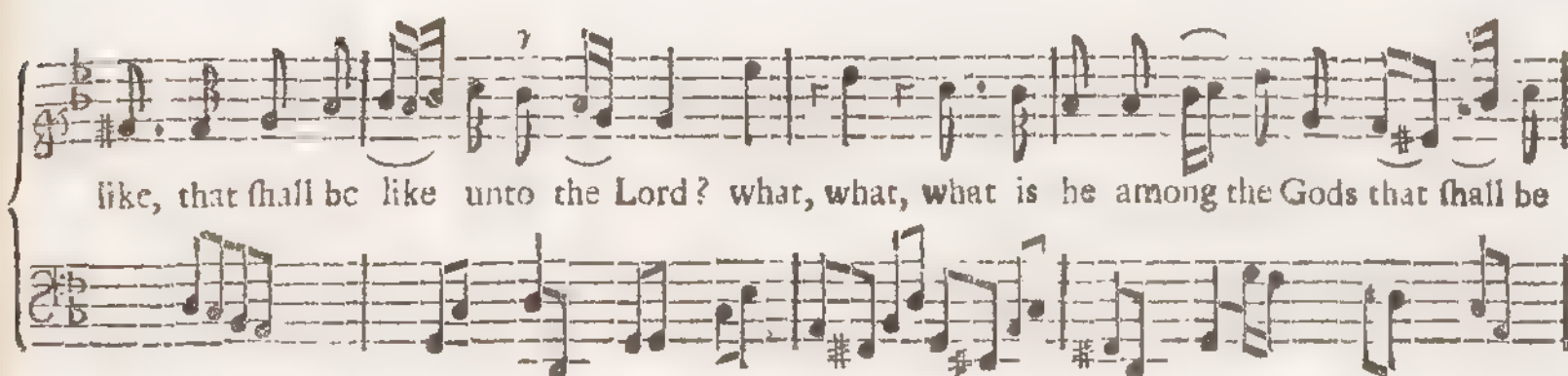
Clouds that shall be compar'd unto the Lord? And what is he, what, what is he, is he among the



Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? and what is he, what, what is he among the

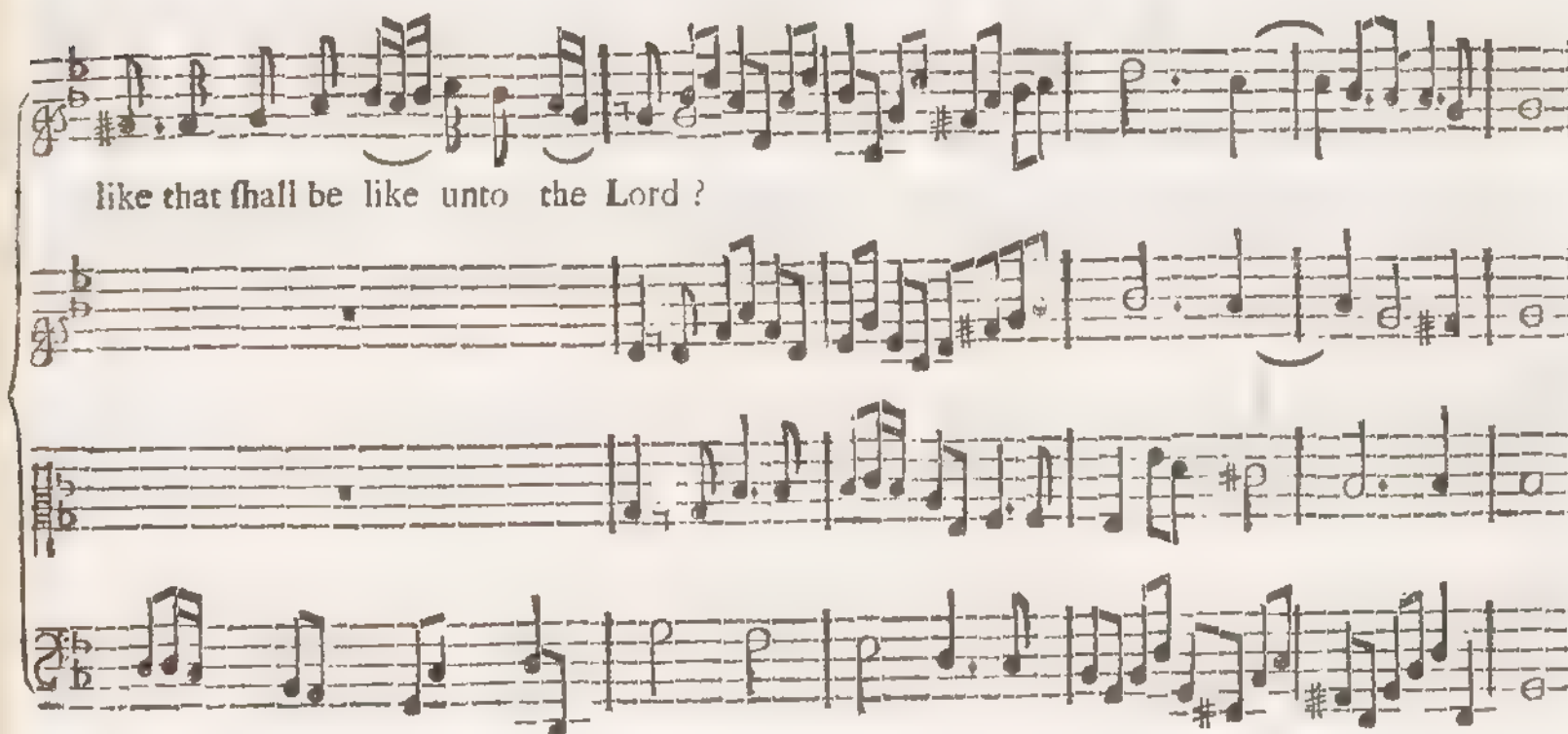


Gods that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be



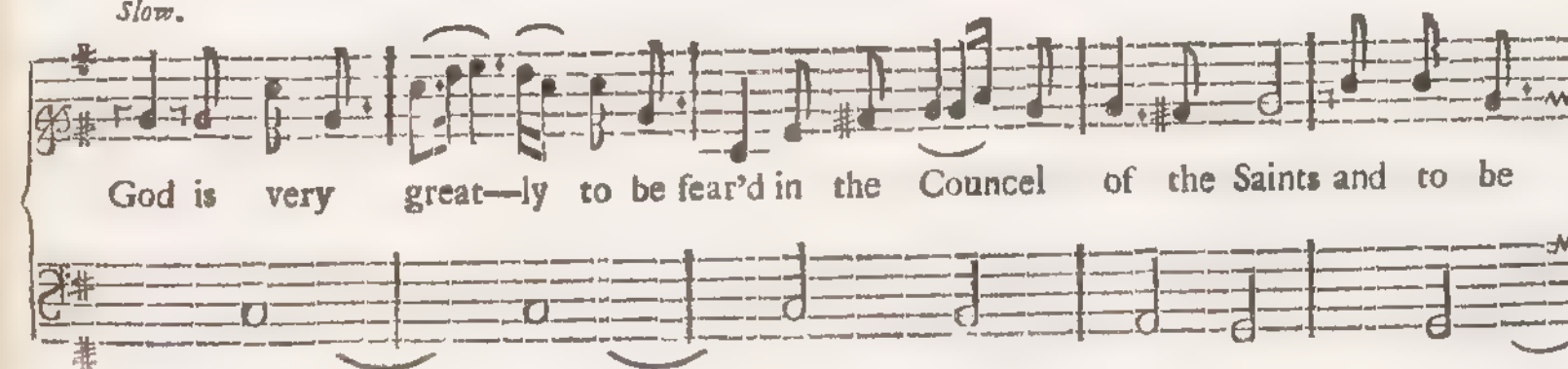
like, that shall be like unto the Lord? what, what, what is he among the Gods that shall be

Returnel upon the Close.

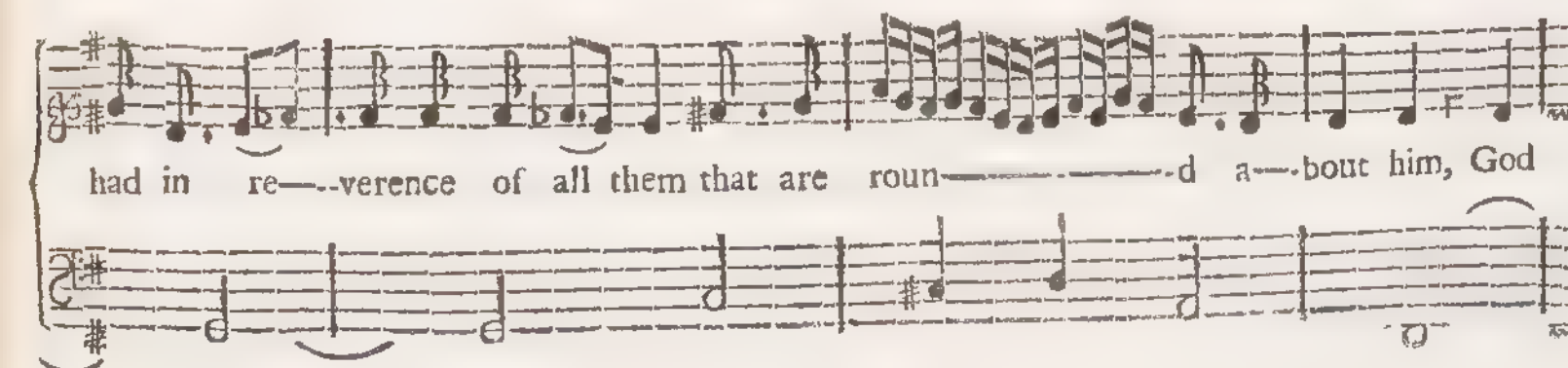


like that shall be like unto the Lord?

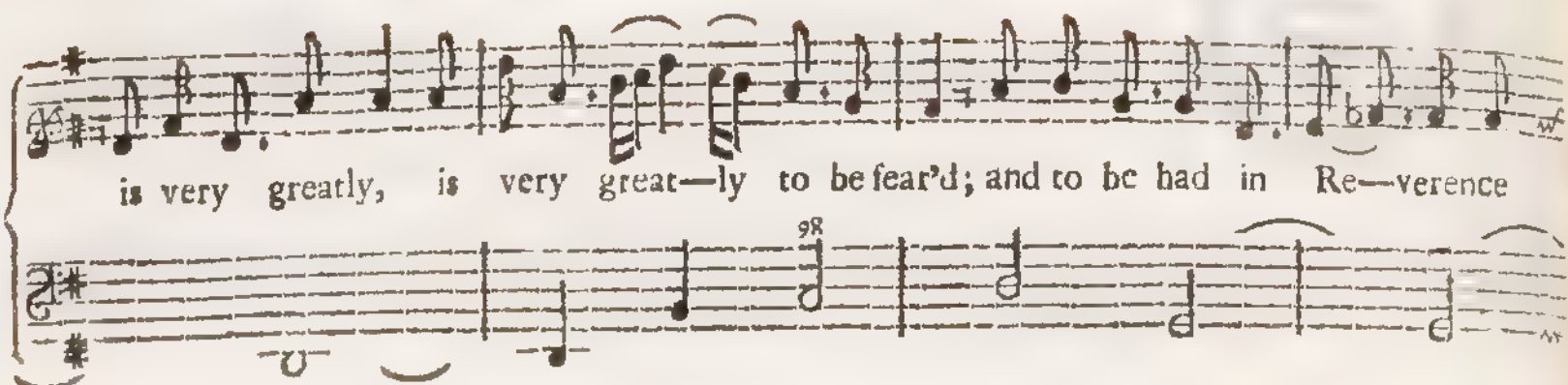
Slow.



God is very great—ly to be fear'd in the Council of the Saints and to be



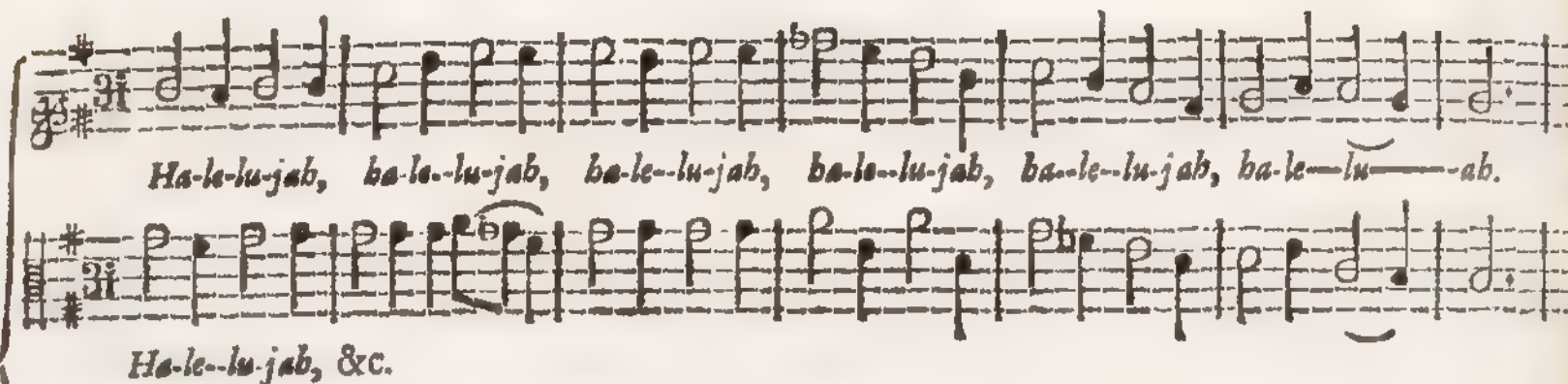
had in re—verence of all them that are roun—d a—bout him, God



is very greatly, is very great—ly to be fear'd; and to be had in Re—verence



of all them that are roun— — — — —d, are round a—bout him.



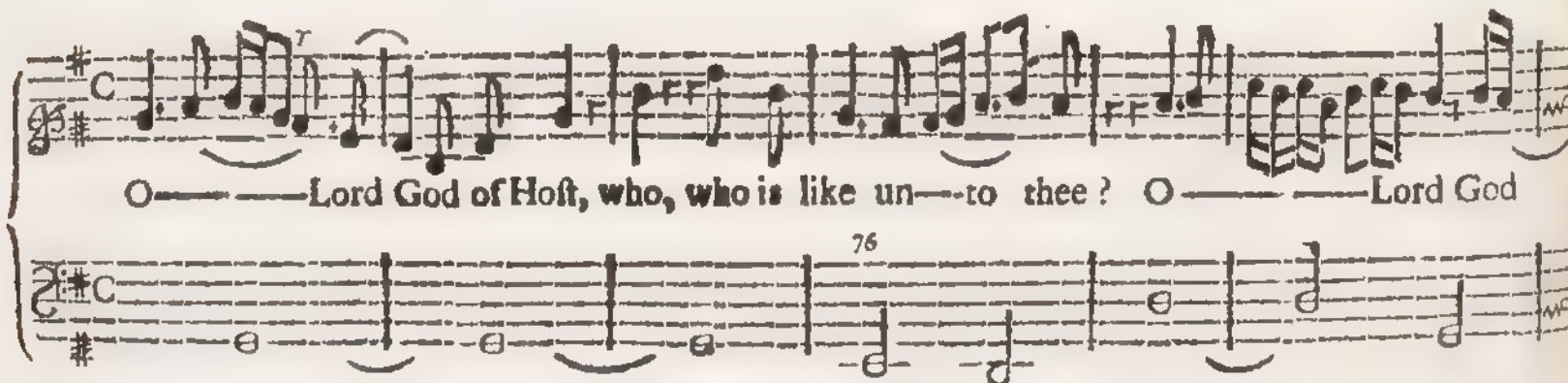
Ha-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu—ab.

Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.

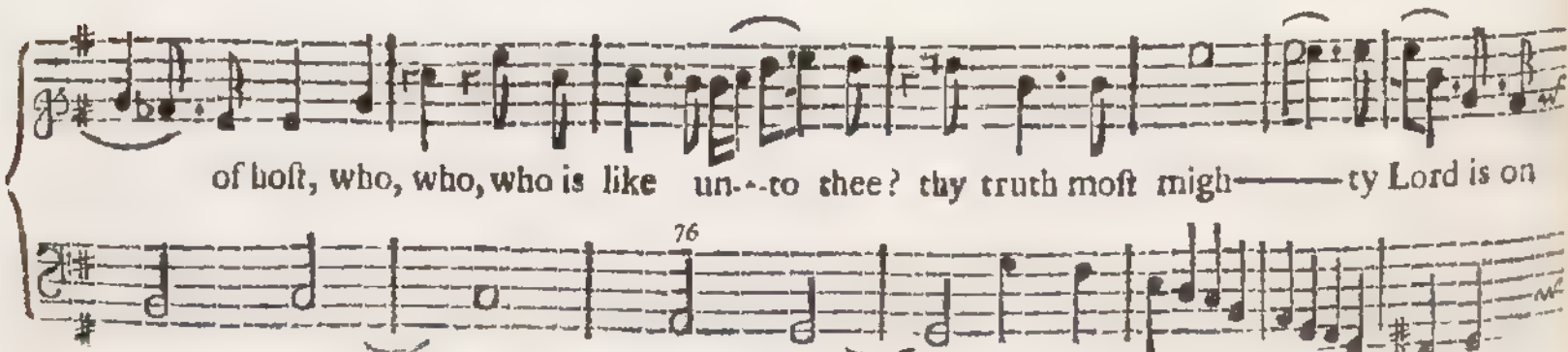


Ha-le-lu-jah, &c.

Hu-le-lu-jai, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu-jah, ba-le-lu—jah.




O — — — Lord God of Host, who, who is like un—to thee? O — — — Lord God



of host, who, who, who is like un—to thee? thy truth most migh— — — ty Lord is on



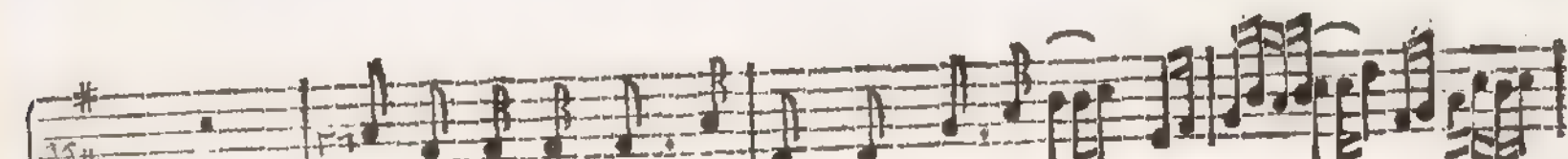
ev'ry side; thy truth most mighty Lord, most mighty Lord is on ev'ry




side. Thou rulest the raging of the Sea, thou stillest the rage—




—ing of the Sea;



Thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a—



—rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the Waves thereof when they a—



—rise, thou stillest the Waves thereof, thou stillest the waves thereof, the Waves,

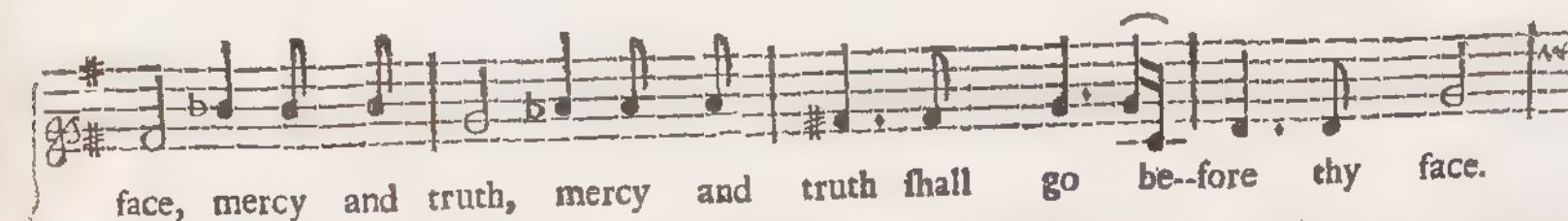
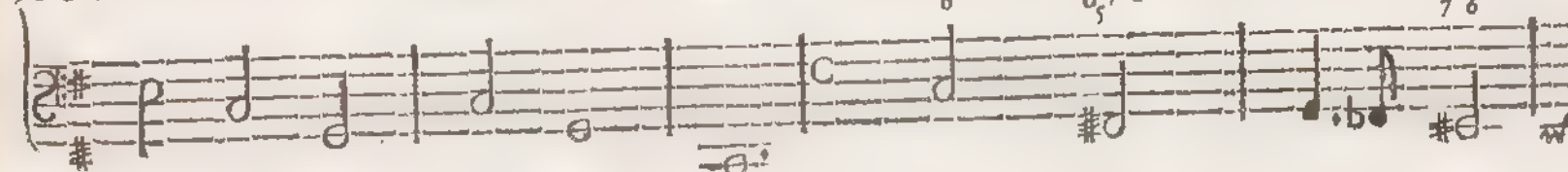
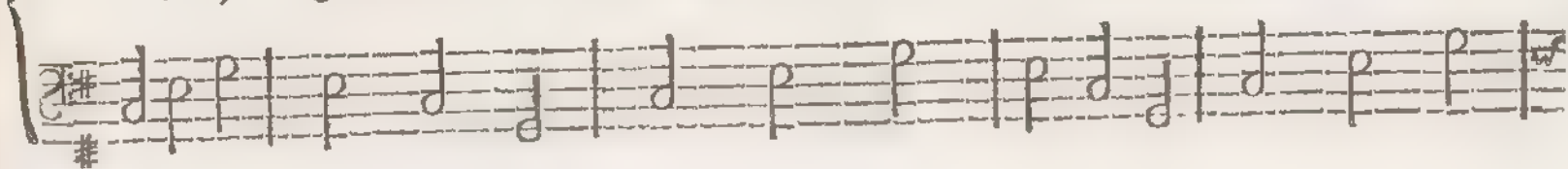
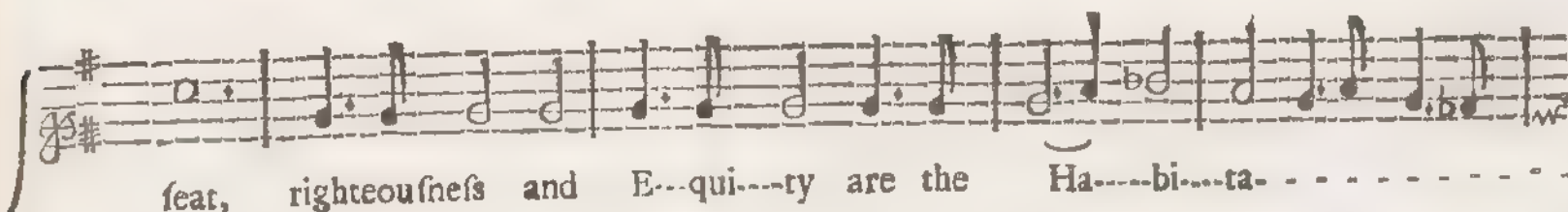
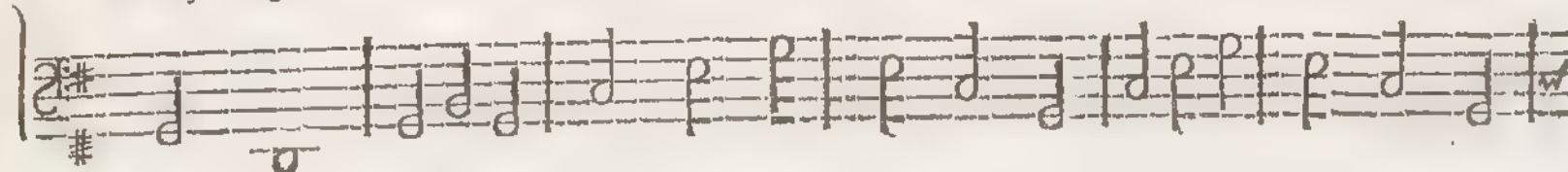
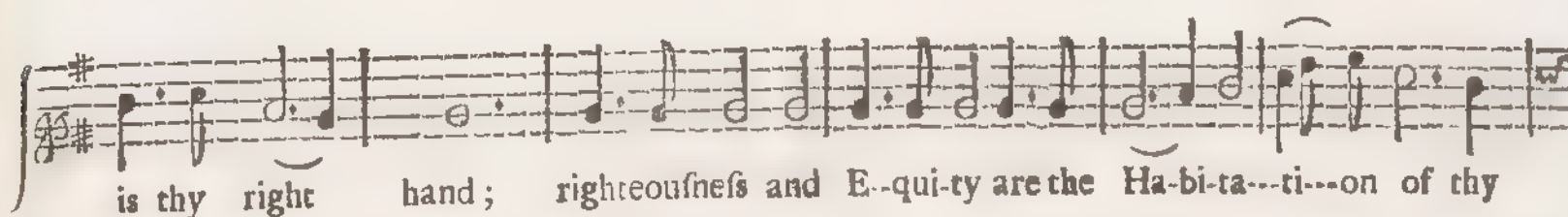
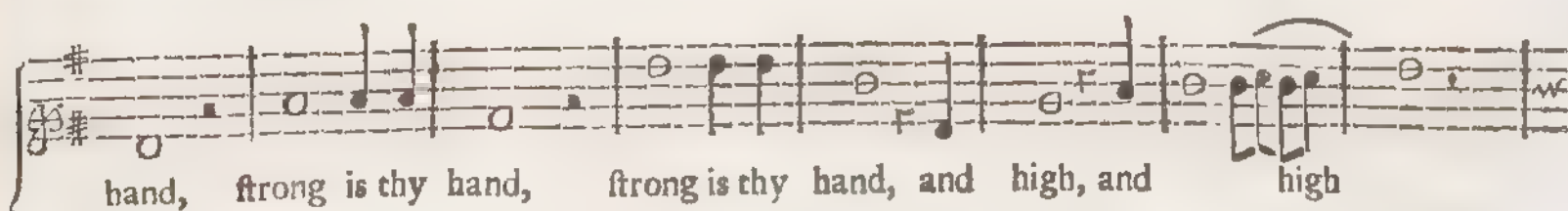
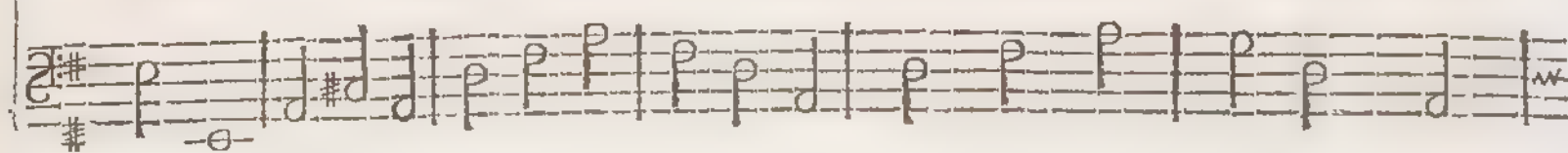
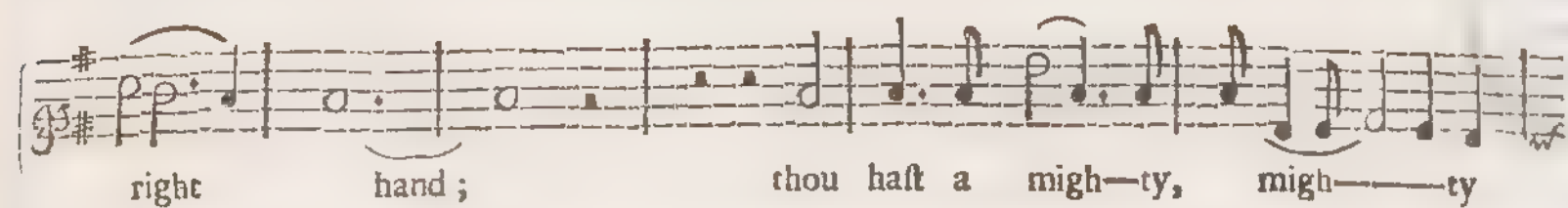
RITOR. upon the Close.

thereof, when they a-rise.

Thou hast a migh-ty

migh-ty, mighty, arm; thou hast a migh-ty, mighty, mighty arm;

strong is thy hand, strong is thy hand, and high, and high—— is thy



Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah,

Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah, Ha-

le-lu-jah, Ha-le-lu-jah.

*Cho. as before.
So conclude.*

F I N I S.

13/

Harmonia Sacra:
O R,
DIVINE HYMNS
A N D
DIALOGUES:
W I T H

A THROUGH-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

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The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

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the late Dr. Blow, and Mr. Jer. Clark.

Angels and Men assisted by this Art,
May Sing together tho' they Dwell apart.
Mr. Waller of Divine Poësie.

IMPRIMATUR.

Julii 1^o. 1693.

GUIL. LANCASTER.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *William Pearson*, for S. H. and Sold by *John Young*, at the
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Where may be had the 8th. and 13th. Operas of *Bassanie's Divine Motetts*.

THE
FIVE HYMNS

DIALOGUES

BY

THE REV. J. H. ...

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Works

To the Reverend

HENRY ALDRICH, D.D.

Dean of *Christ-Church*, and Vice-Chancellor of the
University of O X F O R D.

S I R,

THIS is the Greatest Thing that I can do, for the Excellent
Musick, Poetry, and Piety of these Papers; it has
been my Care indeed to save them from Oblivion, but they are In-
debted to me now much more, for the Defence and Ornament of
Your Name.

In Addresses of this kind, Men are usually so far from suiting
the Subject of their Treatises to the Qualifications of the Persons
they Apply to, that we may shortly expect to see Musick Dedicated
to the Deaf, as well as Poetry to Aldermen, and Prayer-Books
to Atheists; and tho' generally it is a difficult Matter to find a
Worthy Patron for any One of these Excellencies, yet we happi-
ly find them all lodg'd in your self. It has indeed been very seldom
known since the Royal Prophet's Time, that any Single Man has
been thus Qualified, but they All meet so Eminently in You, (not to
mention those other great Advantages, which distinguish You from
the rest of the World) that had it been possible for me to have been
at a Loss to whom I should have Addressed my self, Thousands
would have named You in the same Instant.

Pardon me then, Sir, if I presume to beg Your Protection for
these Papers, 'tis the utmost of my Fidelity and Love to my Charge;
and I shall now have the Glory of Providing better for other Men's
Works, than ever the Fondest Author could do for his Own. I am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

a

H. P.

To Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, upon the First and Second
Books of HARMONIA SACRA.

WHEN Sacred Numbers, and Immortal Lays,
Joyn'd to Record the Great Almighty's Praise,
Indulgent Heav'n the Poet did inspire
With Lofty Song to fill the Tuneful Lyre.

Thus when of Old, from Egypt's fruitful Land
God brought forth Moses by a mighty Hand,
His joyful Tongue with untaught Numbers flow'd,
Th' unusual Harmony its Author show'd.

The Sea divided as he pass'd along,
Retreating back at his Triumphant Song.
When David's Hand upon his Harp was found,
Heav'n soon Repenting, listen'd to the Sound.
And struggling Nature chang'd her wonted Course,
Unable to resist his Musick's Sacred Force.
His Prince's Rage this taught him to Controul,
And Tune the Discords of his Troubled Soul.
Not Fabled Orpheus, or Amphion's Verse,
Can such amazing Prodigies rehearse.

We here the Mystic Art may learn t' unfold,
And feel the Wonders which we there are told.
No Cloudy Passions can our Breasts invade,
When Sacred Harmony dispels the Shade.
Here sprightly Numbers raise our heighten'd Zeal,
And Charming Sounds Seraphic Joys reveal.
Each Skilful Hand and Tongue at once conspire
With Strings and Voice to make a Tuneful Choir:
Whilst mighty Joys the Ravish'd Senses wound,
And the Soul labours with th' Inspiring Sound.
Whither aloft it Tow'rs Isaiah's Flight,
Wing'd by Devotion to the greatest Height;
Or Mourning with the Royal Prophet lies,
And weeps Jerusalem's just Miseries;
Or loves sweet Sion's beauteous Joys to tell,
"Where God himself chiefly delights to dwell;
Such lofty Measures, Notes so sweet, so strong,
Exalt the Numbers, and improve the Song.

Dr. John Blow,
and Mr. Henry
Purcell.

Hail mighty Pair! Of Jubal's Sacred Art,
The greatest Glory! —————
Not skilful Asaph understood so well,
And Heman vainly labour'd to Excel.
Where e'er the Gospel's Sacred Page is sung,
Where e'er great David's Tuneful Harp is strung,
Each sacred Verse shall your Just Glories raise,
Each dancing String shall Eccho forth your Praise.
The Church as yet could never boast but Two
Of all the Tuneful Race, from Jubal down to Ton.

H. SACHEVERELL, of Magd. Coll. Oxon.

*To his unknown Friend, Mr. Henry Purcell, upon his Excellent Compositions
in the First and Second Books of HARMONIA SACRA.*

LONG had dark Ignorance our Isle o'erspread,
Our *Musick* and our *Poetry* lay dead:
But the dull Malice of a Barb'rous Age,
Fell most severe on *David's* Sacred Page; (Fire,
To wound his Sense, and quench his Heav'n-born
Three dull Translators lewdly did conspire.
In holy Dogg'rel, and low-chiming Prose;
The King and Poet they at once Depose.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,
And languish'd in vile Numbers not his own:
Nor stop'd his Usage here—

For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,
Was murder'd o'er and o'er by the *Composers* Chimes.

What Praises, *Purcell*, to thy Skill are due;
Who hast to *Judah's* Monarch been so True?
By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns,
By thee shakes off his old Inglorious Chains,
And sees new Honours done to his Immortal
(Strains.)

Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e'er a Juster, Happier Son impart.
In thy Performance we with Wonder find
Bassani's Genius to *Corelli's* joyn'd.
Sweetness combin'd with Majesty, prepares
To raise Devotion with inspiring Airs.

Thus I unknown my Gratitude express,
And conscious Gratitude could pay no less.
This Tribute from each *British Muse* is due,
Our whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's Scanty Words have fail'd,
Your happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And surely none but you with equal Ease
Could ad to *David*, and make *Durfy* please.

T. B.

Tom Brown

To my Worthy Friend Mr. H. P. upon his HARMONIA SACRA.

MUSICK and *Verses* have been abus'd too long,
Idly to furnish out some Wanton Song;
To varnish Vice, to make loose Folly shine,
And gild the vain Delights of Love, or Wine:
Both Heav'nly-born, but both constrain'd to fall
So far below their great Original,
The Erring World, not knowing how to trace
Thro' Vile Employments their Celestial Race,
Suppos'd their Birth was, as their Office, Base.
Rescu'd by you, they have again put on
Those Glorious Rays with which at first they shone;
Assert their Native Honour; and excite,
With awful Pleasure, Rev'rence and, Delight:

Here no loud Rant, no wild ungovern'd Strain,
Invokes plump *Bacchus*, and his fordid Train;
Here no fond Couplet kindles am'rous Fires,
No melting Note gives Birth to loose Desires:
Each Air, each Line, which in this Work appear,
Angels may fitly Sing, and Saints may hear.
Go on, my Friend; set Sacred *Musick* free
From Scandal, and more Sacred *Poetry*:
Publish'd by You, with double Grace they shine,
Lovely and Grave, Harmonious and Divine.

By an unknown Hand.

A TA-

A T A B L E of the Divine Hymns, and Dialogues, contain'd in this Second Book.

A		Page.	M		Page.
<i>R. King</i>	<i>Awake, awake, my Drowsie Soul arise</i>	13	<i>My op'ning Eyes are purg'd, and lo!</i>	<i>inches</i>	57
<i>Clark</i>	<i>All Praise to thee my God this Night</i>	32	<i>O</i>	<i>D. parol</i>	
<i>H. parol</i>	<i>Awake, awake yee Dead, the Trumpet calls,</i>	53	<i>O miserable Man! how wretched is thy State</i>		21
B			<i>O mighty God who sit'st on high - Blow</i>		28
<i>H. parol</i>	<i>Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre</i>	15	<i>T</i>		
<i>Clark</i>	<i>Blest be those sweet Regions where</i>	60	<i>Tell me some Pitying Angel tell - H. parol</i>		6
I			<i>The Night is come, like to the Day</i>		26
<i>H. parol</i>	<i>In guilty Night, and hid in false disguise</i>	37	<i>V.</i>		
L			<i>Velut Palma, velut Rosa - Grahani</i>		44
<i>H. parol</i>	<i>Lord what is Man! Lost Man?</i>	1	<i>W</i>		
<i>Cariphim</i>	<i>Lucifer Cœlestis olim Hierarchiæ</i>	49	<i>What art thou? From what causes dost</i>	<i>Croft</i>	63

A T A B L E of the A N T H E M S.

<i>Croft</i>	<i>Blessed is the People O Lord, Psal. 89. v. 16, 17, 18, 19. By Mr. William Crofts.</i>	Page. 67
<i>Blow</i>	<i>I beheld and lo a great multitude, Rev. 7. v. 2. By the late Dr. Blow.</i>	81
<i>Clark</i>	<i>I will love thee O Lord, my strength, Psal. 18. v. 1, &c. By Mr. Jer. Clark.</i>	101

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Harmonia Sacra, &c.

The Second BOOK.

A DIVINE HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, formerly Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

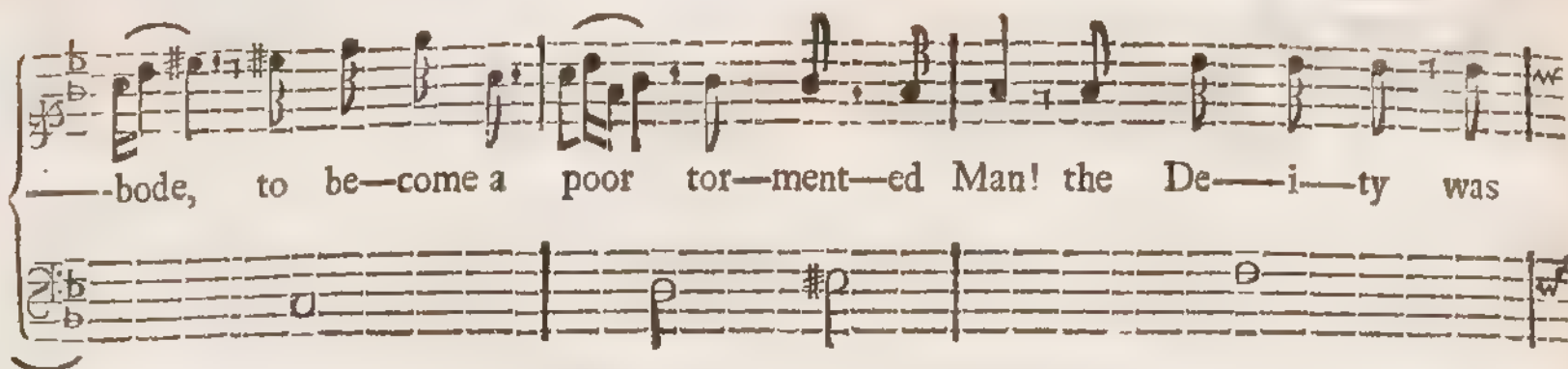
LOrd, what is Man, loft Man, that thou should'st be so mindful of him!

Lord, what is Man, loft Man, that thou should'st be so mind-ful of him!

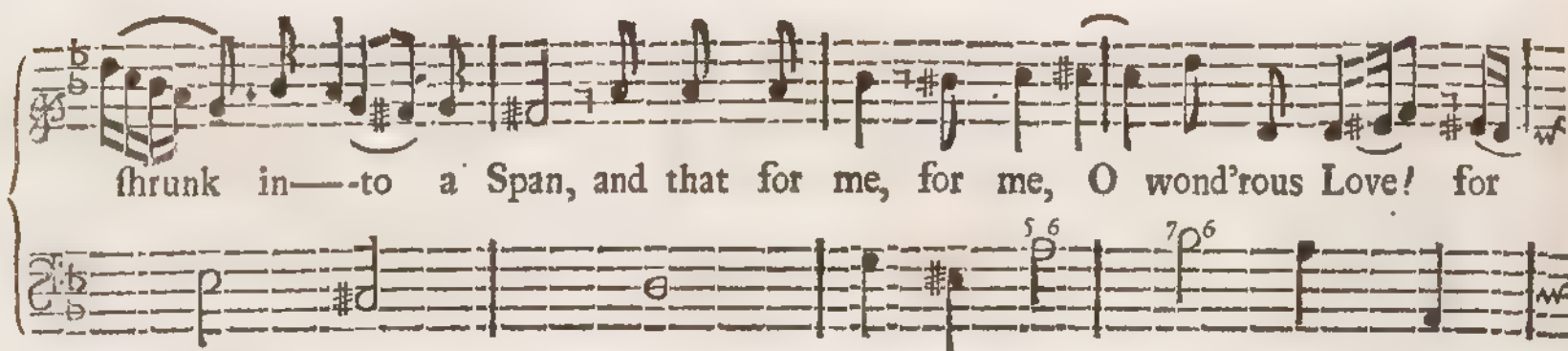
that the Son of God forfook his Glory, his A-bode, to become a

poor tormented Man! Lord, what is Man, loft, loft Man, that thou should'st

be so mindful of him! that the Son of God for-fook his Glo-ry, his A-



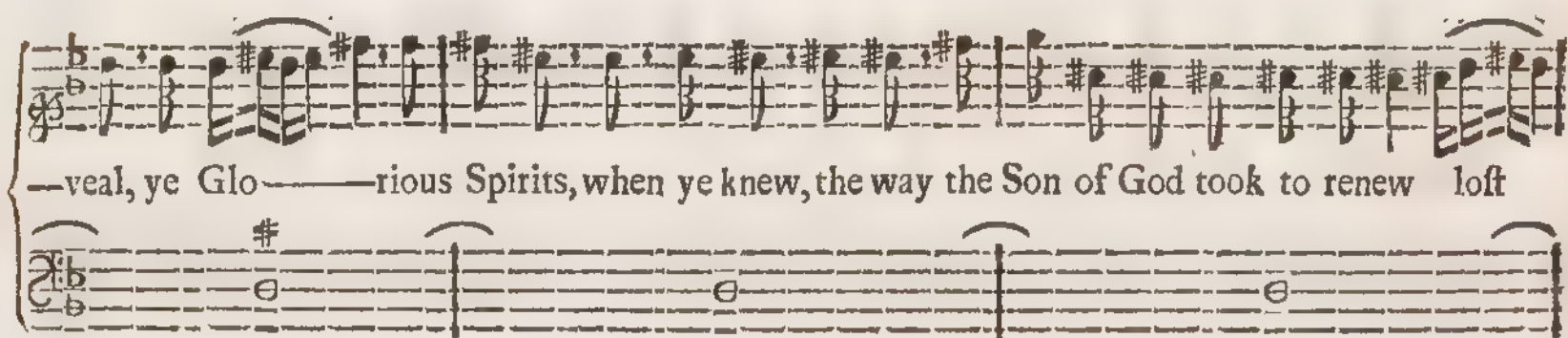
bode, to be—come a poor tor—ment—ed Man! the De—i—ty was



shunk in—to a Span, and that for me, for me, O wond'rous Love! for



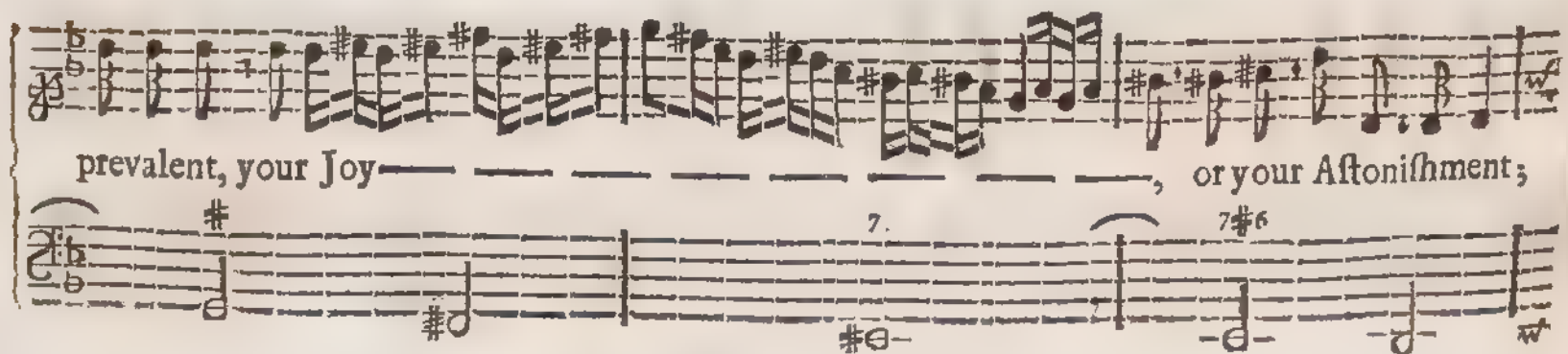
me, and that for me, for me, O wond'rous Love! for me. Reveal, re—



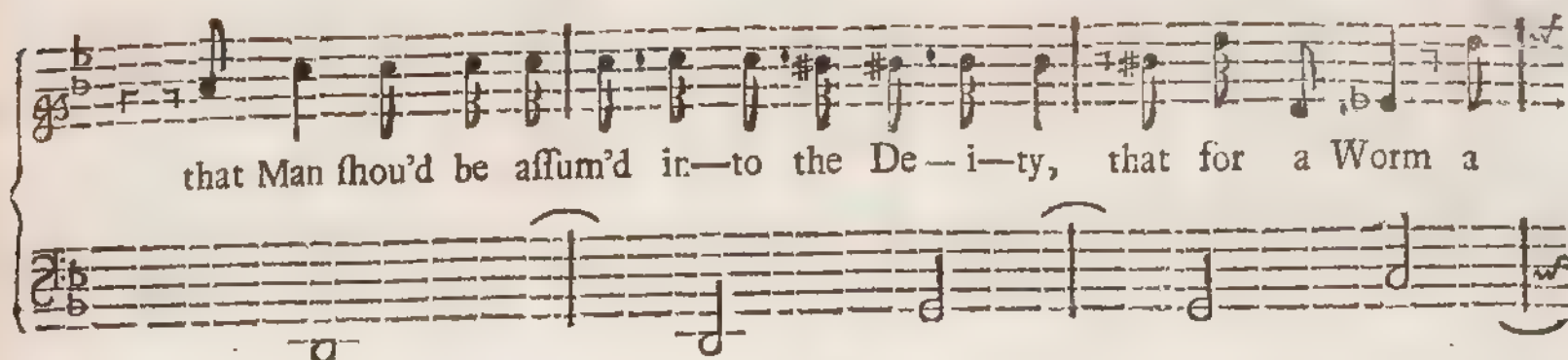
veal, ye Glo—rious Spirits, when ye knew, the way the Son of God took to renew loft



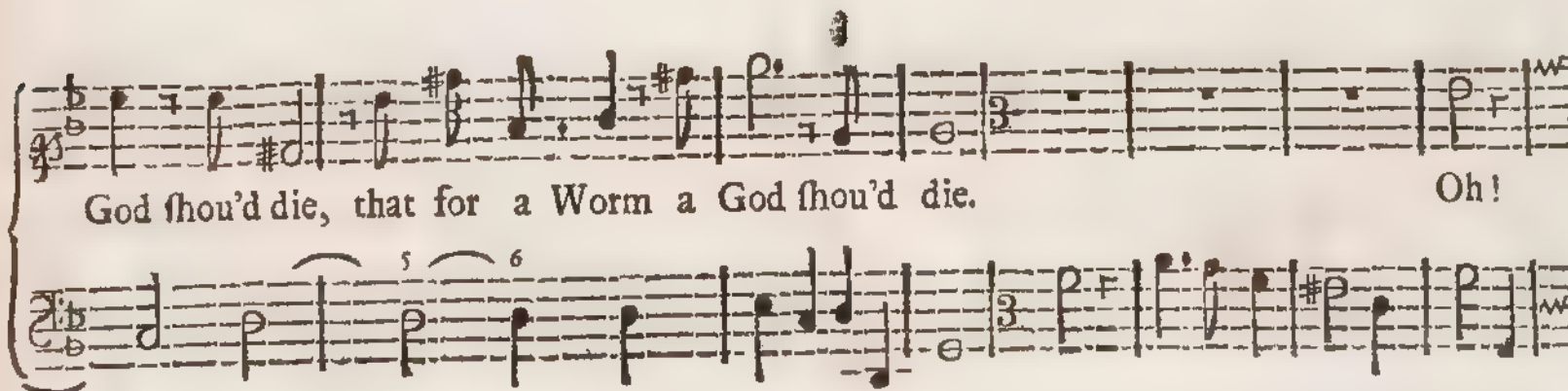
Man, your vacant Places to supply; blest Spirits tell, tell, which, which did Excel, which was more



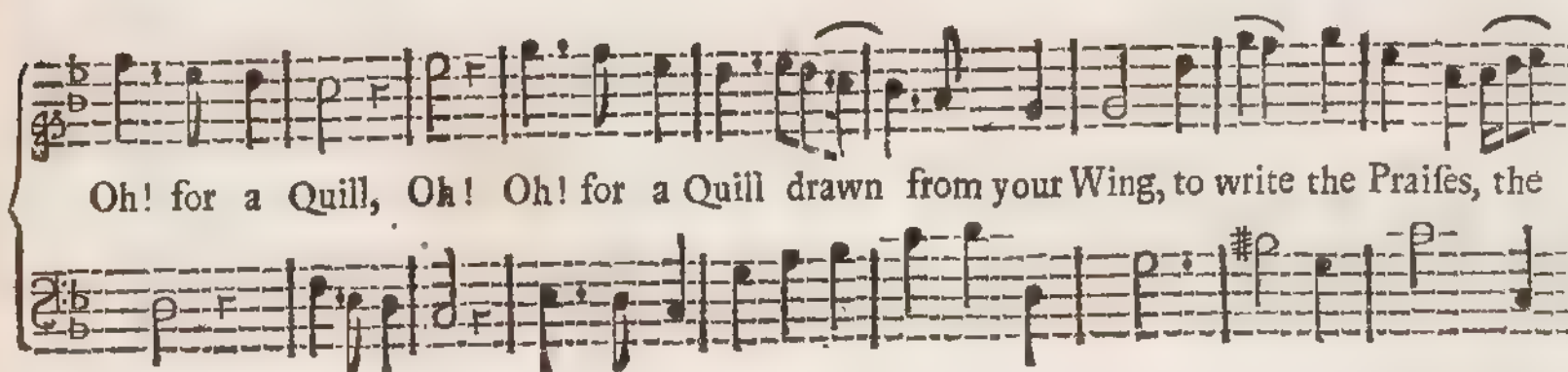
prevalent, your Joy—, or your Astonishment;



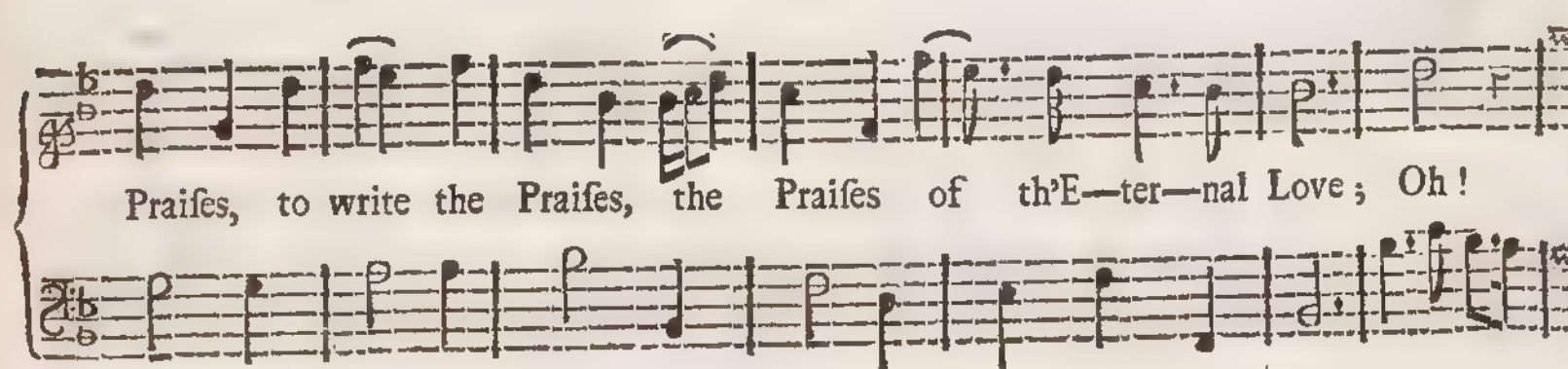
that Man shou'd be assum'd in—to the De—i—ty, that for a Worm a



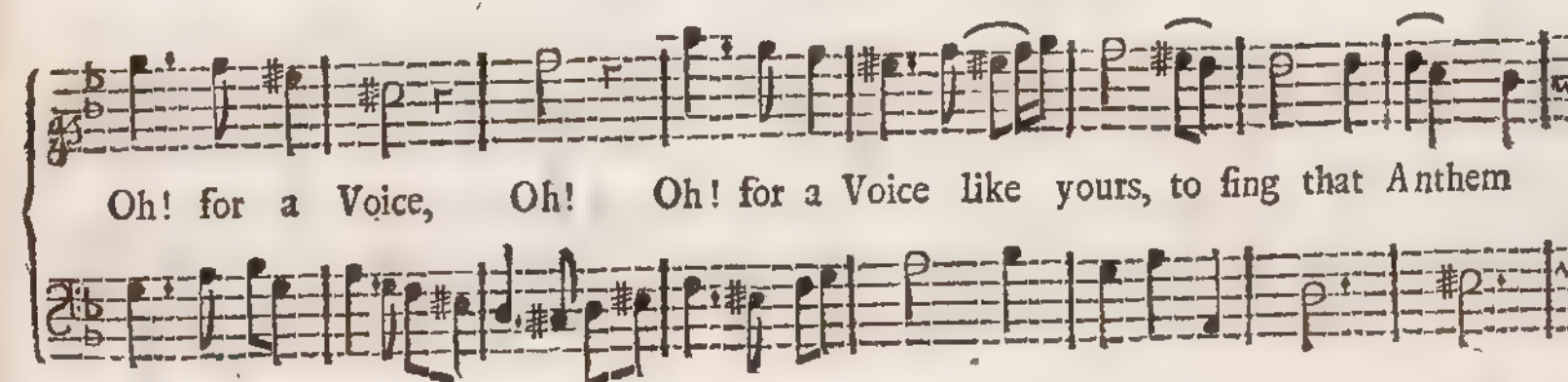
God shou'd die, that for a Worm a God shou'd die. Oh!



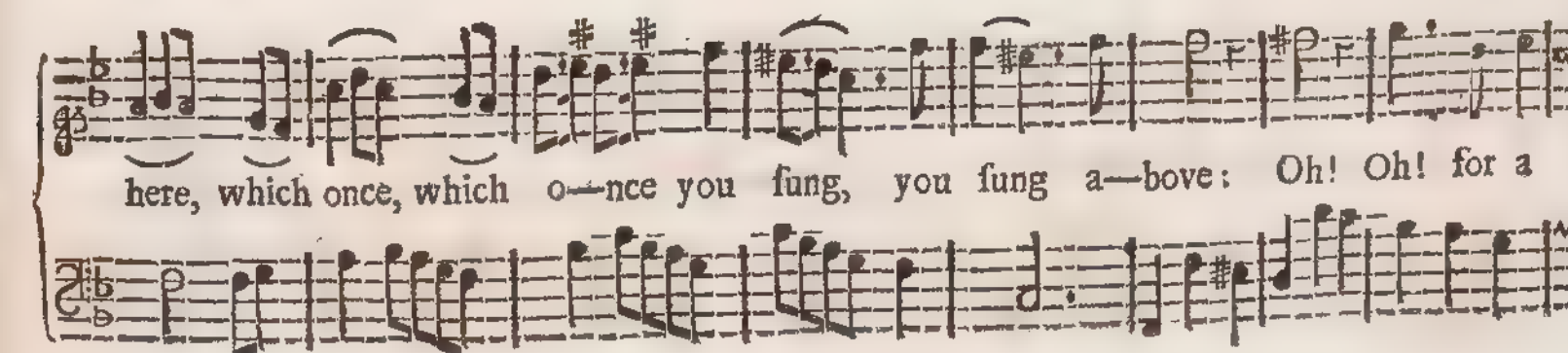
Oh! for a Quill, Oh! Oh! for a Quill drawn from your Wing, to write the Praises, the




Praises, to write the Praises, the Praises of th'E—ter—nal Love; Oh!




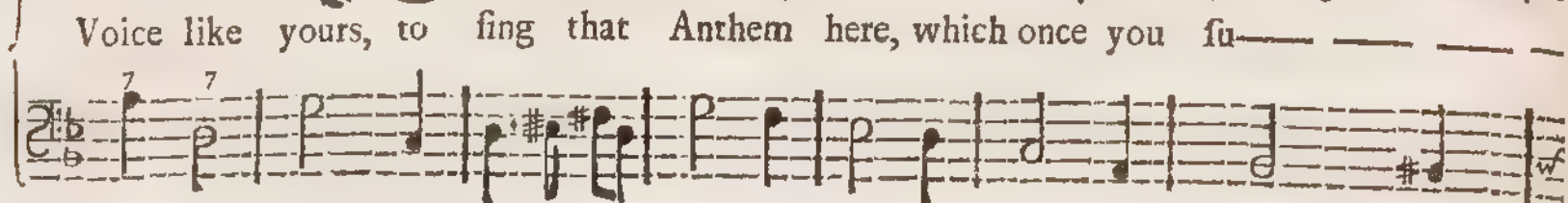
Oh! for a Voice, Oh! Oh! for a Voice like yours, to sing that Anthem



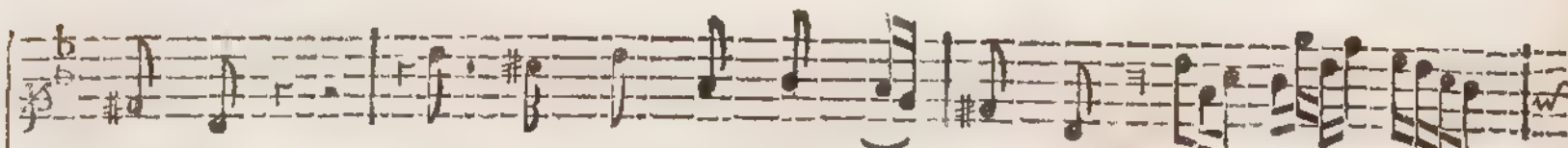
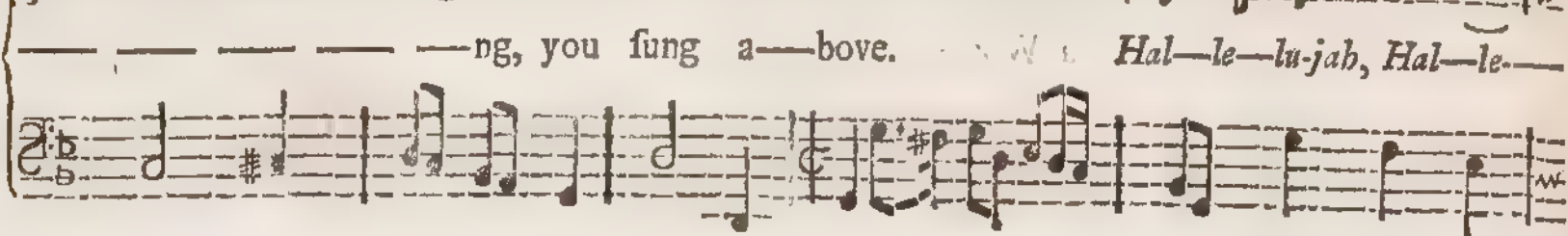
here, which once, which o—nce you sung, you sung a—bove: Oh! Oh! for a



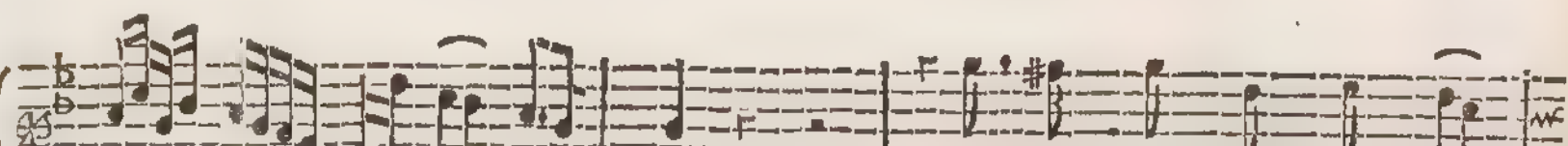
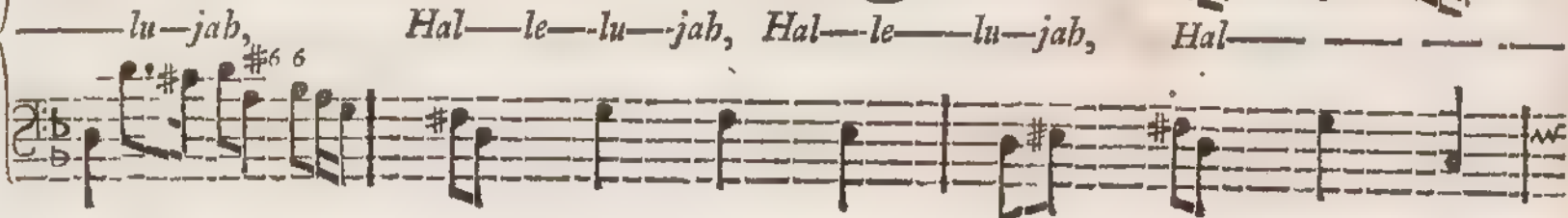
Voice like yours, to sing that Anthem here, which once you fu—




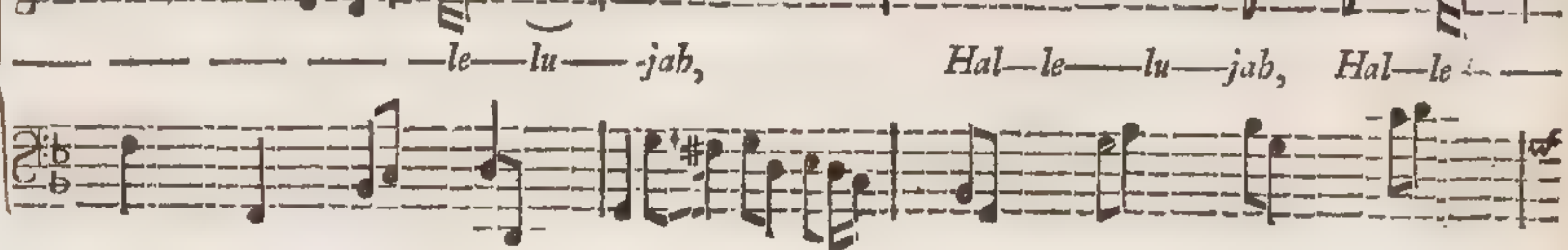
—ng, you sung a—bove. Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—



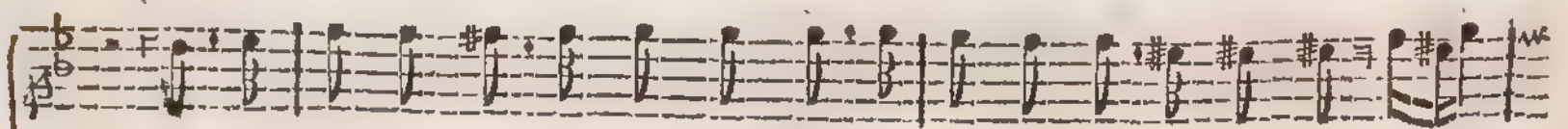
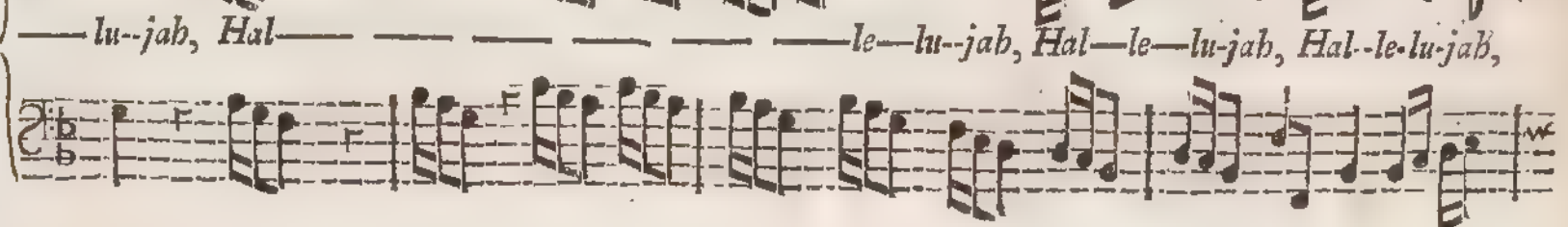
—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—



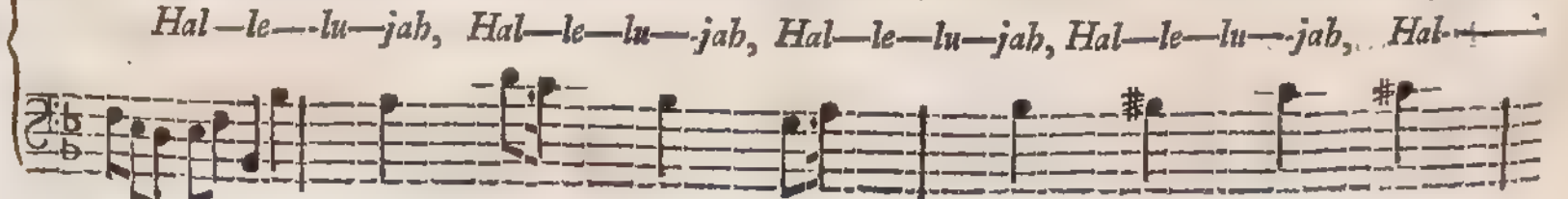
—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—



—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,



Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—



BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

5

le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-

le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-

le-lu-jah.

The Blessed Virgin's EXPOSTULATION; When our Saviour (at Twelve Years of Age) had withdrawn himself, &c. Luke 2. v. 42.

Words by Nat. Tate Esq; Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



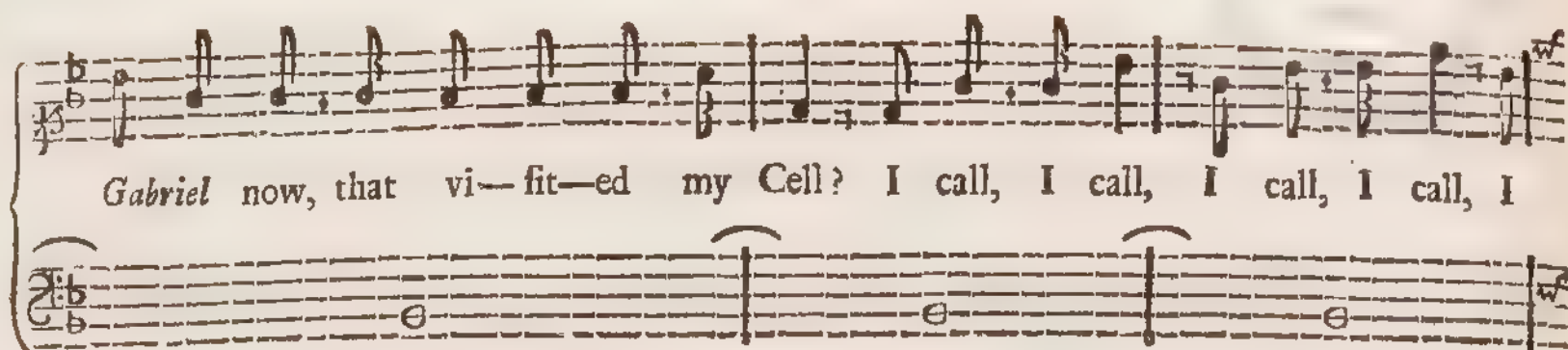
ELL me, tell me, some, some Pi——ty—ing An—gel,

tell quickly, quickly, quickly say, Where, where does my Soul's swee——t Darling

Stay, in — Tygers, or more cruel, more cru———el, cruel Herod's

way? Ah! Ah———! ra—ther, ra—ther let his lit—tle, lit—tle Foot-steps

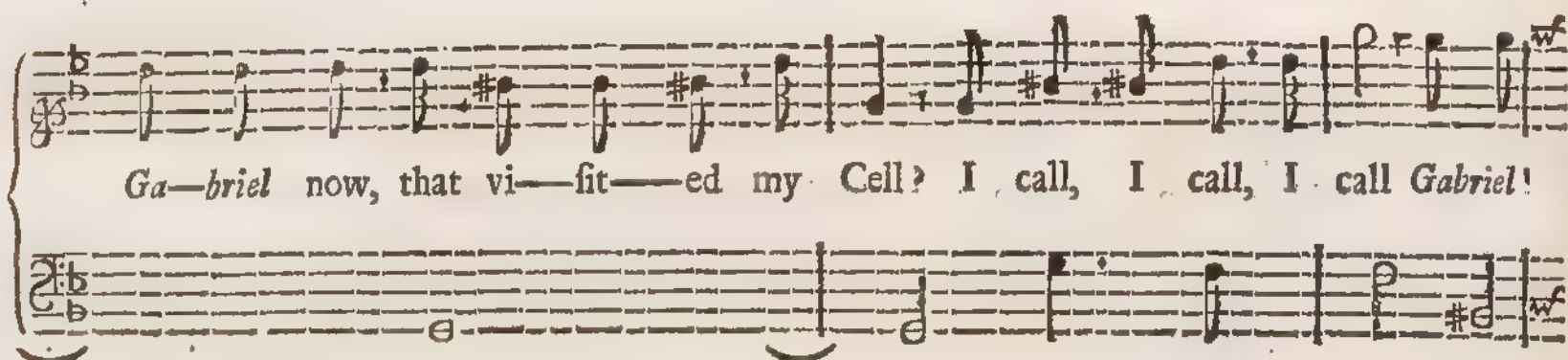
prefs un—re—gar—ded throu———gh the Wilderness, where mild—er,



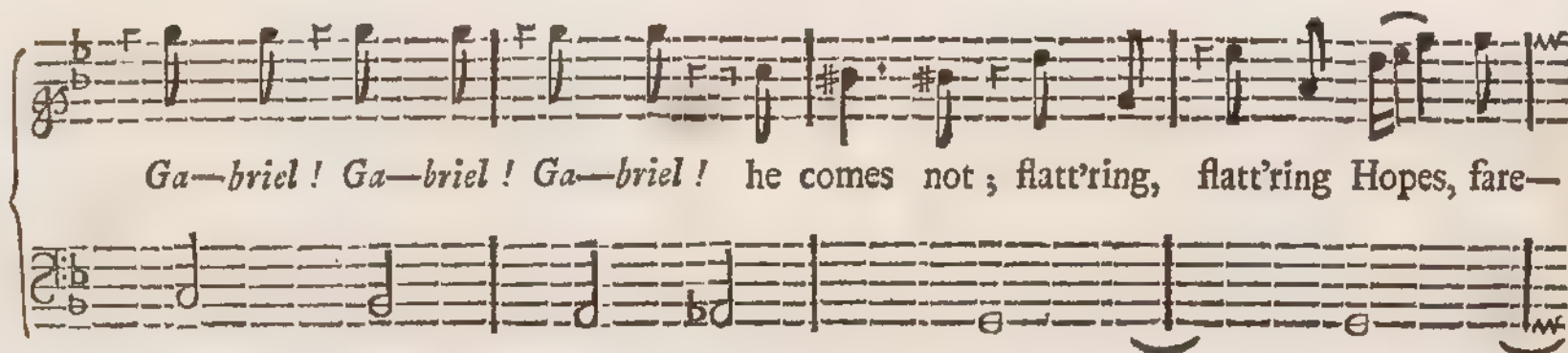
Gabriel now, that vi—fit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call, I call, I



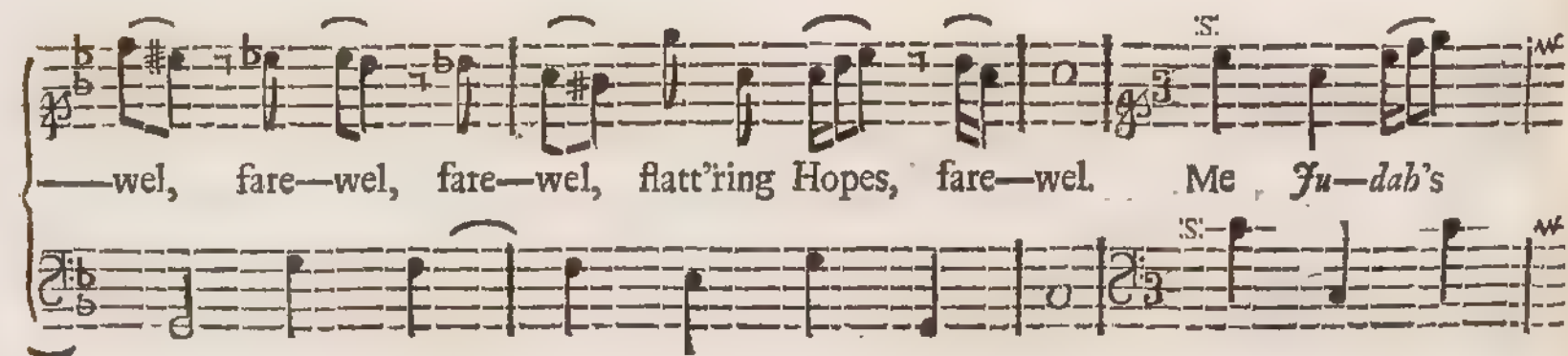
call Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! he comes not: Where's



Ga—briel now, that vi—fit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call Gabriel!



Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! he comes not; flatt'ring, flatt'ring Hopes, fare—



—wel, fare—wel, fare—wel, flatt'ring Hopes, fare—wel. Me Ju—dah's



Daughters on— — — — — ce Caress'd, Call'd me of Mo—thers, the

BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

most, the most, the mo — — — — — ft Bles'd; call'd me of

Mothers, the most, the most, the most, the mo — — — — — ft Bles'd.

Now fa—tal Change, now fa—tal Change of Mothers, of Mo—thers most,

most Di—stress'd, of Mo—thers most, most Di—stress'd.

How, how, how shall my Soul its Mo — — — — — tions guide? How,

how, how shall my Soul its Mo — — — — — tions

guide? guide? How, how, how, how shall I stem, how shall I stem the

va—rious, various Tide, whilst Faith and Doubt my Lab'

—ring Soul di—vide? —vide?

For whilst of thy dear, dear Sight beguil'd, I trust the God, but Oh! I

fear, but Oh— ! Oh! I fear the Child :

BOOK II. Harmonia Sacra. I I

A Divine HYMN for Two Voices.

Set by Mr. Robert King.



—wake, a—wake, a—wake, my Drowfie Soul, a—
—wake, a—wake, a—wake, my Drowfie Soul, a—

rife, and hear thy Great, thy Great Cre—a—tor's Voice ;
rife, and hear thy Great, and hear thy Great, thy Great Cre—a—tor's Voice ; A—

A—wake, a—wake, a—wake, my Drowfie Soul, a—rife, and hear, and hear,
—wake, a—wake, a—wake, my Drowfie Soul, a—rife, and hear, and

and hear thy Great, thy Great Cre—a--tor's Voice ; Loud as the
hear, and hear thy Great Cre—a--tor's Voice ; Loud as the Last Great Trump he

Last Great Trump he cries, loud as the Last Great Trump, the La

cries, loud as the Last Great Trump he cries, the La

Last Great Trump he cries, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing

Last Great Trump he cries, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing Joys, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing

Joys, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing, E—ver—last—ing Joys, to E—ver—last—ing Joys.

Joys, A—wake to E—ver—last—ing Joys, to E—ver—last—ing Joys.

Pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant Blifs, Tri—um—phant

Prepare for long Triumphant Blifs, for long Tri—um—phant

Blifs, for long Tri—um—phant Blifs, prepare for long Tri—um—phant

Blifs, for long Triumphant Blifs, prepare for long Triumphant Blifs, for long Triumphant

Blifs, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant

Blifs, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant

Blifs, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant Blifs;

Blifs, pre—pare for long Tri—um—phant Blifs;

To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and

To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and

is, who was, and is to come; who was, who was, who was, who was, and

is, who was, and is to come; and is; and is, and is, who was, and

65 6 76 # 56 56 56 56 6

is, and is to come: To Reign with him, who was, and is, who was, and is, and is to

is, and is to come: To Reign with him, who was, and is, and is to

6 6 7 7 #6

come; who was, who was, who was, and is, and is to come; who was, who was,

come; and is, and is, and is, and is to come; and is, and

56 76 6 76 6 # 7 4#3 5 6 76 6

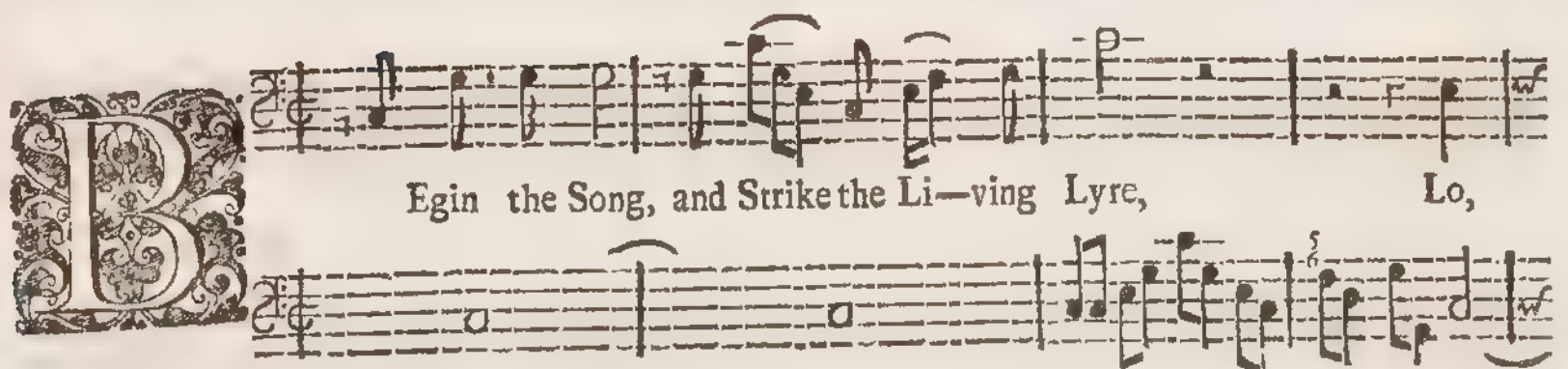
who was, and is, and is to come.

is, who was, and is to come.

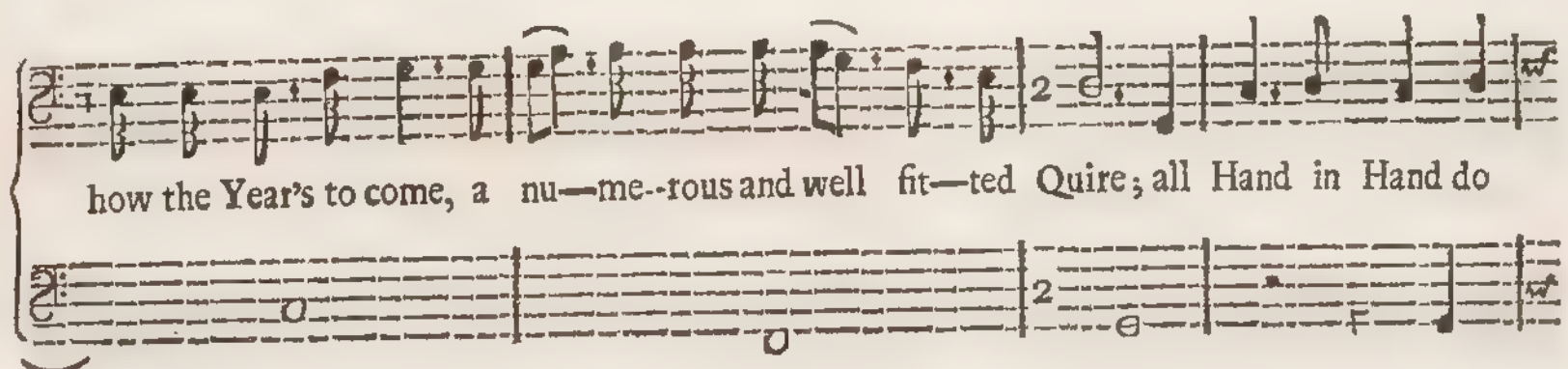
76 6 #3 7 4#3

THE
RESURRECTION:*Out of Mr. Cowley's Pindaricks.*

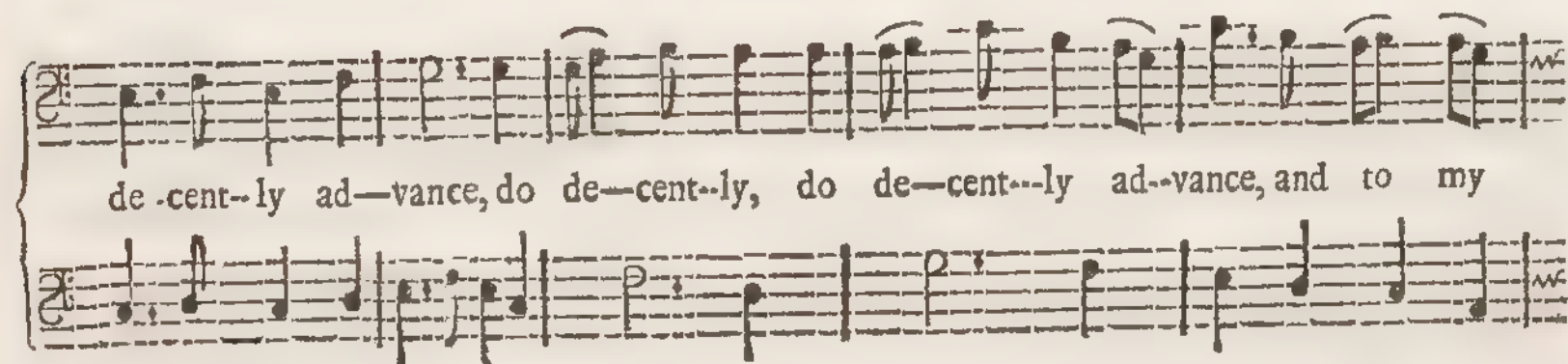
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



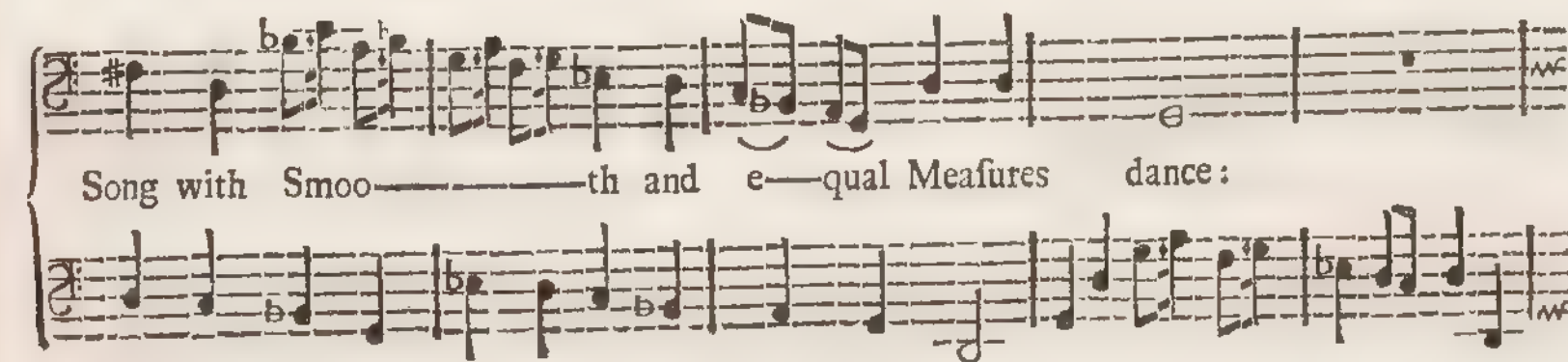
Begin the Song, and Strike the Li—ving Lyre, Lo,



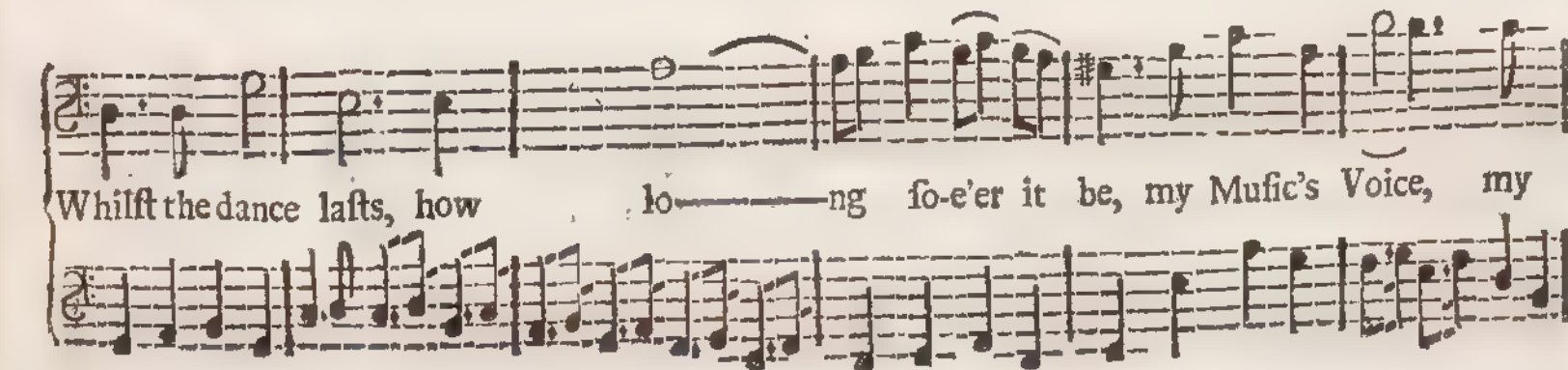
how the Year's to come, a nu—me—rous and well fit—ted Quire, all Hand in Hand do



de—cent—ly ad—vance, do de—cent—ly, do de—cent—ly ad—vance, and to my




Song with Smoo—th and e—qual Measures dance:



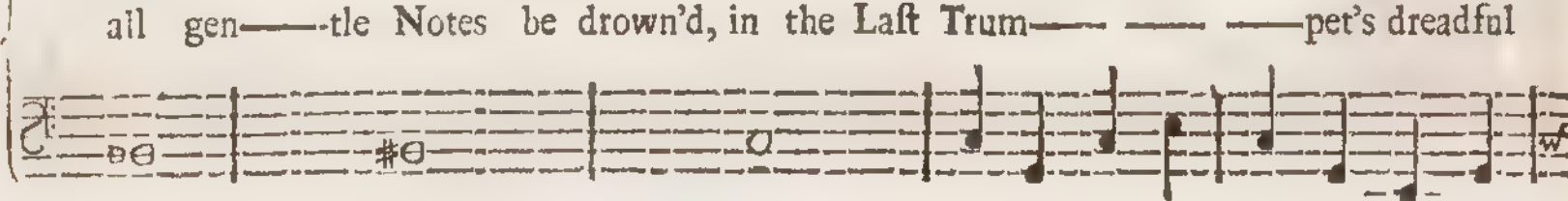
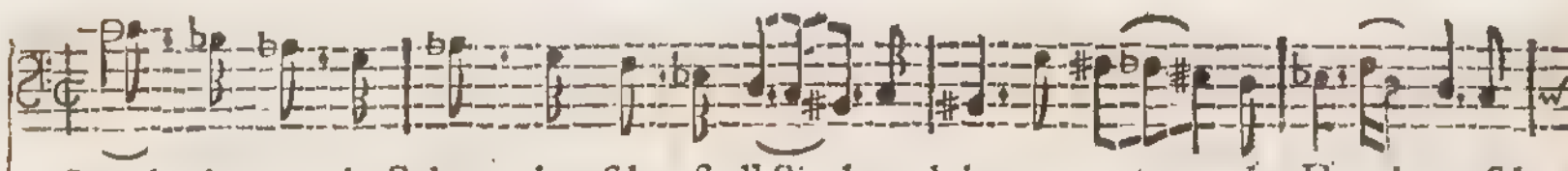
Whilst the dance lasts, how lo—ng fo—e'er it be, my Music's Voice, my



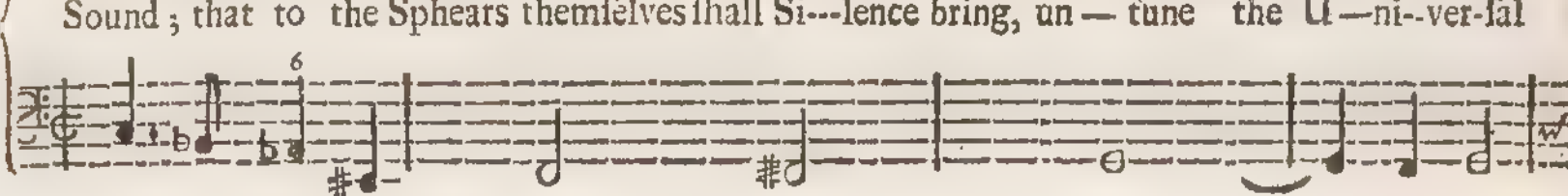
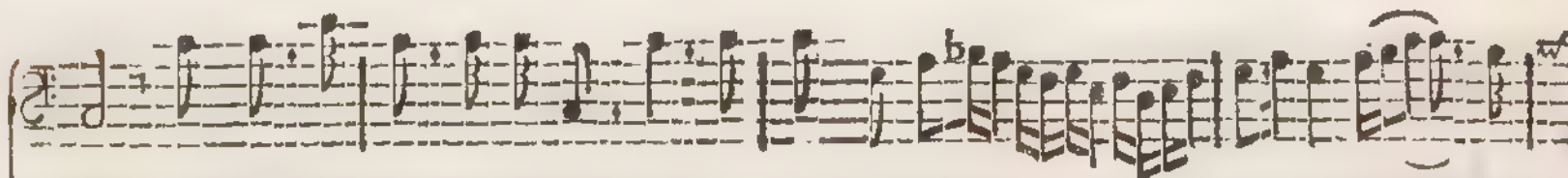
Mu — — — — — fic's Voice shall bear it com — pa — ny, till

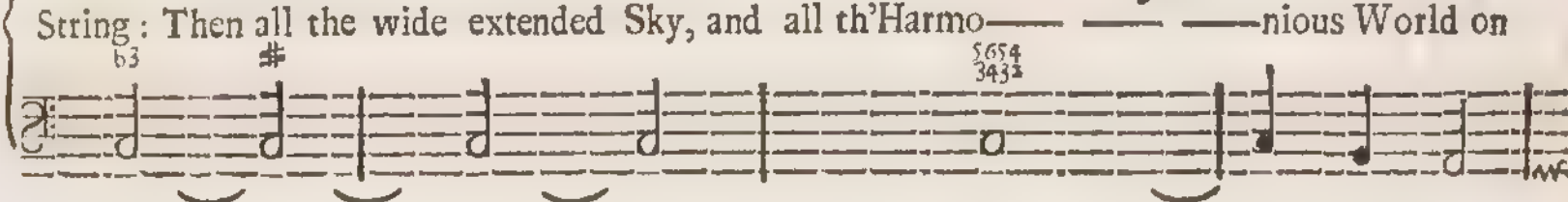
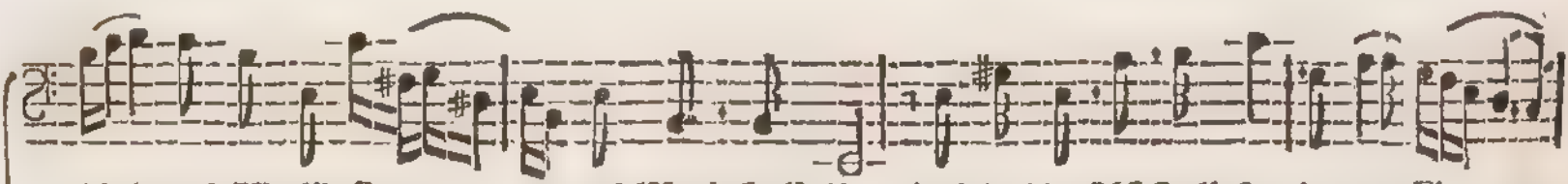
all gen — tle Notes be drown'd, in the Last Trum — — — — — pet's dreadful

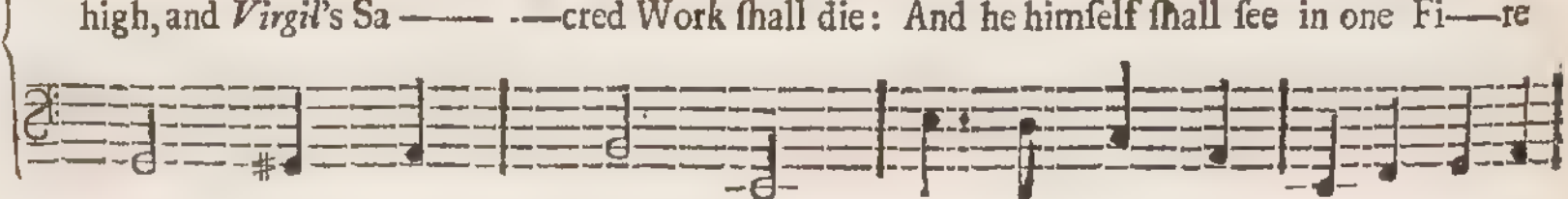
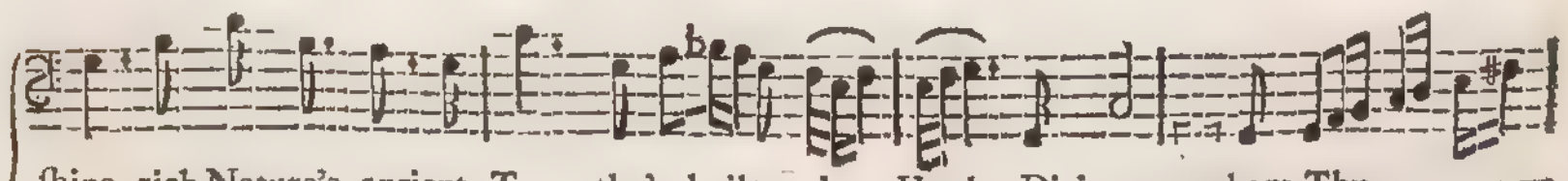
Sound; that to the Sphears themselves shall Si — lence bring, un — tune the U — ni — ver — sal

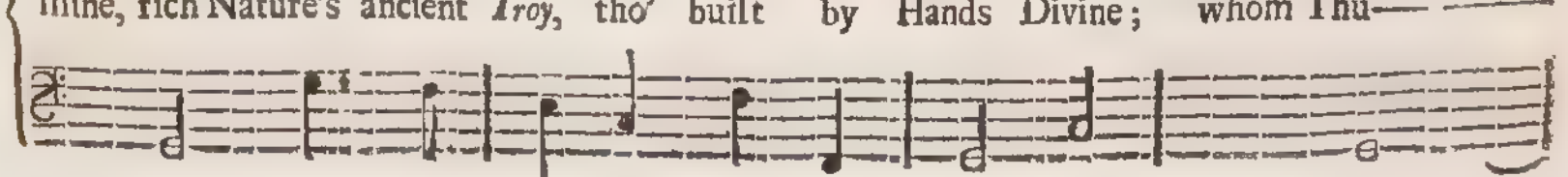
String: Then all the wide extended Sky, and all th'Harmo — — — — — nious World on

high, and *Virgil's* Sa — — — — — cred Work shall die: And he himself shall see in one Fi — re

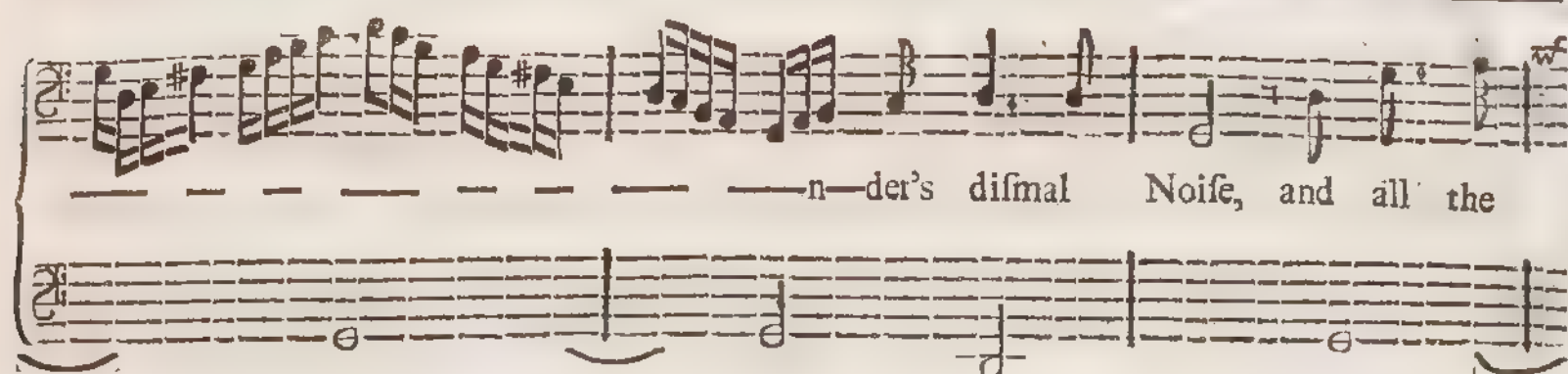
shine, rich Nature's ancient *Troy*, tho' built by Hands Divine; whom Thu — — — — —



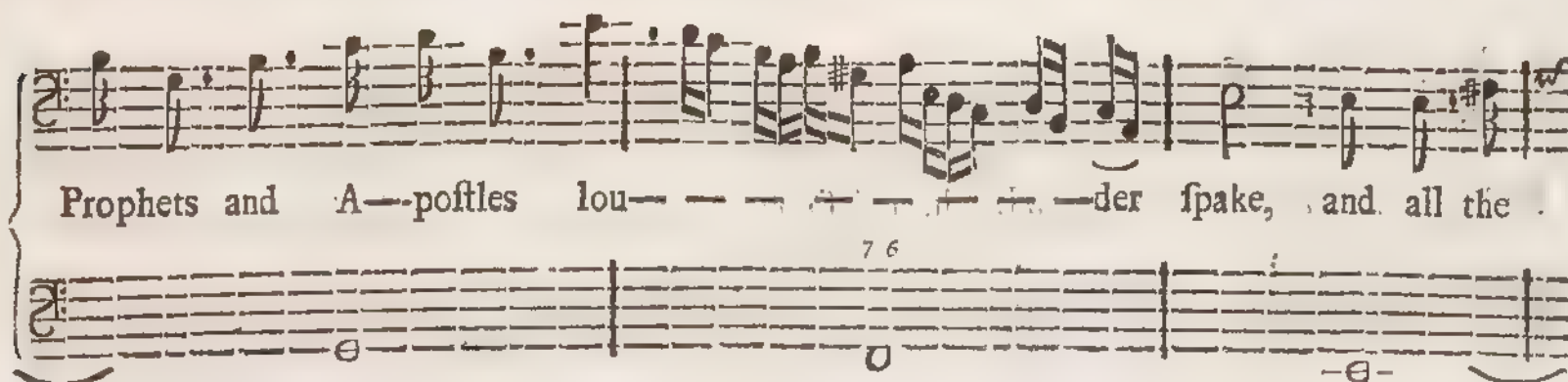
BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

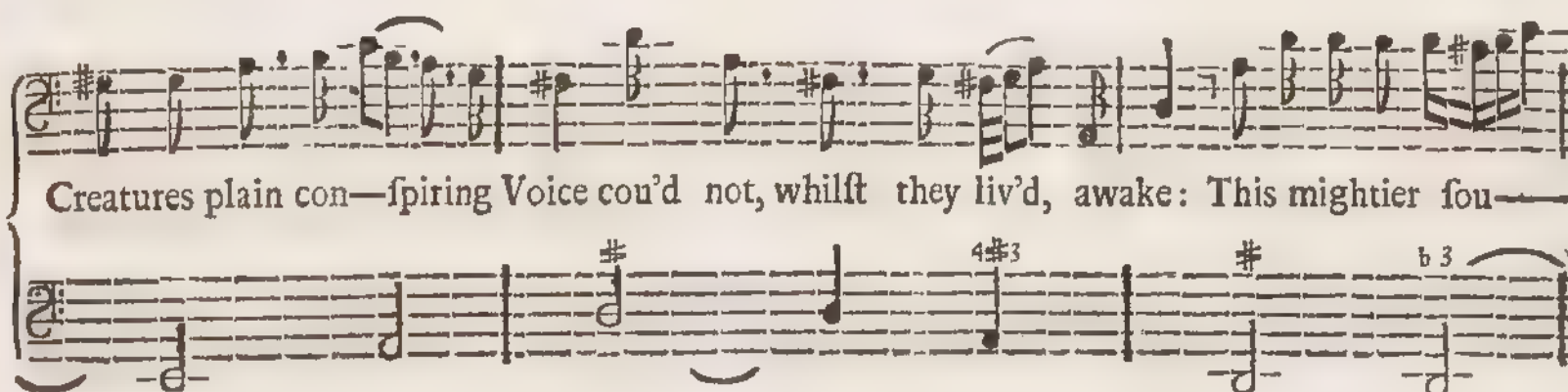
17



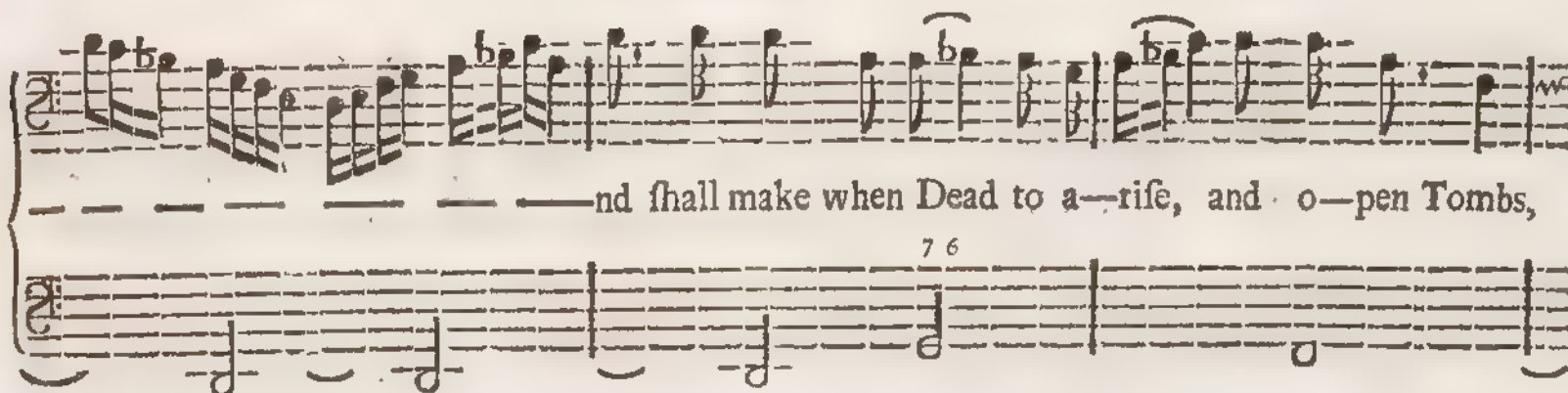
—n—der's dismal Noise, and all the



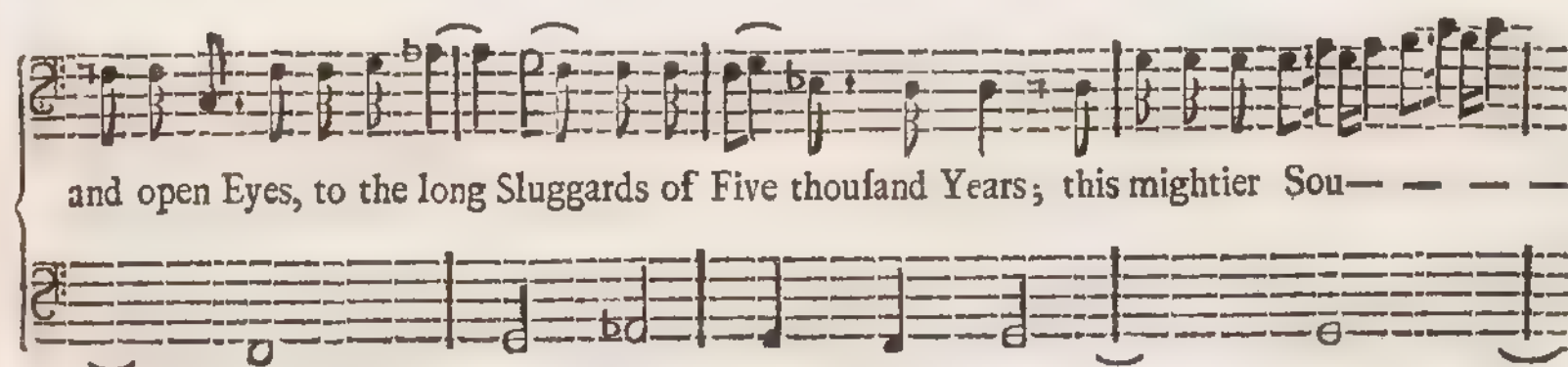
Prophets and A—postles lou— — — — —der spake, and all the



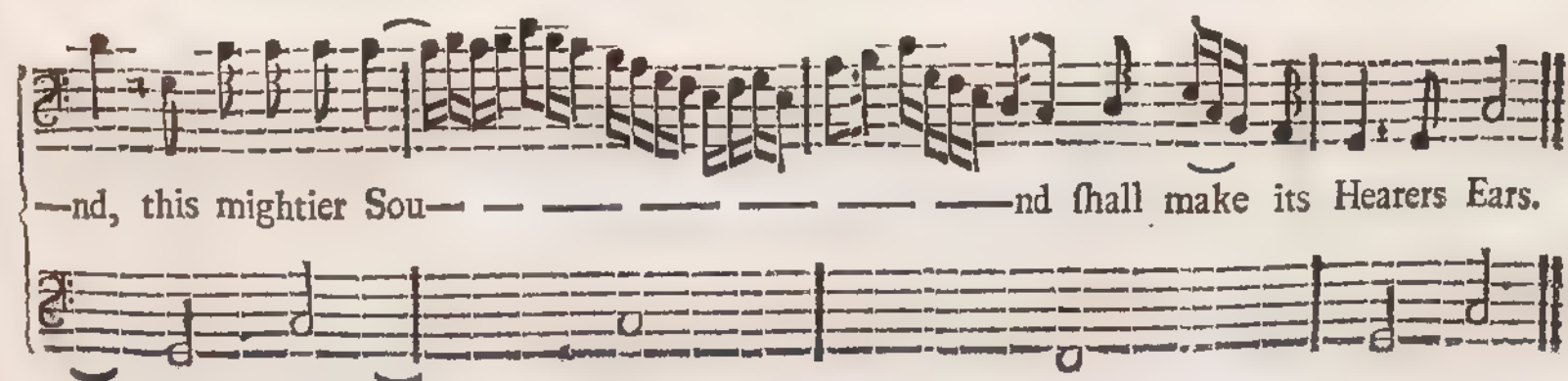
Creatures plain con—spiring Voice cou'd not, whilst they liv'd, awake: This mightier sou—



—nd shall make when Dead to a—rise, and o—pen Tombs,



and open Eyes, to the long Sluggards of Five thousand Years; this mightier Sou— — —



—nd, this mightier Sou— — — — —nd shall make its Hearers Ears.

Then shall the scat—ter'd Atoms crowding, come back to their ancient Home; Some from

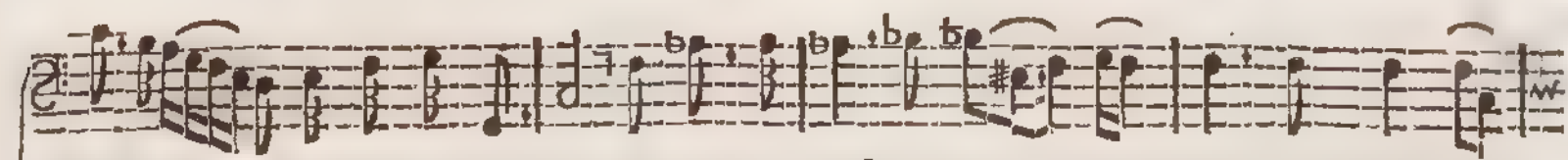
Birds, from Fishes some, some from Earth, and some from Seas, some from Beasts, and some from

Trees; some de—sce—nd from Clouds on high, some from Me—tals up—ward

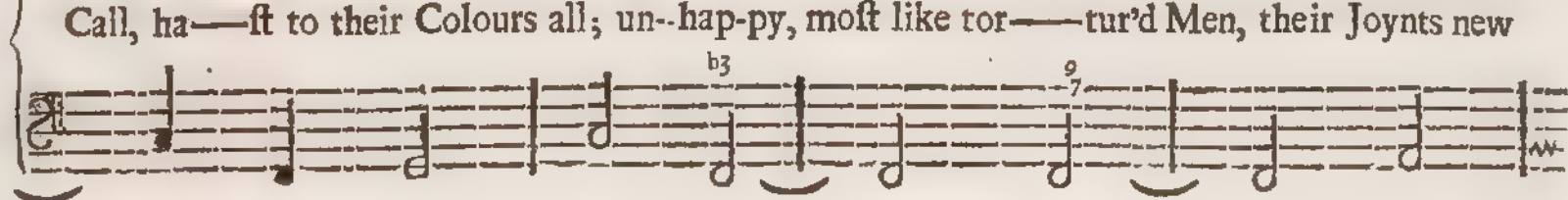
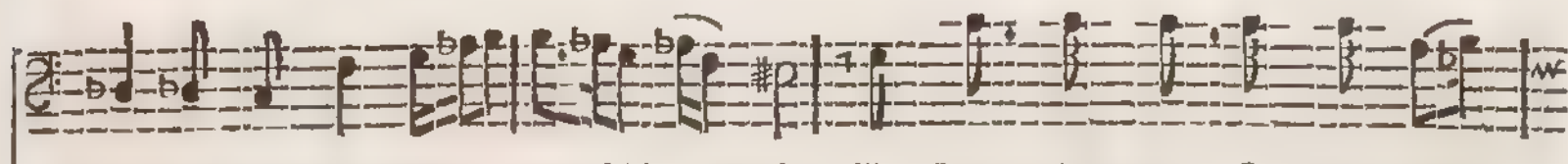
fly; some de—sce—nd from Clouds on high, some from Metals up—

—ward fly. And where th'at—ten—ding Soul naked and shi—ve—ring stands, meet, salute,

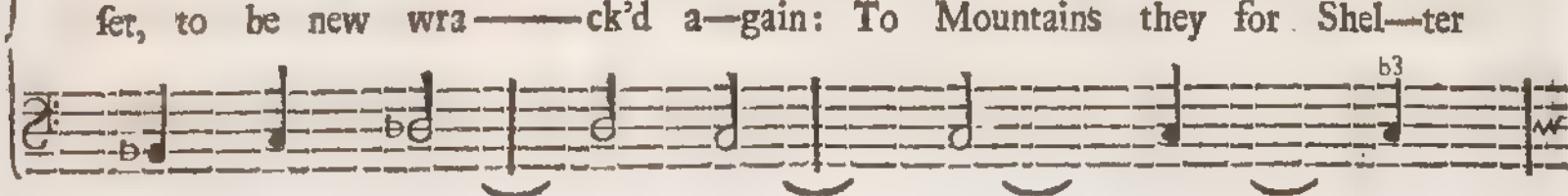

and joyn their Hands; as dif—pers'd Soldiers at the Trum— — — — — pets





Call, ha—st to their Colours all; un-hap-py, most like tor—tur'd Men, their Joynts new

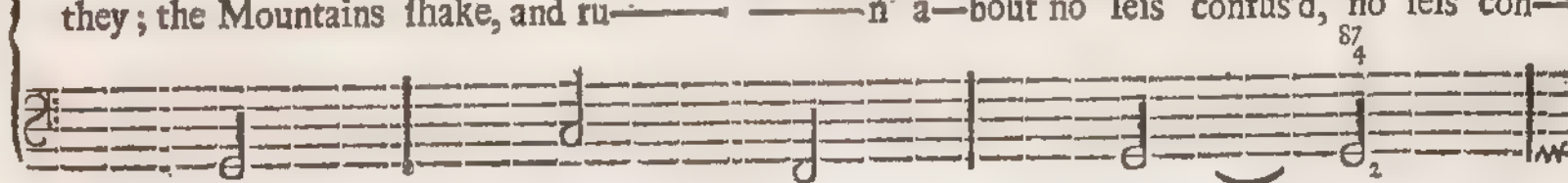
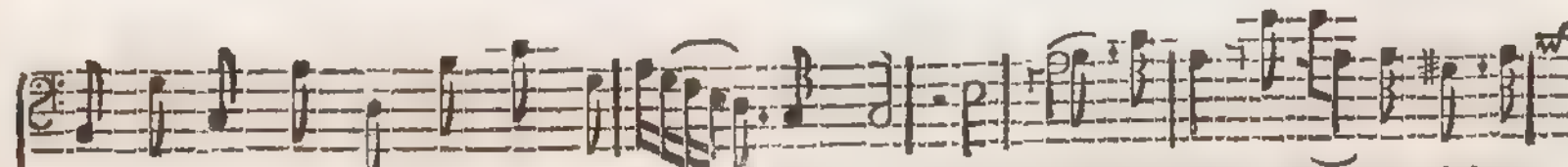
fer, to be new wras—ck'd a—gain: To Mountains they for Shel—ter

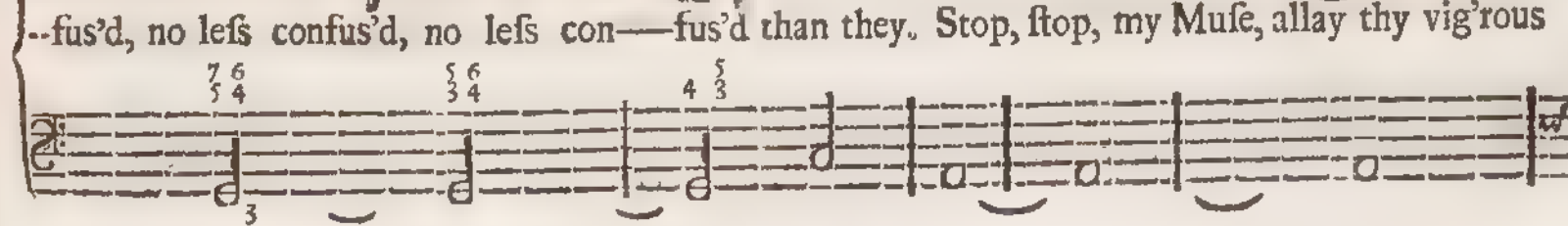
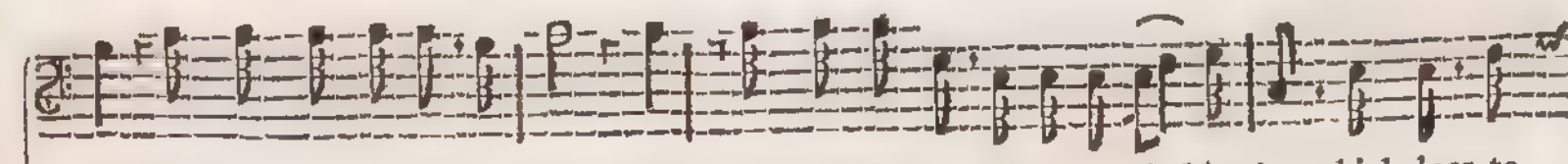
pray, the Mountains shake, and ru— — — n a—bout no less con—fu—s'd than

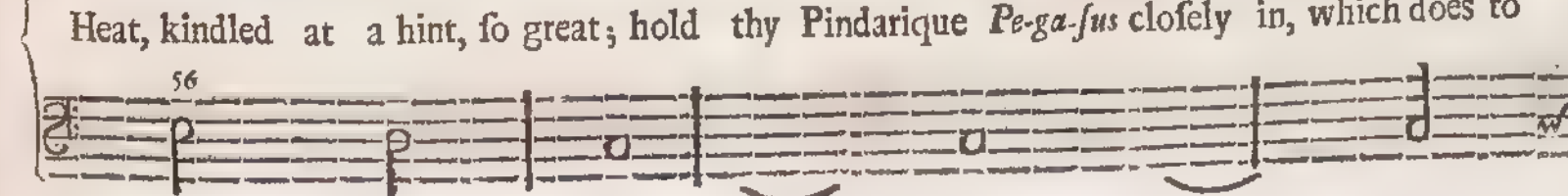
they; the Mountains shake, and ru— — — n a—bout no less confus'd, no less con—

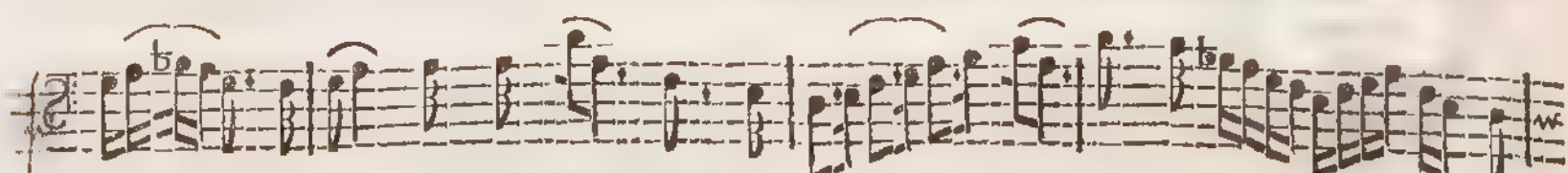



—fus'd, no less confus'd, no less con—fus'd than they. Stop, stop, my Muse, allay thy vig'rous

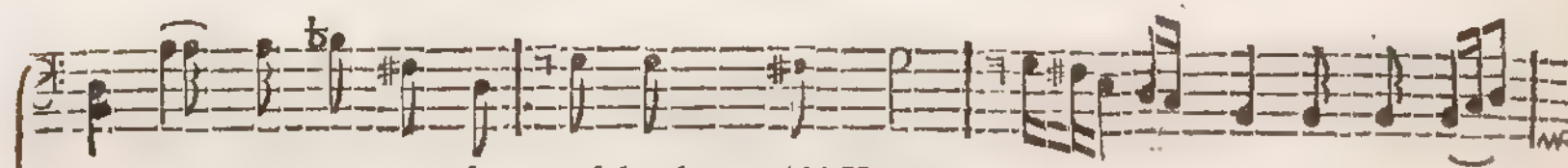



Heat, kindled at a hint, so great; hold thy Pindarique Pe-ga-sus closely in, which does to





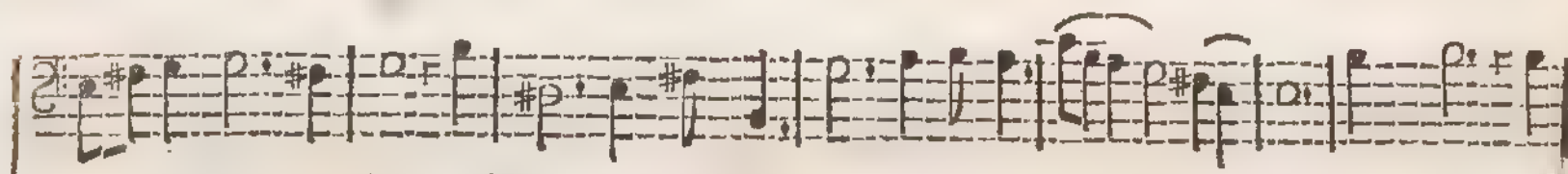
Ra—ge begin; and this steep Hill wou'd gal—lop up with vi—o—lent



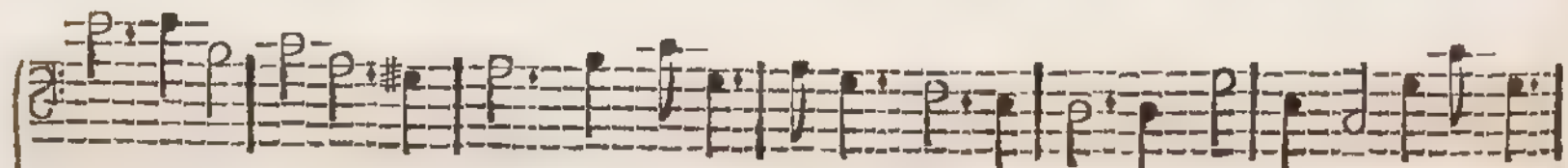
courfe, 'tis an un—ru—ly and hard-mouth'd Horfe; fier—ce, and un—bro—ken



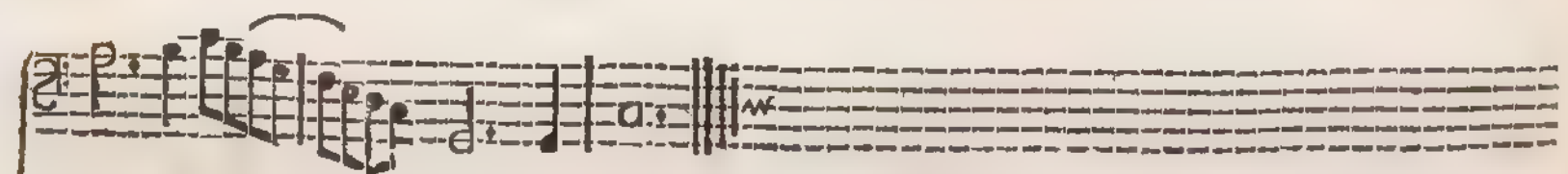
yet, impatient of the Spur, or Bit: now Prances flately, and a—non fi—



—es o'er the place, disdains the servile Law of any fet—led Pace; conscions and

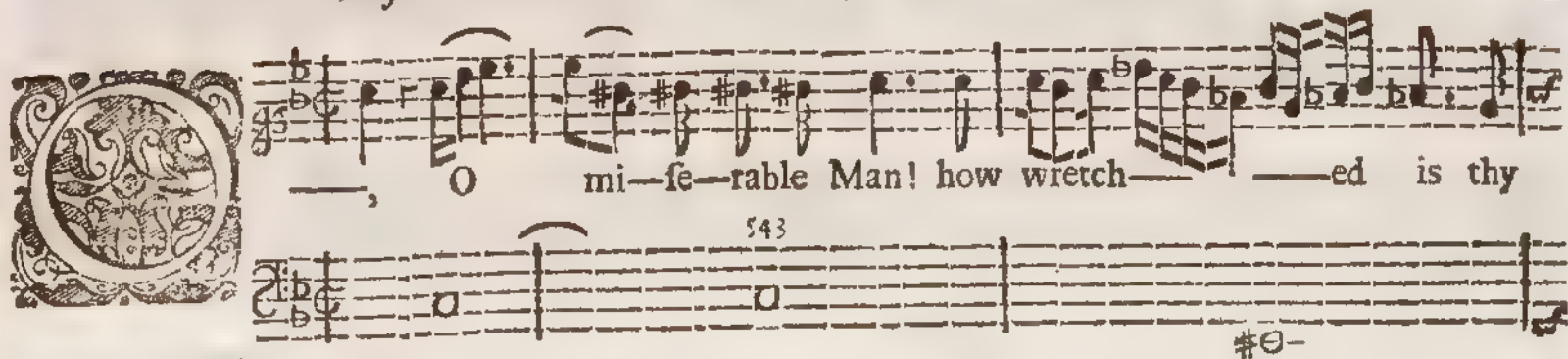


proud of his own nat'ral Force, 'twill no un—skilful Touch endure, but flings Writer and Reader



too tha—t fits not sure.

O miserable Man! Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.



—, O mi—fe—rable Man! how wretch—ed is thy

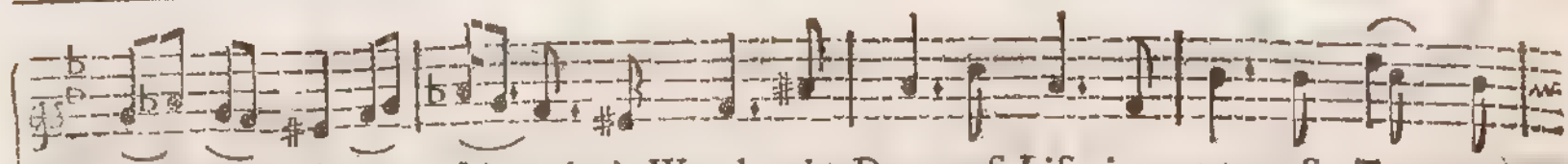
State, born to under—go the Drud—ge—ry of Fate; thine and they

Fathers Sins to feel, and know, and toyl beneath the migh—ty weight of

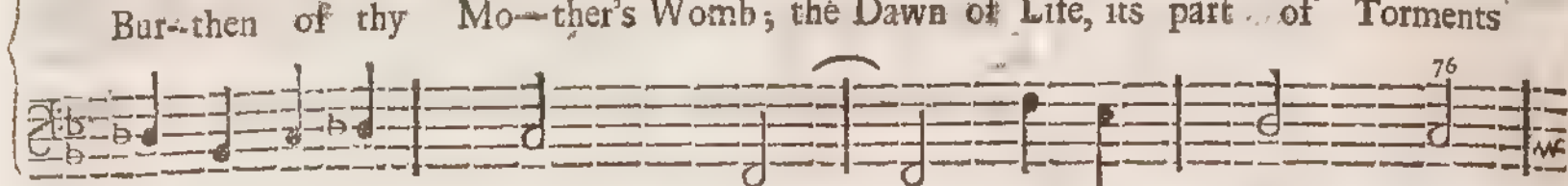
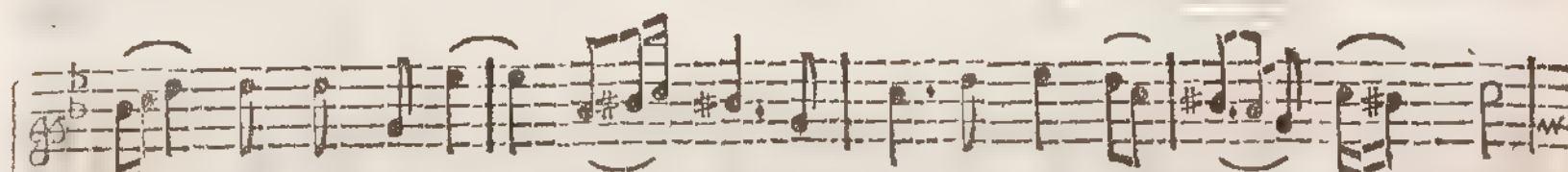
Woe, the migh—ty weight of Woe? Nor yet, a—lafs! dost thou a—

lone, beneath the bit—ter Anguish Groan, but ev'n to others too thou Mis'ries dost create. With

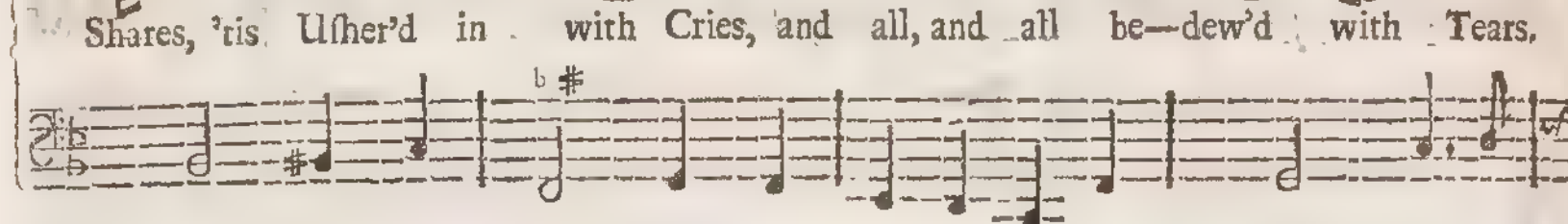
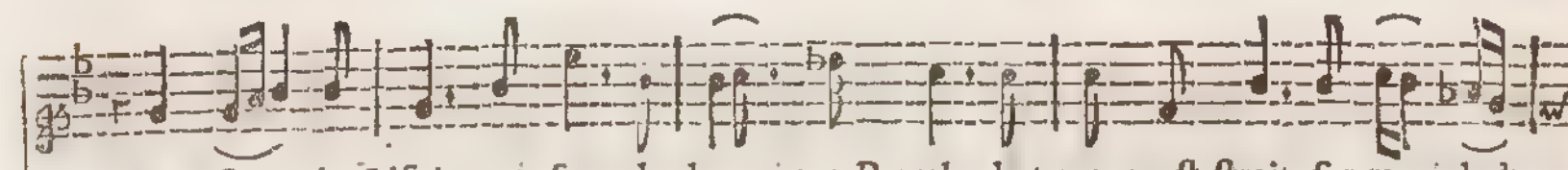
Pangs and Throws thou in—to the Wor—ld dost come, the hea—vy Curse, and



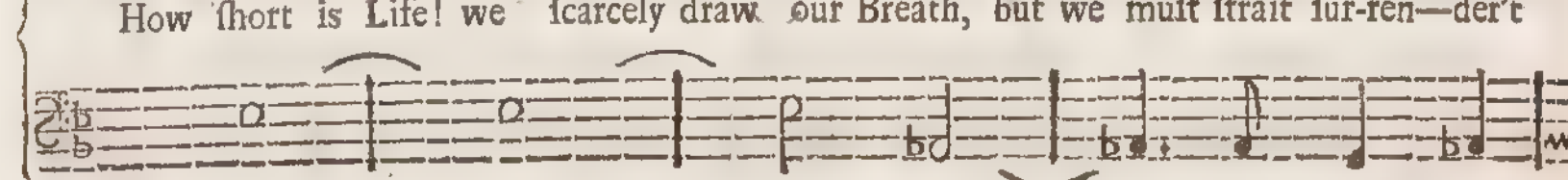
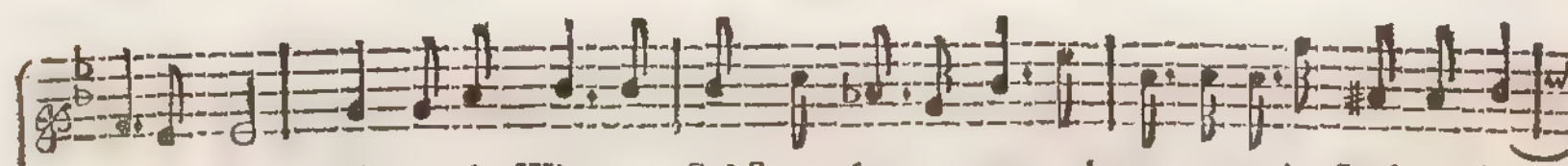
Bur—then of thy Mo—ther's Womb; the Dawn of Life, its part of Torments

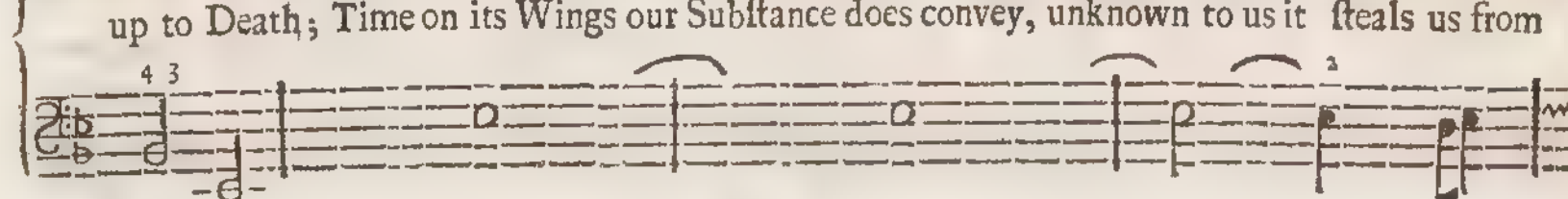

Shares, 'tis Usher'd in with Cries, and all, and all be—dew'd with Tears,

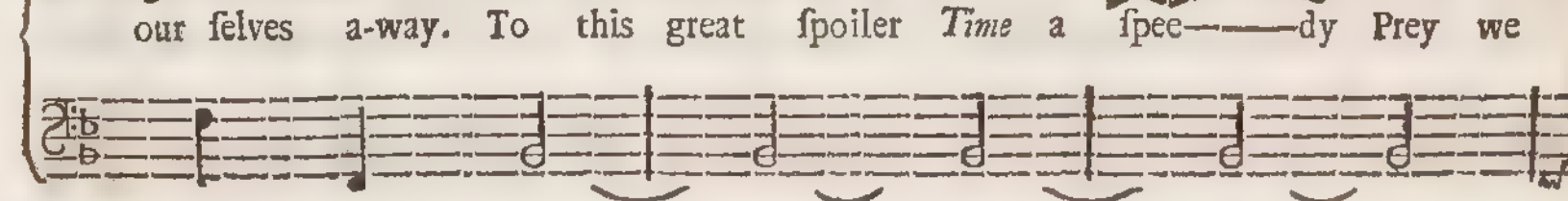
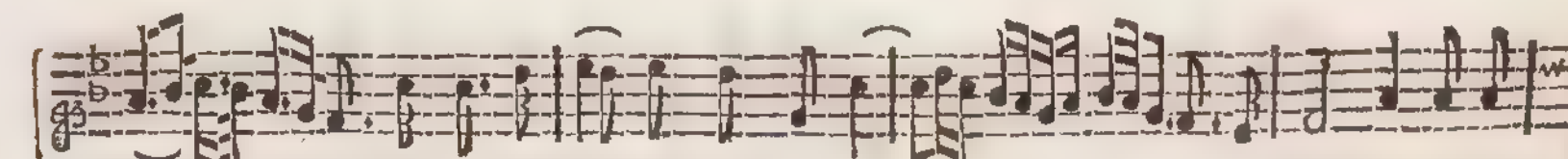
How short is Life! we scarcely draw our Breath, but we must strait sur—ren—der't

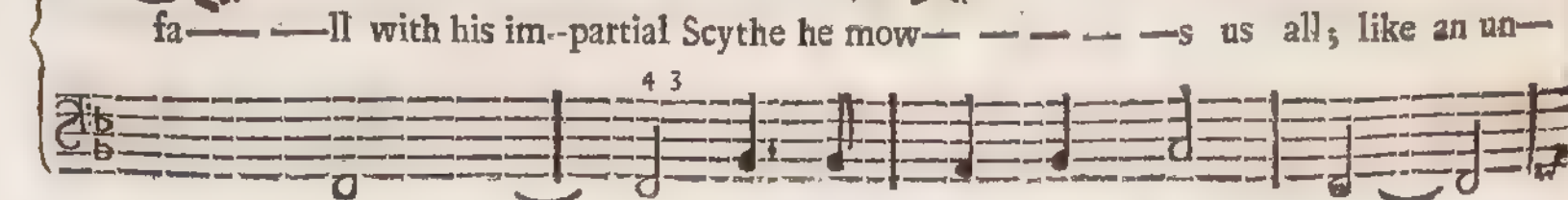
up to Death; Time on its Wings our Substance does convey, unknown to us it steals us from

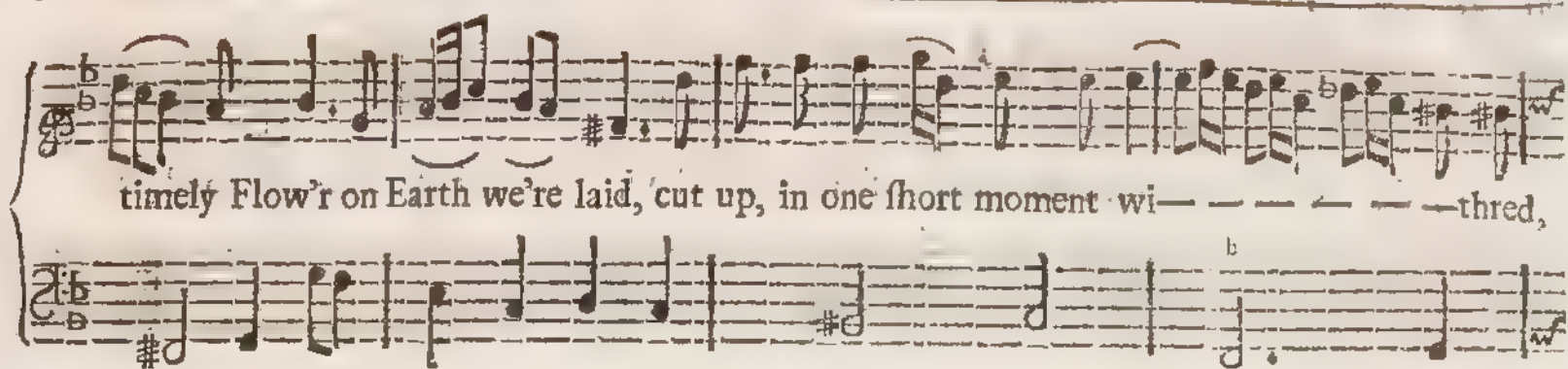



our selves a-way. To this great spoiler Time a spee—dy Prey we

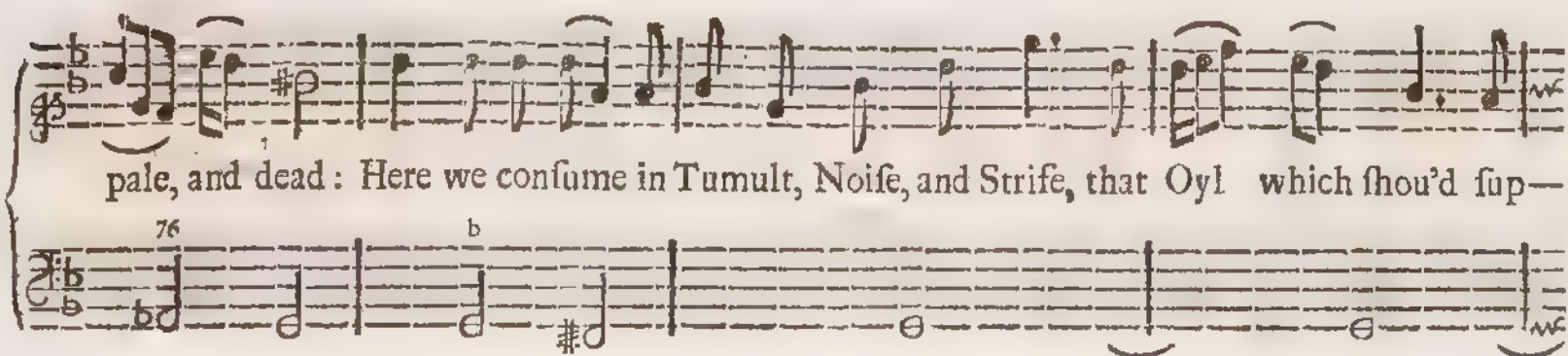



fa—ll with his im—partial Scythe he mow—s us all, like an un—

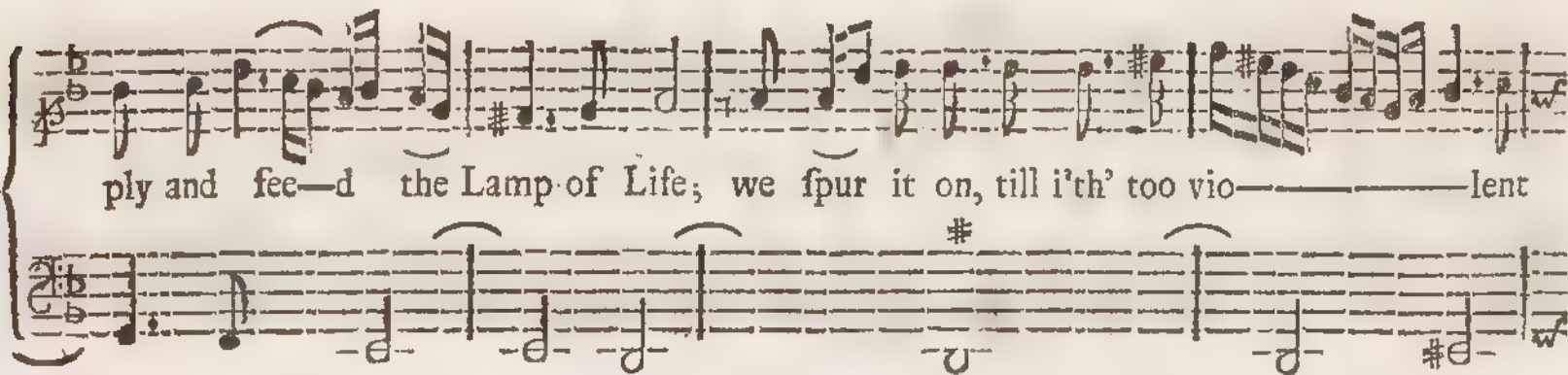




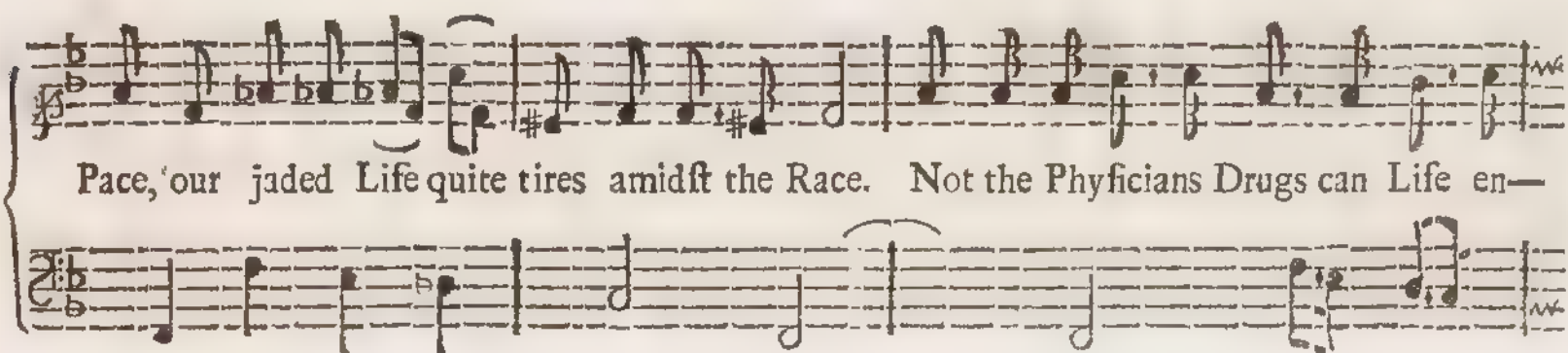
timely Flow'r on Earth we're laid, cut up, in one short moment wi— — — — —thred,



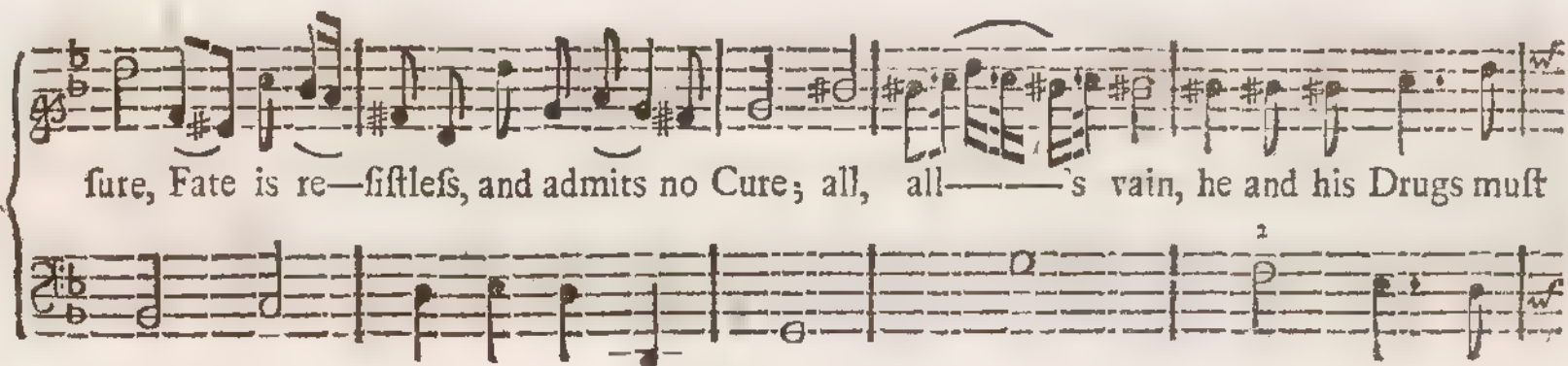
pale, and dead: Here we consume in Tumult, Noise, and Strife, that Oyl which shou'd sup—



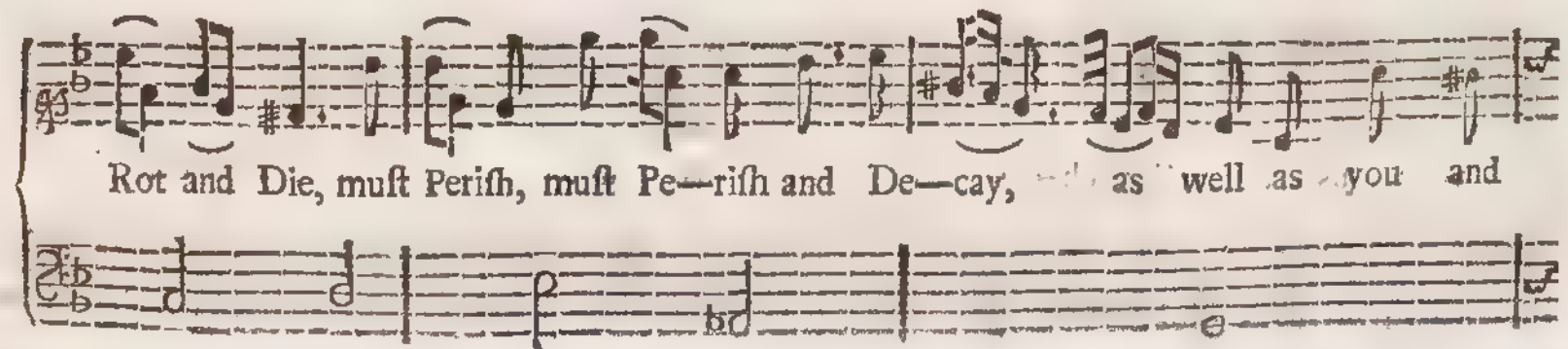
ply and fee—d the Lamp of Life, we spur it on, till i'th' too vio— — — — —lent



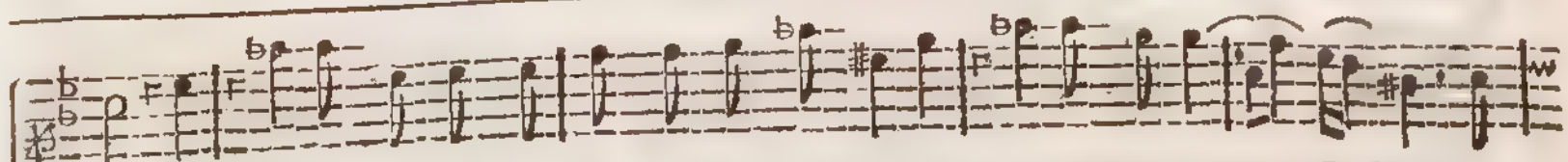
Pace, our jaded Life quite tires amidst the Race. Not the Physicians Drugs can Life en—



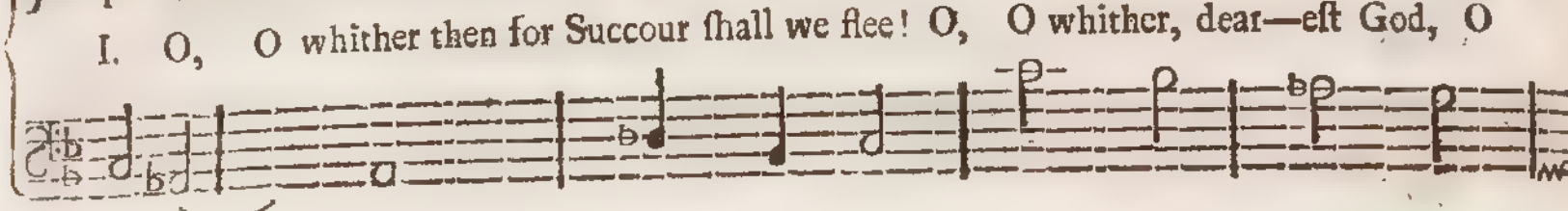

sure, Fate is re—sistless, and admits no Cure; all, all— — — — —s vain, he and his Drugs must



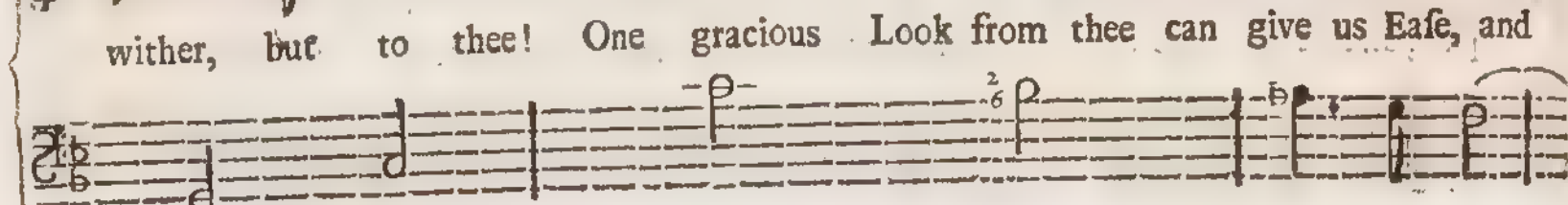
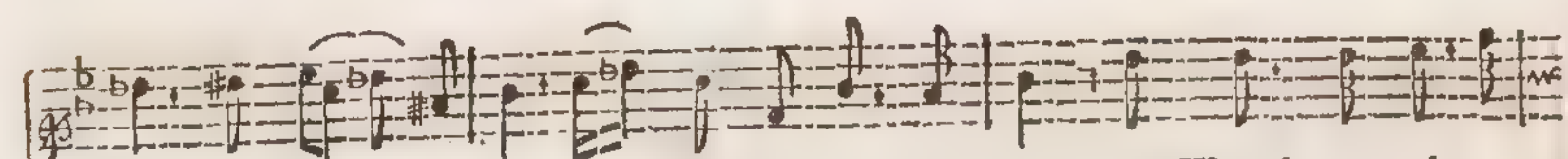
Rot and Die, must Perish, must Pe—rish and De—cay, — — — — — as well as you and



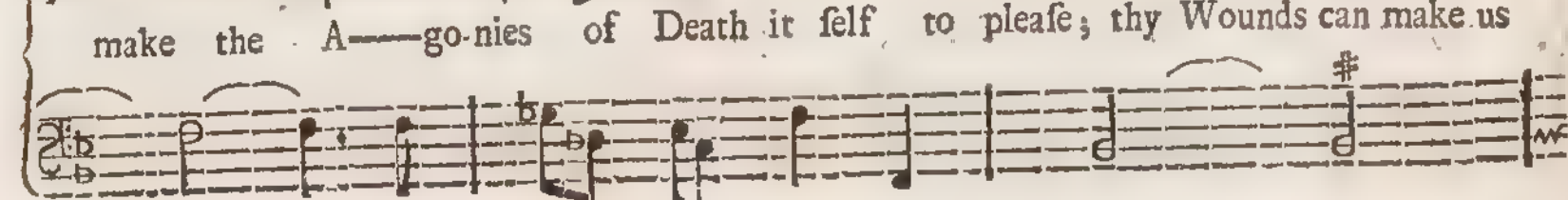
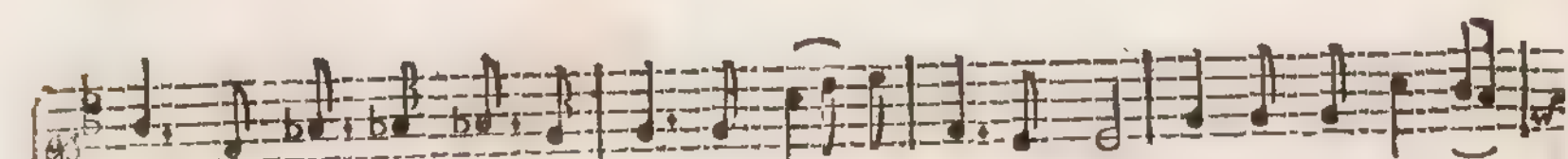
I. O, O whither then for Succour shall we flee! O, O whither, dear—est God, O

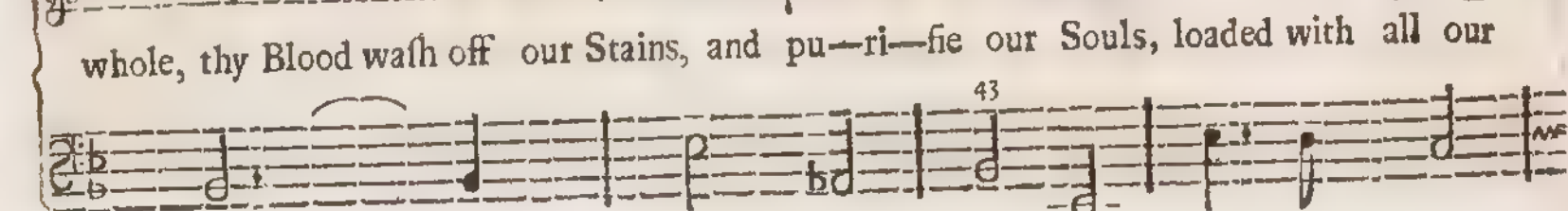

wither, but to thee! One gracious Look from thee can give us Ease, and

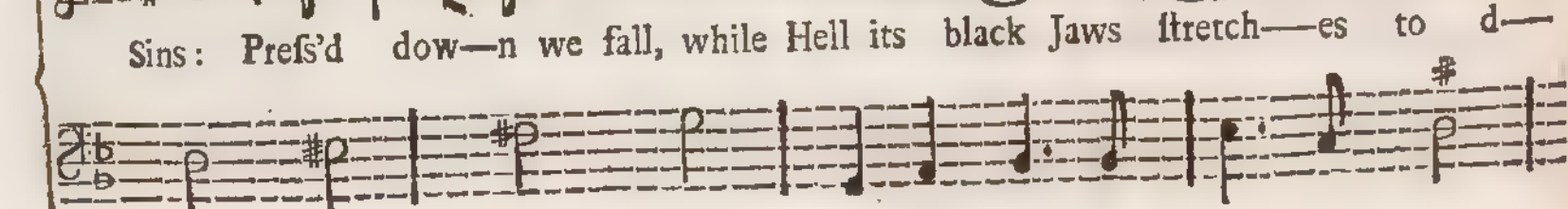
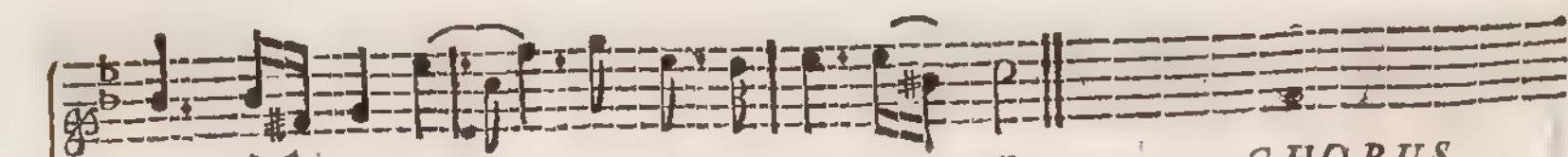
make the A—go-nies of Death it self to please, thy Wounds can make us

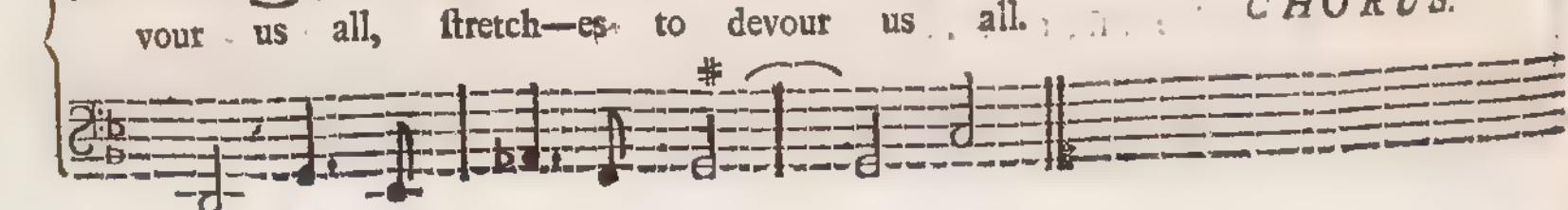
whole, thy Blood wash off our Stains, and pu—ri—fie our Souls, loaded with all our

Sins: Press'd dow—n we fall, while Hell its black Jaws stretch—es to d—

your us all, stretch—es to devour us all. CHORUS.



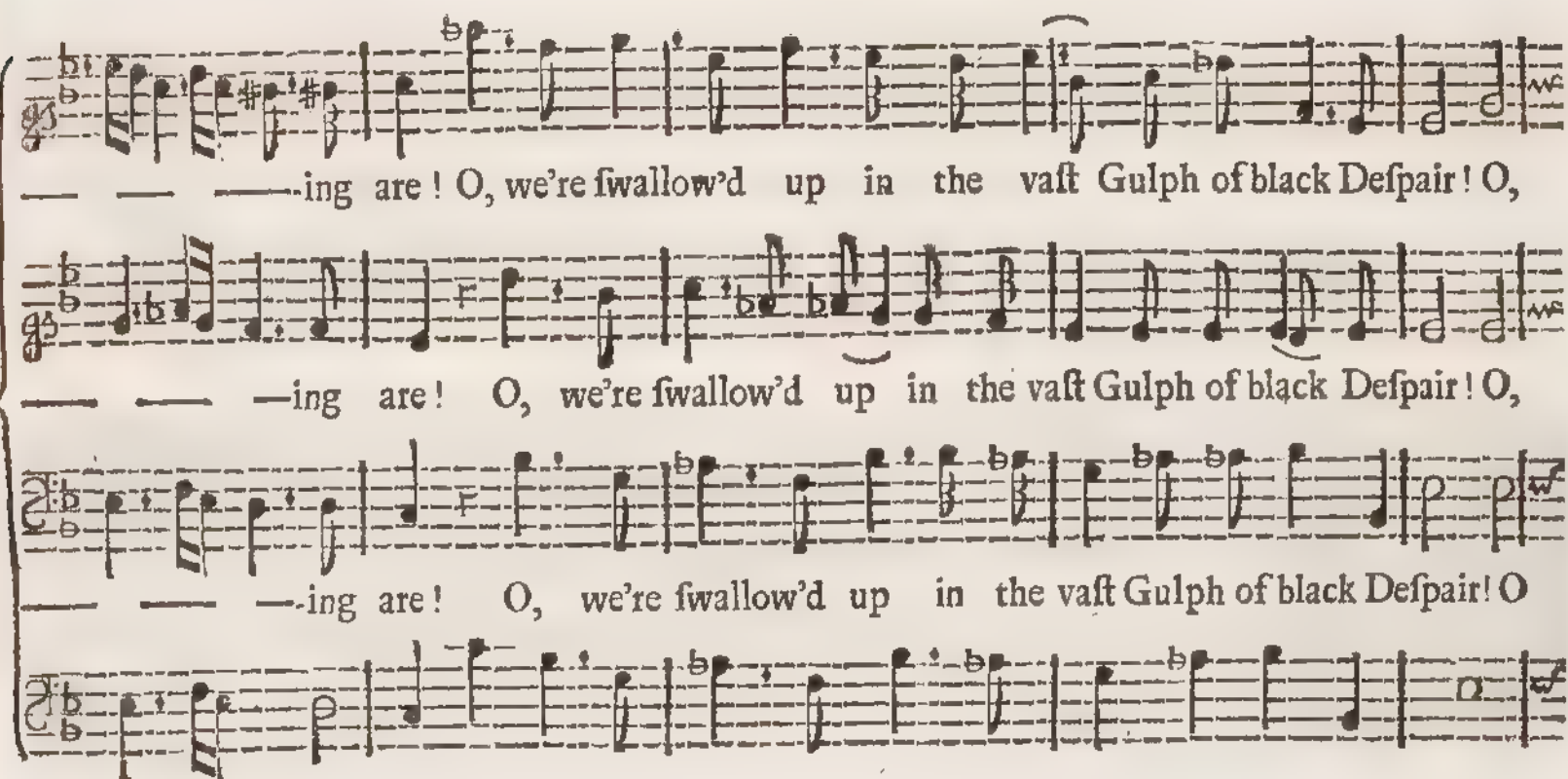
CHORUS.



O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, help, we sink— — —

O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink— — —

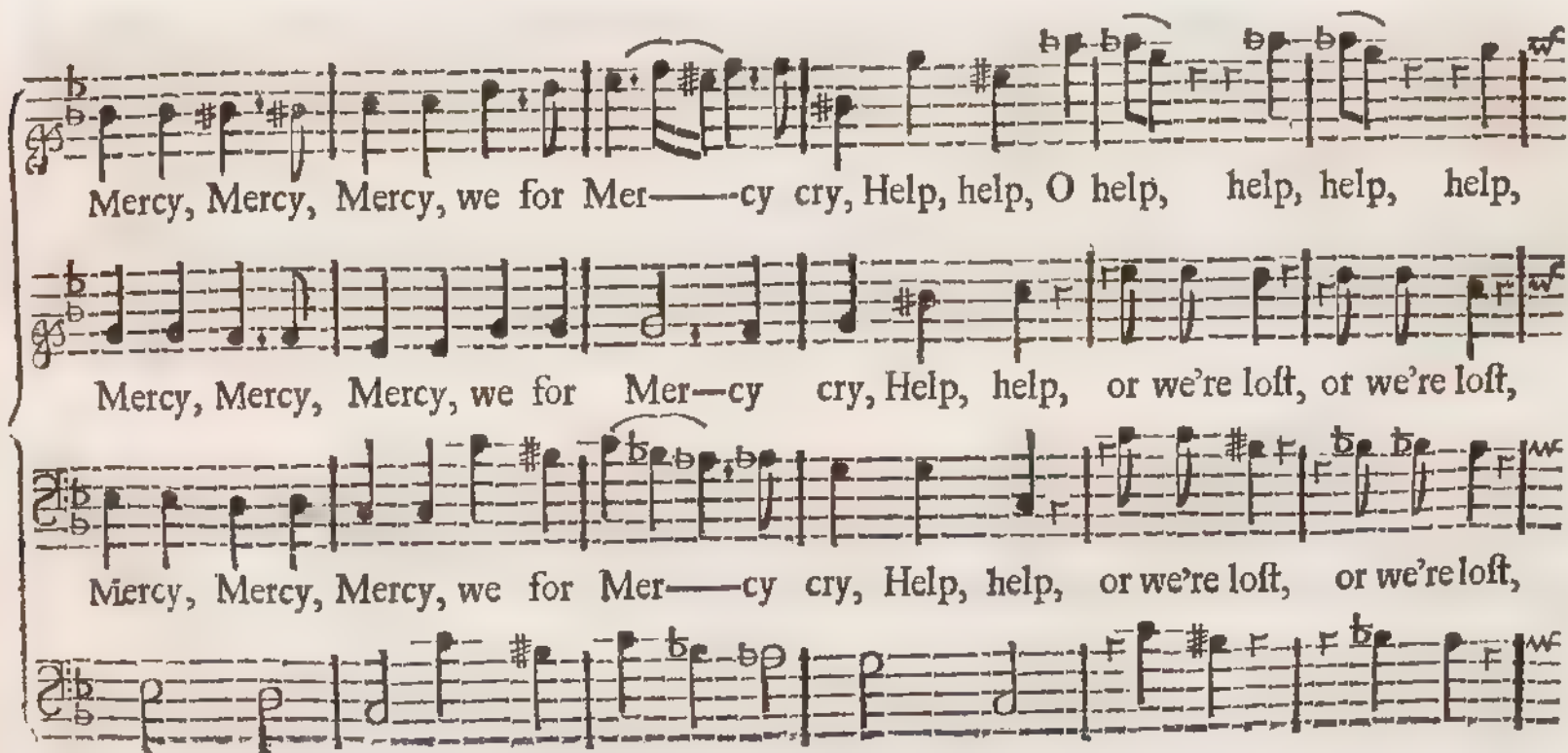
O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink— — —



— — —ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,

— — —ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,

— — —ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O



Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, O help, help, help, help,

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,

Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,

help, we're lo — — — — — ft to a — — — — — ll E — ter — ni — ty !

or we're loft, we're loft to a — — — — — ll E — ter — ni — ty.

or we're loft, we're lo — — — — — ft to all E — ter — ni — ty.

AN EVENING HYMN.



HE Night is come, the Night is come, the Night is co — — — — —

— me, like to the Day, de — part not thou, de — part not

thou, Grea — t God, a — way; on thee, O Lord, I do Re — pose, pro —

—test me, pro—tect me fro—m my Watchful Foes: So shall

I se—cure-ly lay, and sweet—ly, sweet—

—ly pass the Hours away, and sweet—ly pass the Hours away.

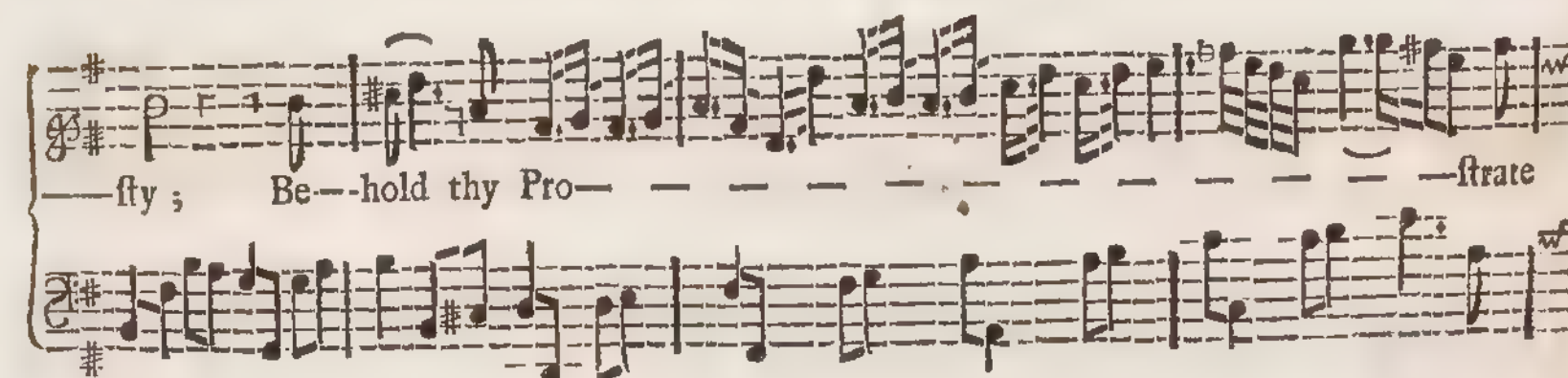
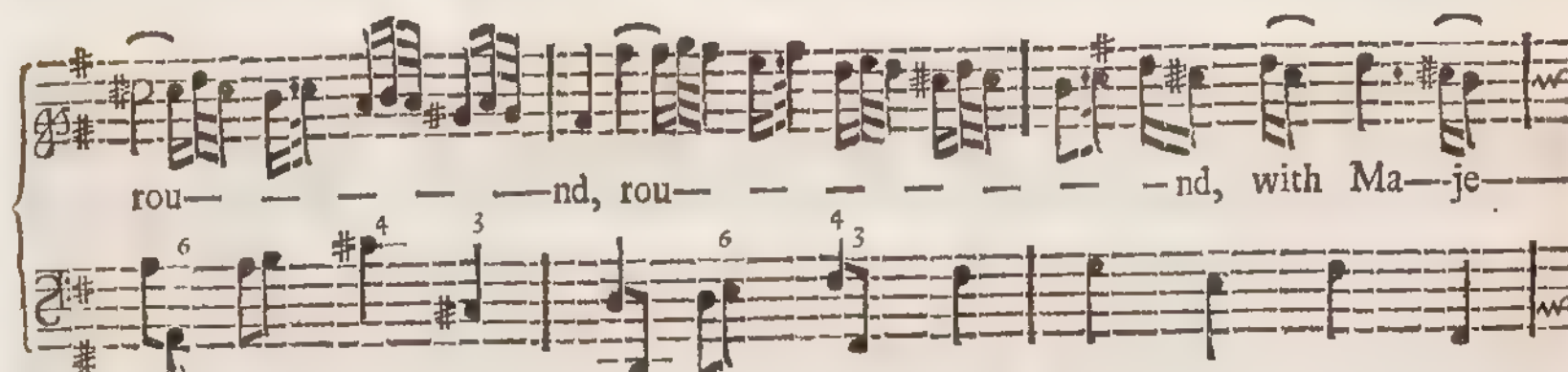
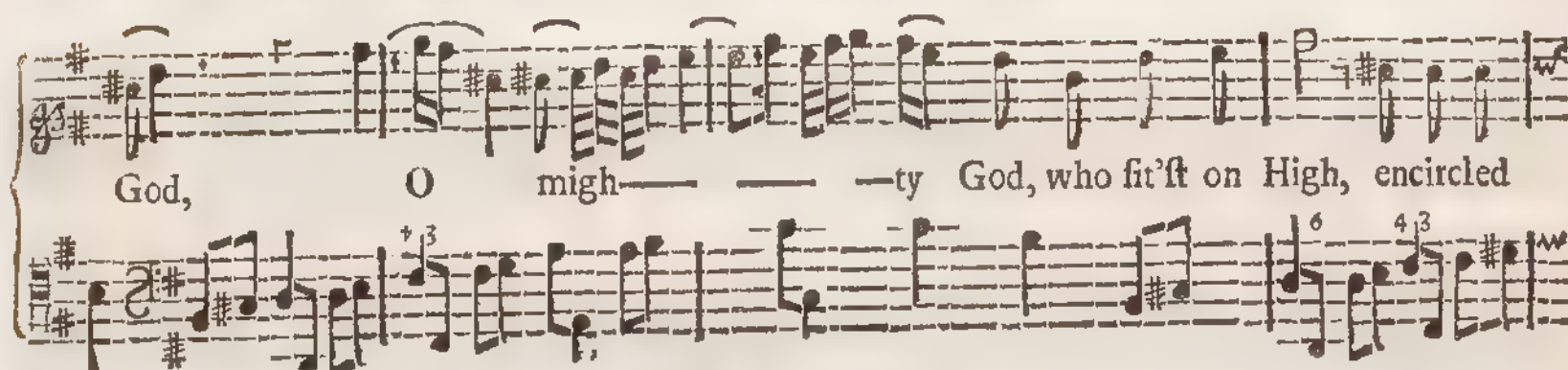
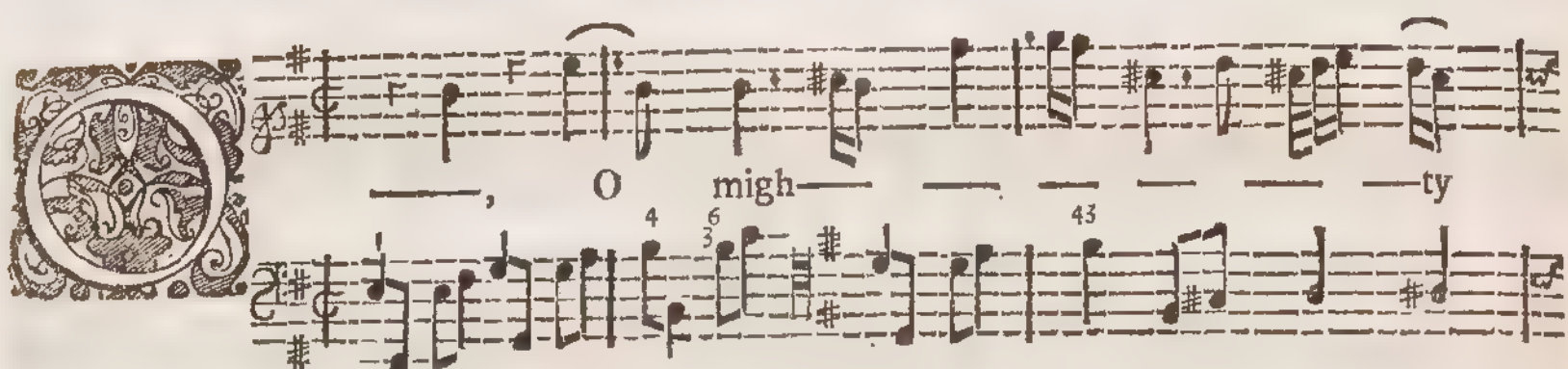
CHORUS. A. 2. Voc.

In heav'nly Dreams my Sou—l advance, O make, O make my Sleep a Ho-ly Trance.

Sleep is a Death, O let me try, by Slee—ping, how it is to Die.

A

PENITENTIAL HYMN

Set by Doctor John Blow.

—ment my fe— — — — —cret Sins, my fe— — — — —cret Sins, and youthful Fires,

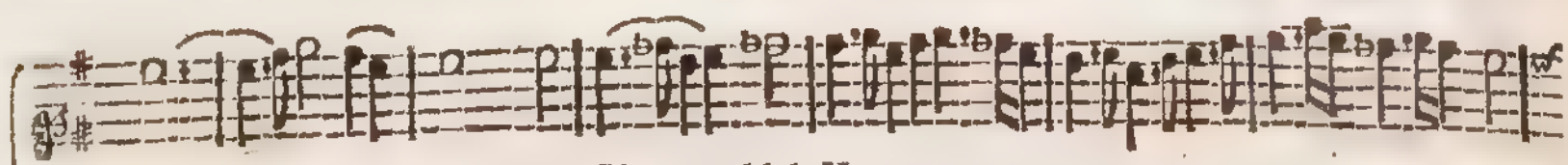
pol—lu—ted Thoughts, pol—lu—ted Thoughts, and fond, fond,

fon—d De—fires. O let me, let me ne—ver, ne—ver close my

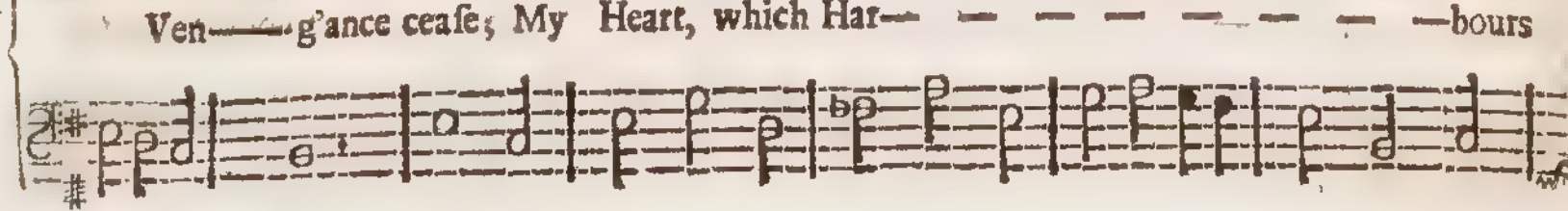
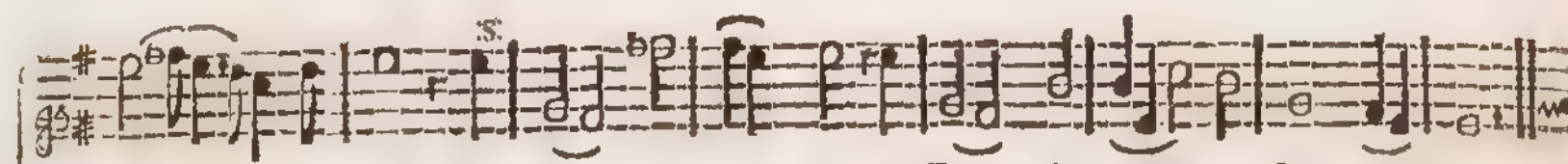
Eye, but still, O still, but still, O still new Floo— — — — —ds, new

Floods sup—ply; pro—voke my Sight, my Grievs en—crease, till all, all,

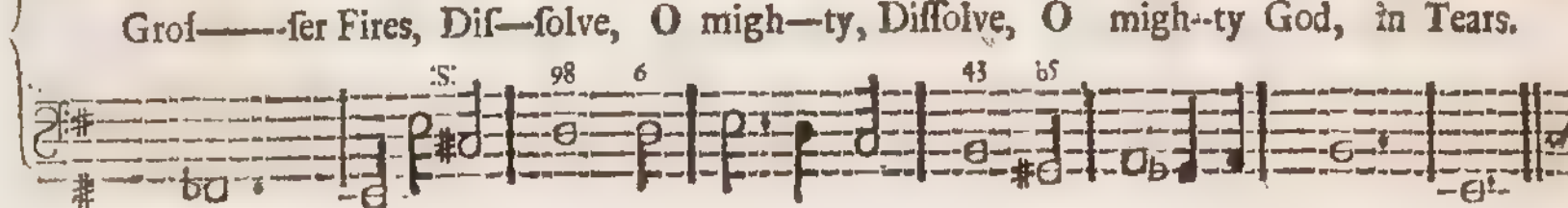
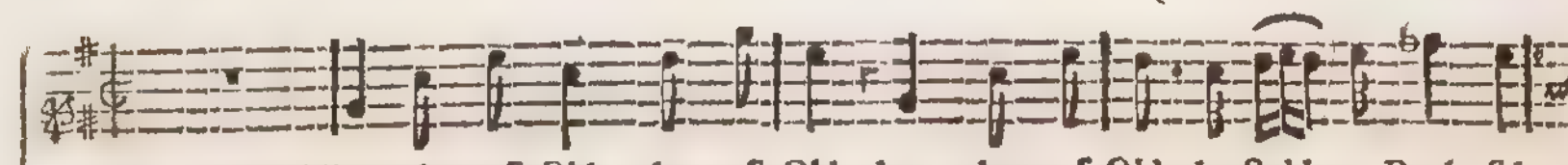
all — thy dread—ed Veng'ance cease; till all, all, till all thy dreaded



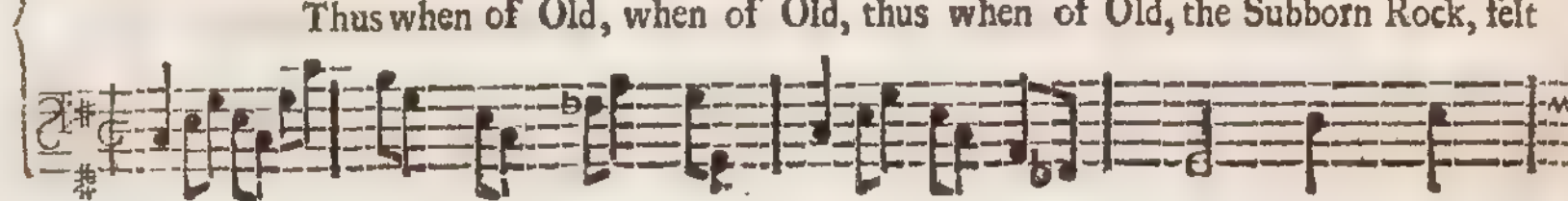

Ven—g'ance cease; My Heart, which Har— — — — —bours

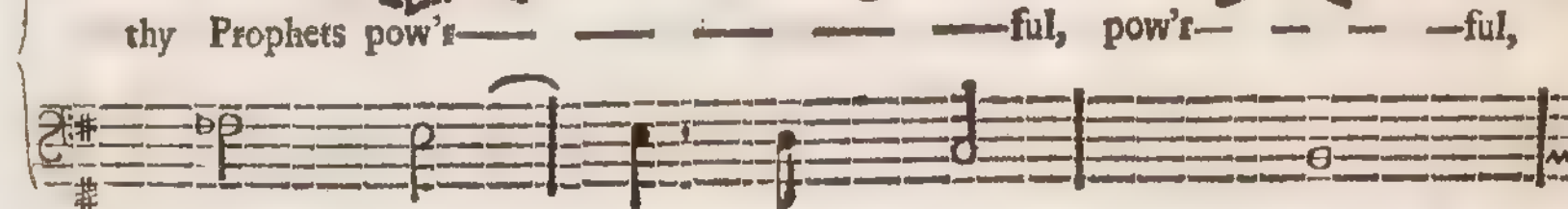
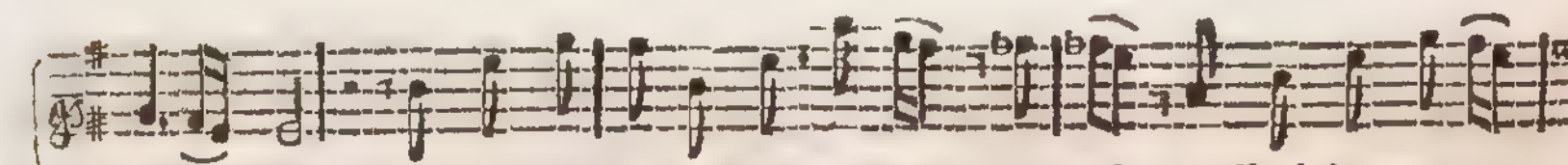
Gro—fer Fires, Dis—solve, O migh—ty, Dissolve, O migh—ty God, in Tears.

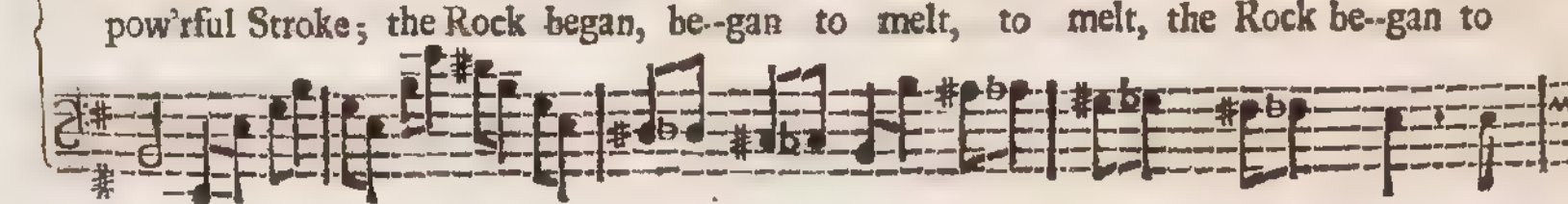
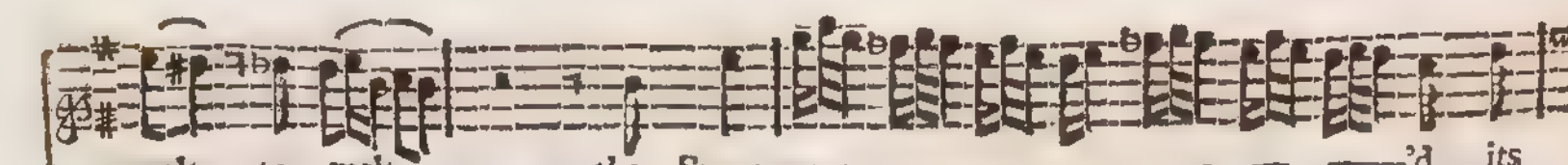
Thus when of Old, when of Old, thus when of Old, the Subborn Rock, felt

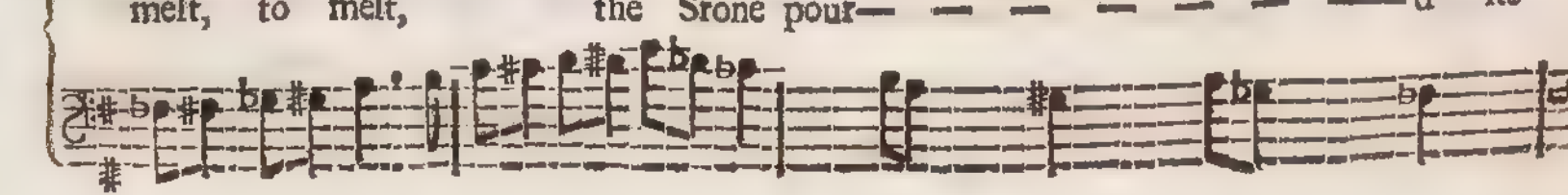
thy Prophets pow'r— — — — —ful, pow'r— — — — —ful,

pow'rful Stroke; the Rock began, be-gan to melt, to melt, the Rock be-gan to

melt, to melt, the Srone pour— — — — —'d its



stream—ing Moi—sture down: The Flint, where Fire was

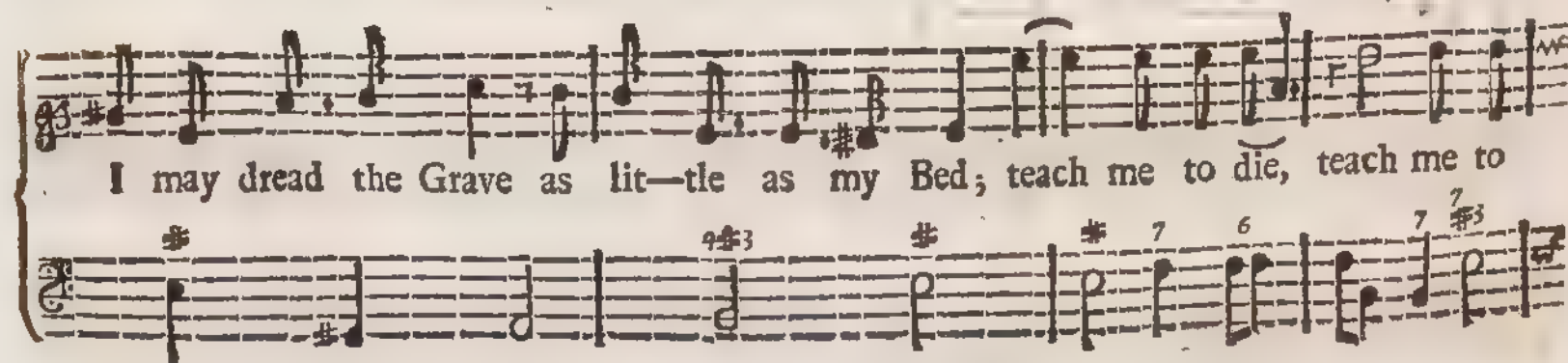
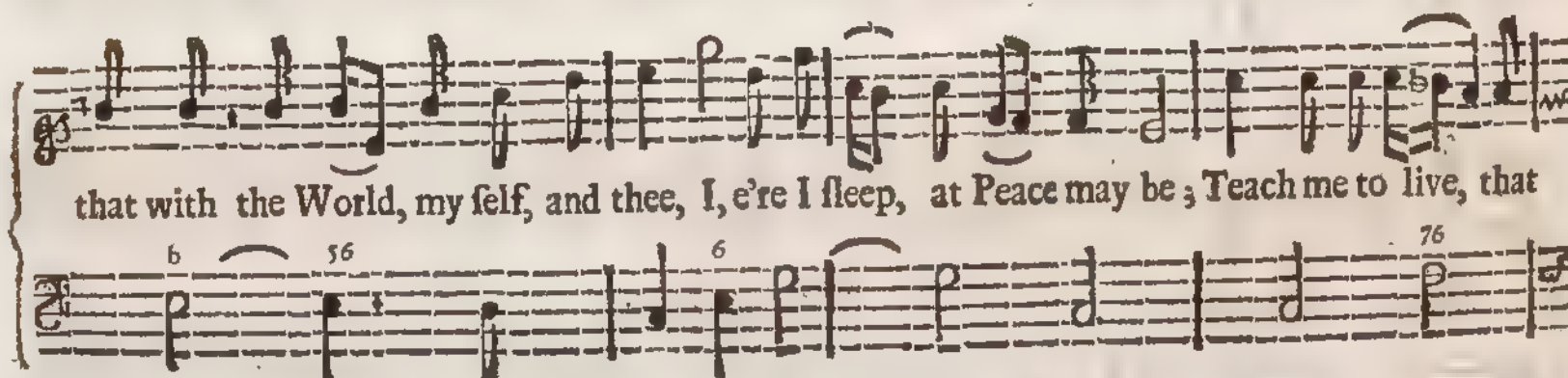
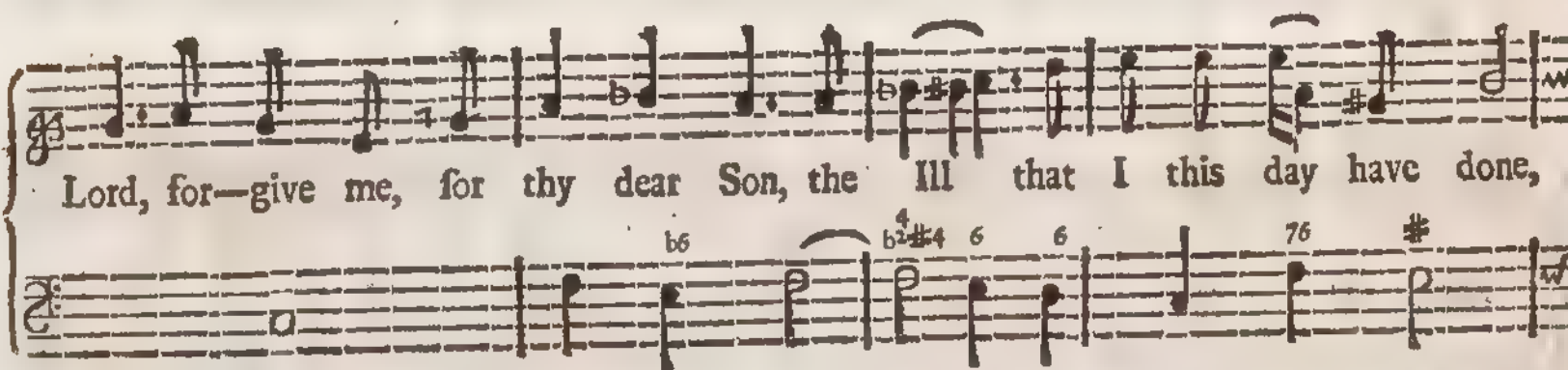
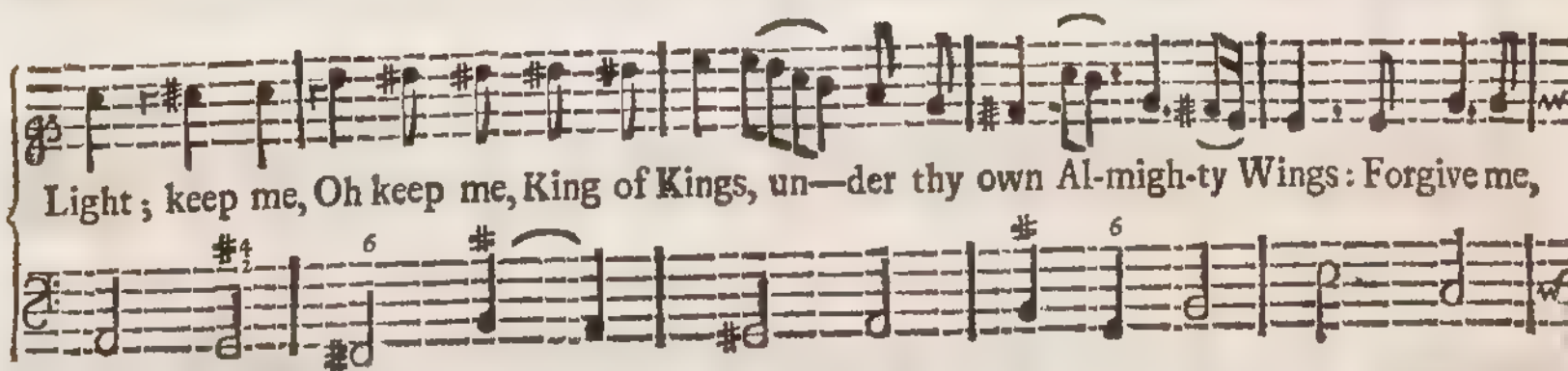
lodg'd, till now, where Fire was lodg'd, lodg'd, till now, did

all, all, all—, all, all, dis-solv'd in Wa-ters,

flow, did all, all, all, all, dis-solv'— — — — — d in

Waters, dis-solv'— — — — — d in Waters, flow.

An EVENING HYMN.

*The Words by Bishop Ken:**Sett by Mr. Jeremiah Clarke.*

die, so that I may Triumphant Ri— — — — —

— — — — — fe at the Last Day; teach me to Die, teach me to

Die, so that I may Triumphant Ri— — — — —

— — — — — fe at the Last Day. Oh may my

[Ground.]

Soul on thee re—pose, re—pose, and with sweet Sleep, sweet Sleep, mine

Eye—lids close; Sleep that may me more vig'rous, more vig'rous make, to

praise my God when I a--wake, --wake. When in the Night I

sleepless lie, my Soul with Heav'nly Thoughts sup-ply; let no ill Dreams di--sturb my

Rest, no Pow'rs of Dark--ness me mo--left, no Pow'rs of Darknes

me mo--left, --left. My dearest Lord, how, how am I

griev'd, to lye so long of thee bereav'd! Dull Sleep of Sence, me to deprive, I am but half, but

half my Days a--live! But tho' Sleep o'er my Weakness reigns, let it not hold me long in

Chains, but now and then let loose my Heart, now and then let loose my Heart, till it an

Hal—le—lu-jah dart; the fast—er Sleep the Sence does bind, the more un-fet-ter'd is the

[A little faster.]

Mind. Oh may ma Soul from Mat-ters free, the unveil'd Goodness

wa—king fee, fee. Oh! Oh! Oh when shall I in end-less Day, for e—ver chase dark

Sleep a--way, —way : And endless Praise with Heav'nly Choir, in-ces-sant sing, and never

tire; you my best Guardions, whilst I sleep, close to my Bed your Virgils keep, and in my

stand all the Night long, sing to my God a grateful Song, sing, sing, sing to my

God a grateful Song.

C H O R U S. A. 3. Voc.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow, praise him all Creatures here below; praise him a—

—bove the An—gelick Host, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise

—bove the An—gelick Host, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,

—bove the An—gelick Host, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,

—bove the An—gelick Host, praise the Father, praise the Son, praise,

Soft.

praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: praise the Holy Ghost: praise the

Soft.

Loud.

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: Amen.

A Paraphrase on the 28th. Chapter of the first Book of Samuel, from Verse 8, to Verse 20.
Sett to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.



N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—

N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—

2 6b 6b 7 5b 4 3 6b 4b 4 3

guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—se dis—guise, forsaken Saul,
 — — — se, and hid in fal— — — se dis—guise, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul,
 — — — se, disguise, and hid in false dis— — gui— — — se, forsaken

forsaken Saul, for—sa—ken Saul, forsaken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cries; forsaken
 forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul, to En—dor comes, and cri— — —
 Saul, for—sa—ken Saul, to Endor comes, and cries;

Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to Endor comes, and cries:
 — — — es, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to En—dor comes, and cries:
 for—saken Saul, forsaken Saul, forsaken Saul to Endor comes, and cries:

Saul.

Woman, a—rise, a—rise, call, call pow'r— — — — —ful Arts to—

—gether, and rai— — — — —fe, and rai— — — — —fe the Ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

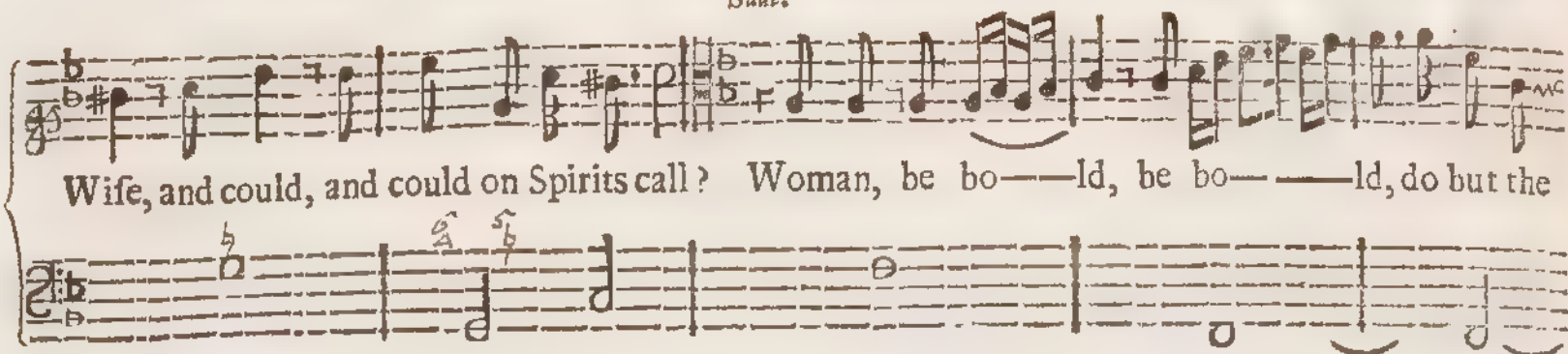
Witch.

Why, why, why should'st thou wish me dye? Forbear, forbear, for— — — — —bea— — — — —r, my Son,

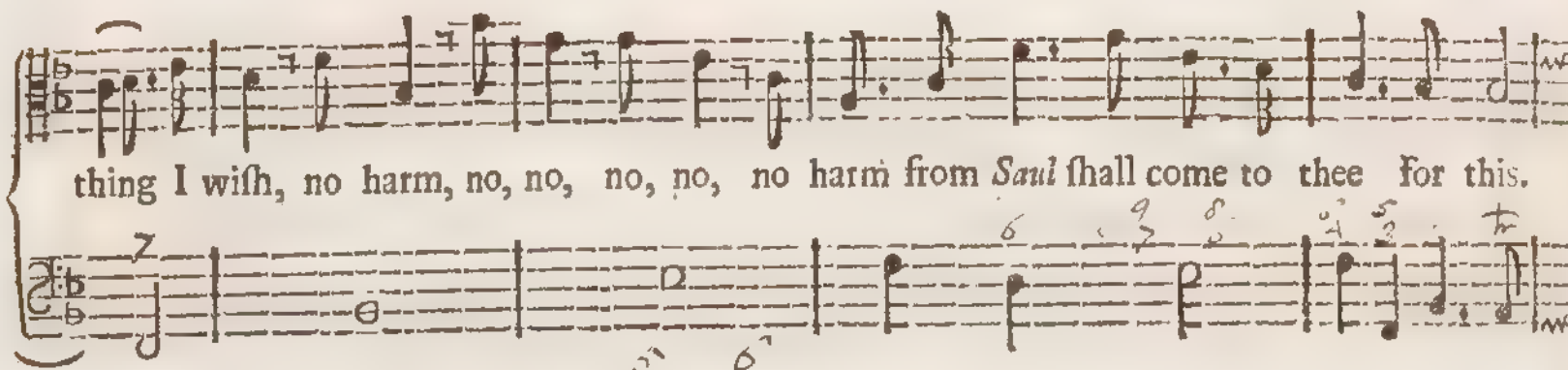
dost thou not know, dost thou not know what cru— — — — —el Saul has done? Forbear, for—

—bear, for—bea— — — — —r, my Son, dost thou not know what cru— — — — —el Saul has done?

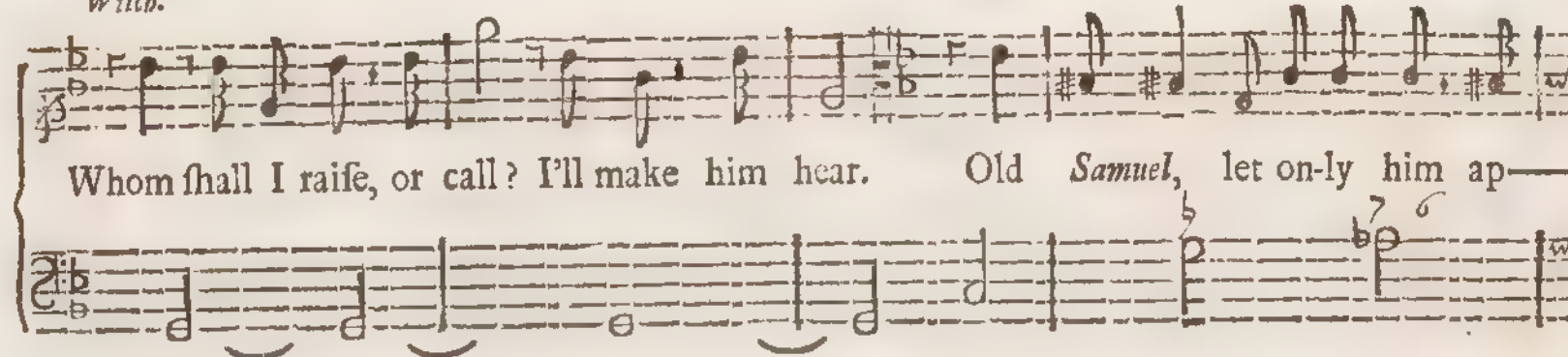
How he has kill'd, has kill'd and murder'd all, all, all tha— — — — —t were

Saul.


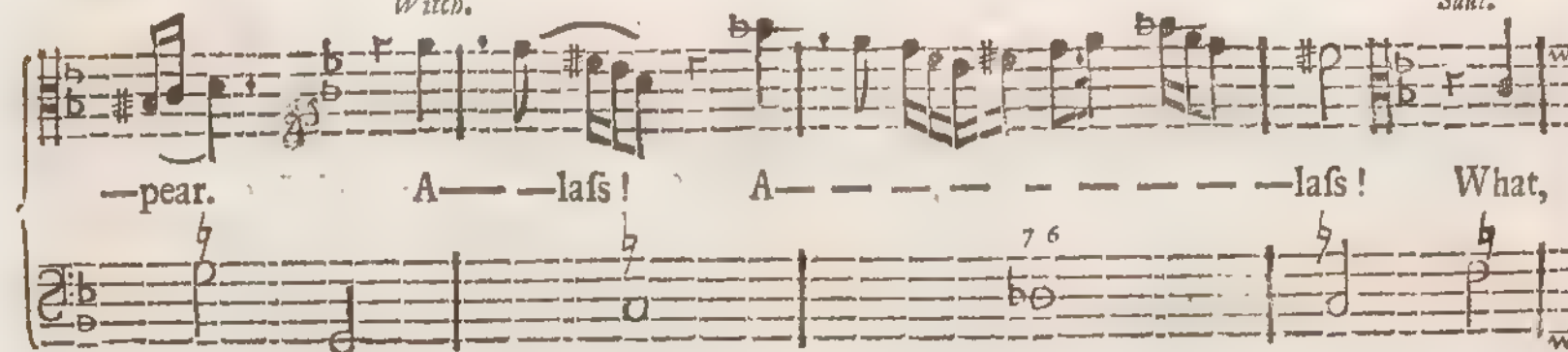
Wife, and could, and could on Spirits call? Woman, be bo—ld, be bo—ld, do but the



thing I wish, no harm, no, no, no, no, no harm from *Saul* shall come to thee for this.

*Witch.**Saul.*


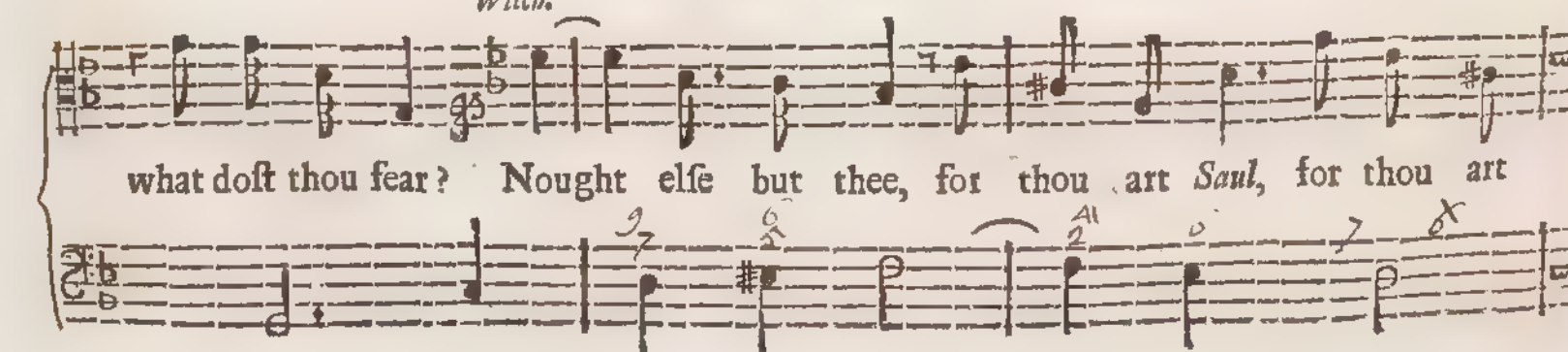
Whom shall I raise, or call? I'll make him hear. Old *Samuel*, let on-ly him ap—

*Witch.**Saul.*


—pear. A—lafs! A—lafs! What,

*Witch.**Saul.*


what dost thou fear? A—lafs! A—lafs! What,

Witch.


what dost thou fear? Nought else but thee, for thou art *Saul*, for thou art

The image shows a musical score for the song "Saul, thou art Saul". It consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, featuring a melodic line with various ornaments and a final cadence. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, with a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Saul, a — — — las! thou art Saul, and hast beguiled me. Peace, peace, and go on, what" are written below the vocal staff. The word "Saul" is written above the first staff.

Witch.



seeft thou, let me know? I fee the Gods a—fcen—ding

Saul. *Witch.* *Saul.*

from be-low. Who's he that comes? An old Man mantled o'er. Oh! that is

he, Oh! that is he, let me, let me, let me that Ghost adore. Why, why hast thou

robb'd me of my Rest, to see, to see that which I hate? Why, why hast thou robb'd me of my

Rest, to see that which I hate, to see that which I hate, this wicked World,

Saul.

this wicked World, and thee? Oh! Oh! I'm fore distress'd, vex—ed

fore, God has left me, Oh! ——— God has left me, and answers me no more;

distress'd with War, with inward Ter— — — — rors too, for pi-ty's sake, Oh! for

pi-ty's sake, tell me, Oh! tell me, Oh! for pi-ty's sake, tell me, tell me,

Samuel.

tell me, what shall I do? Art thou for-lorn of God, and com'st to me? What

can I tell thee then, but Mi—fe—ry? Thy Kingdom's gone in—to thy Neighbours

Race, thine Host shall fall by Sword before thy Face. What can I tell thee then, but Mi-se-ry?

To morrow, to morrow then, till then farewell, fare-wel, and Breathe thou and thy

Son to morrow, to morrow, thou and thy Son shall be with me beneath.

C H O R U S.

[Very slow.]

Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! farewel.

Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.

Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.

Signior Gratiani.



E—lut Palma, ve—lut Ro—fa, ve—lut a — — — ci—es Costrorum,


ve—lut hortus di—ves florum, pulchra sum & glo — — — ri—o—fa, ve—lut

hortus di—ves florum, pulchra sum & glo — — — ri—o—fa.

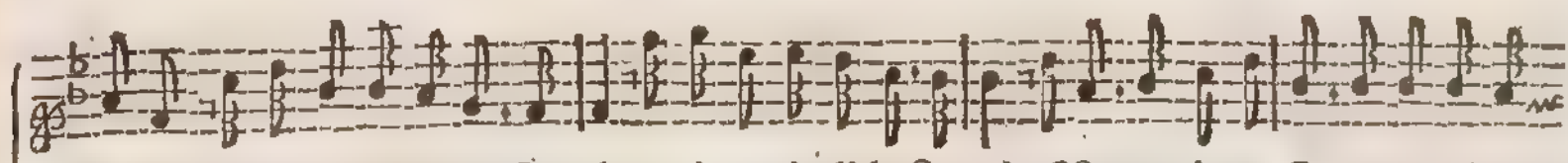
In me lau-des & ho — no — res, in me vi-get for-ti—tu-do, in me flo — — —

— ret pul-chri-tu-do, in me ju — — — bilant, jubi-lant a-mo-res, in me

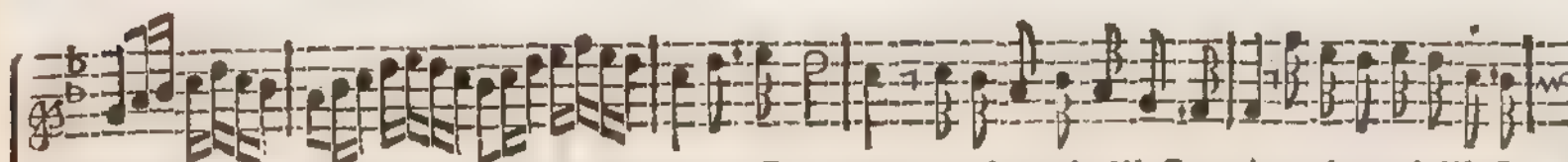
florum pul-chri—tu-do, in me ju — — — bilant, ju—bi-lant, ju—bi-lant a—mo-res.




Sur— —ge, Surge, veni, veni di-le-cte mi; furge, furge, veni,



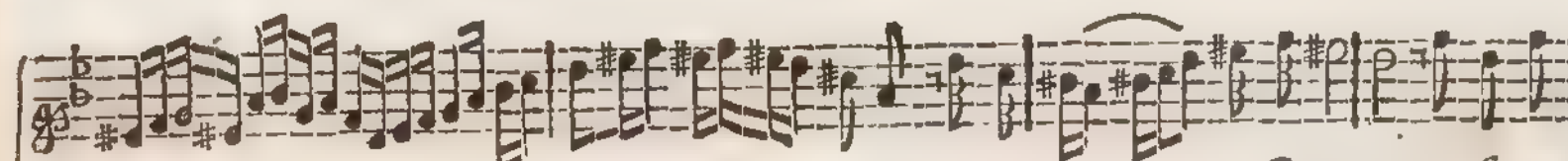
veni, veni, veni di-le-cte mi; veni, veni di-le-cte mi, af-fi-mu-la-re Ca-pre-a, hi-nu—




lo— — — — — que Cervorum; veni, veni dilecte mi, veni, veni dilecte



mi, af-fi-mu-la-re Caprea, af-fi-mu-la-re Caprea, hinu—lo — — — — —



— — — — — que, hi-nu—lo — — — — — que Cervorum, & super



pennas Ventorum, am-bu-la, gra-de-re, pro-pe-ra, vo — — — — —

76 6

li-ta di-le-cte mi, Vo

li-ta di-le-cte mi; In palmam af-cen-de mi

chare di-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, in hortum de-scen-de mi chare di-

-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, in hor-tum, in hortum de-

scen-de; Hic tu ju-bi-la-bis, hic flo-re fru-e-ris, hic fru-ctu ves-ce-ris, hic

tu Tri-um-pha-bis, hic flo-re fru-e-ris, hic fru-ctu vesceris, hic fru-ctu vesce-ris, hic tu Trium-

pha ————— bis.

Oh! Oh! quamdiu te op-ta-vi, quamdi-u de-fi-de-ra-vi, quamdiu te op-

—tavi, quamdiu, quamdiu te ex-pe — Sta — vi; nova & ve-tera ti-bi fervavi, nova &

ve-te-ra. ti-bi fer-va—vi; quamdi-u te op-ta-vi, quamdi-u de-fi-de—ra —vi:

Nescit mo-ras a-mor meus, fur-ge Deus, fur-ge, ve-ni, furge De-us, furge

ve—ni, nescit moras amor meus, furge Deus, furge Deus, furge Deus, veni,

ve—ni. Et super pennas ventorum, am—bu—la, gra—de-re, pro—pe—

—ra, vo ————— li—ta di—

—le-cte mi; & fu-per pennas Ventorum, am—bu—la, gra—de-re, pro—pe—

—ra, vo ————— li—ta di—le-cte mi, vo—

—li—ta di—le-cte mi, vo—

—li—ta di—le-cte mi.

Sett by Signior Giacomo Cariffime.



U—ci—fer, Cæ—le—stis o—lim Hierarchiæ Princeps præ—cla—

rif—fi—mus, fu—per—be ni—mi—um, fa—tu—e e—la—tus, æqualem De—o his se jac—

ta ————— bat vo—ci—bus. O me fe —

—li—cem, O me be—a—tum, Cæ—le—sti Glo—ri—a de—co —

Allegro.

—ra ————— tum.

In Cælum con—

scendam, & fu—per Aftra De—i ex—al—ta —

—de-bo in monte Te—sta-men-ti, in la-te--ri-bus a—qui-lo—nis, fu—per al—ti—

tu — — — — di-nem Nu-bi-um, fi-mi-lis e-ro al — — — —

Repeat O me felicem.

—tif—fi—mo.

Hæc Audiens summus omni-um Cre-a-tor Deus, ac-ci-tis An-ge-lis

fu—is a

—it; I—te. An—ge—li, An—ge—li me—i,

i—te, i—te, i—te for—tis—fi—mi, i—te for—tis—fi—mi, Cœ—li—stis Au—

—læ mi—li—tes; fu—per—bi—

—en—tem ex—ter—mi—na—te, ex—ter—mi—na—te Lu—ci—fe—rum.

I—te pug—na—te, fu—ga—te re—bel—les, pug—na—te, fu—ga—te re—

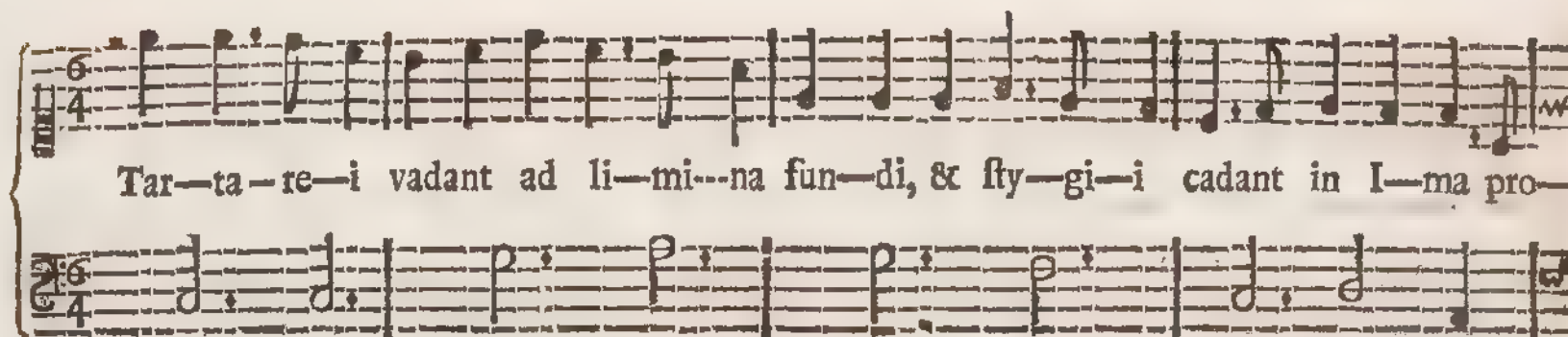
—bel—les, fu—ga—te re—bel—les: Dam—na—te fu—per—bos ad flammæ A—



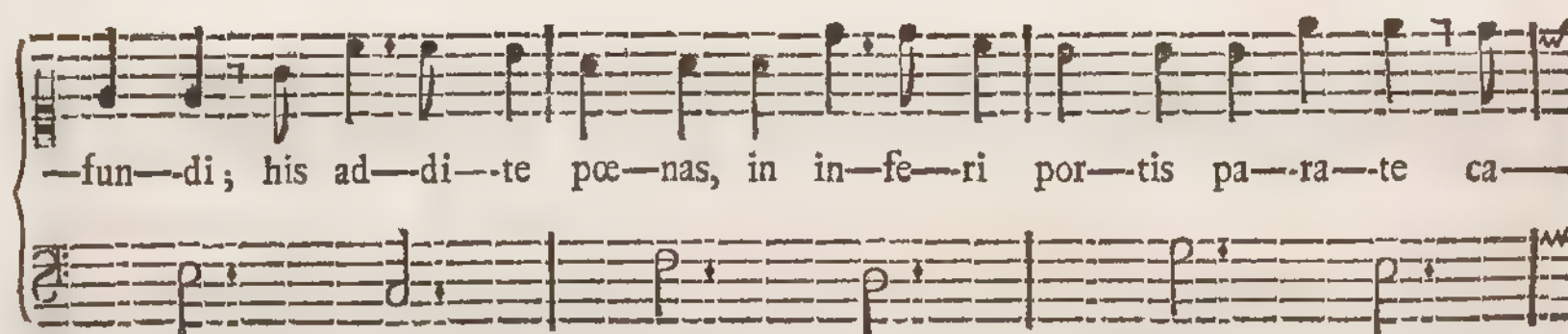
verni; ad flam—mas, ad flam—mas dam-na—te, dam—na—te, fu—per—bos, fu—



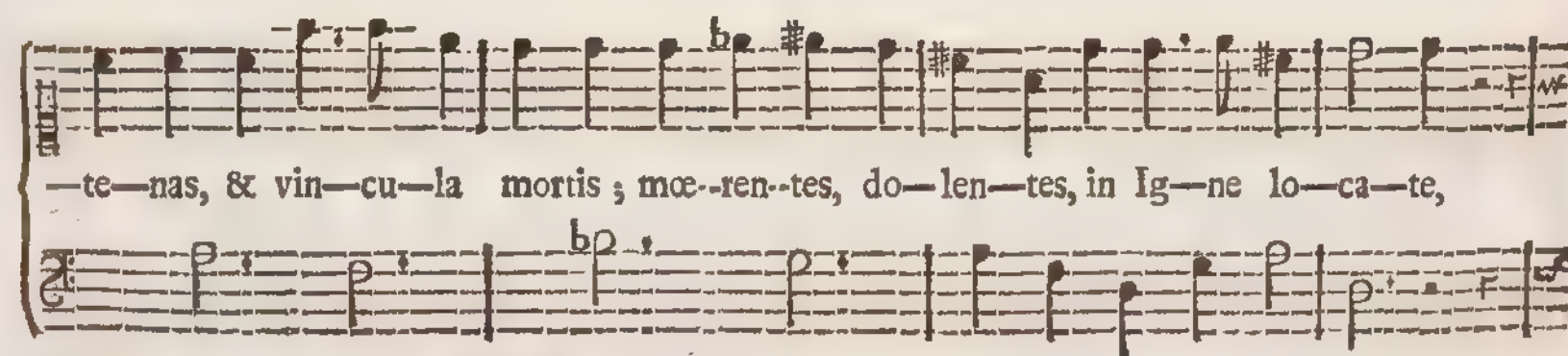
per—bos ad flam— — — — — mas, ad flam— — — — — mas A—ver—ni.



Tar—ta—re—i vadant ad li—mi—na fun—di, & fly—gi—i cadant in I—ma pro—

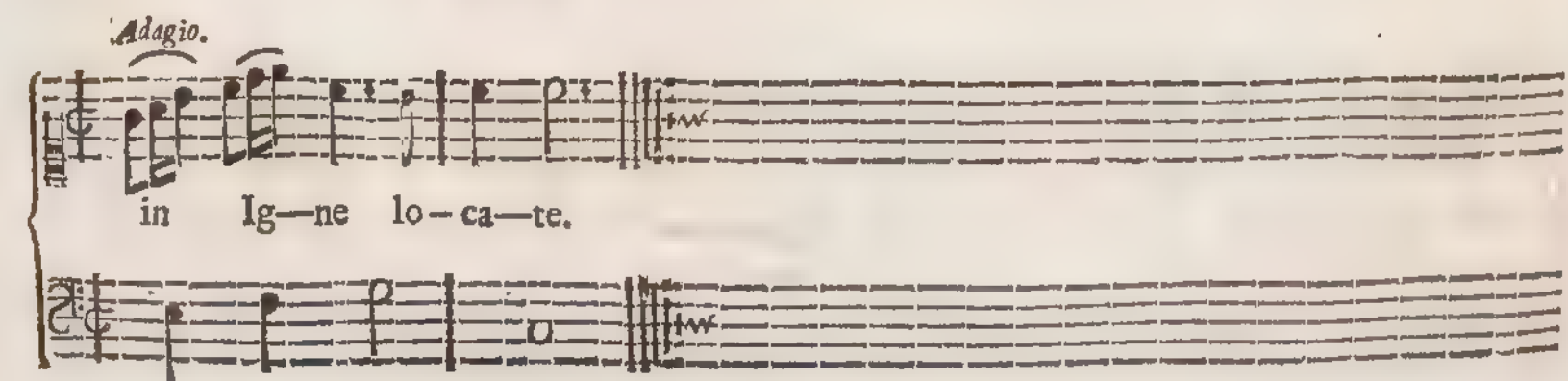


—fun—di; his ad—di—te pœ—nas, in in—fe—ri por—tis pa—ra—te ca—



te—nas, & vin—cu—la mortis; mœ—ren—tes, do—len—tes, in Ig—ne lo—ca—te,

Adagio.



in Ig—ne lo—ca—te.

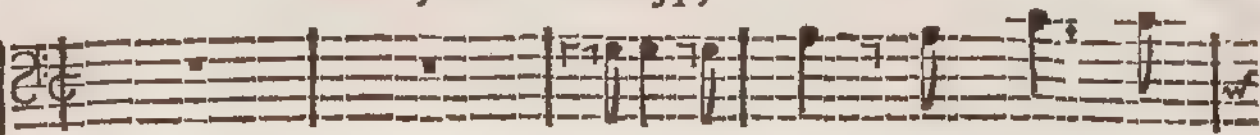
BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

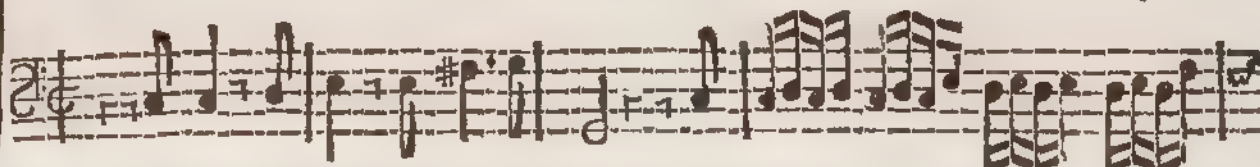
53

An Hymn upon the Last Day. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

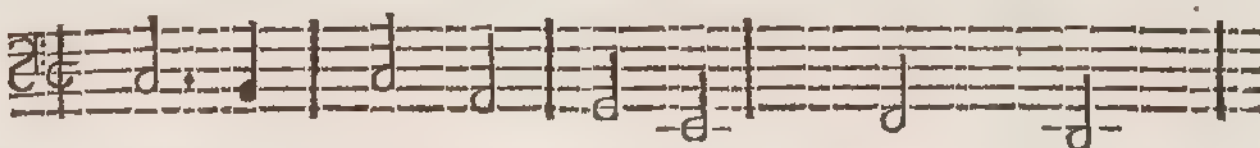
Words by Nat. Tate Esq;



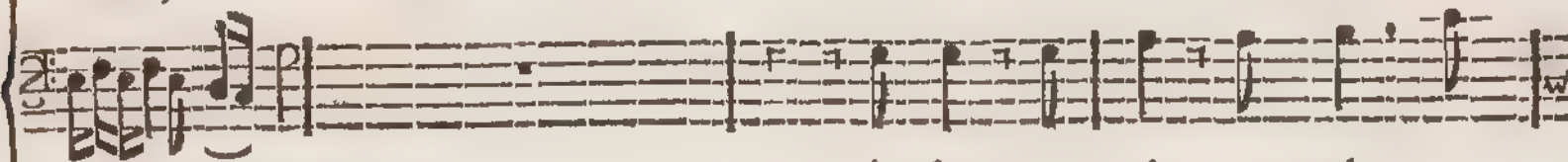
—Wake, a—wake, a—wake, ye



—Wake, awake, awake ye Dead, the Trum—

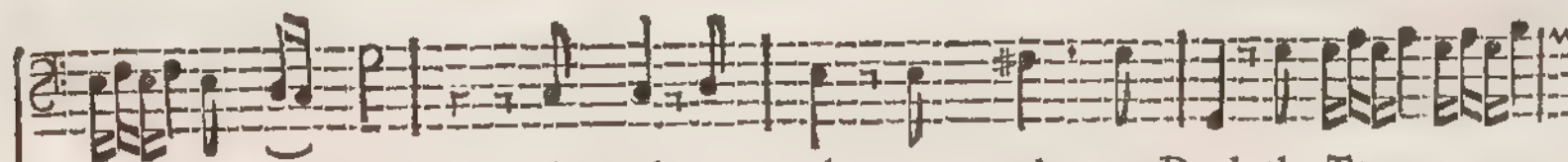
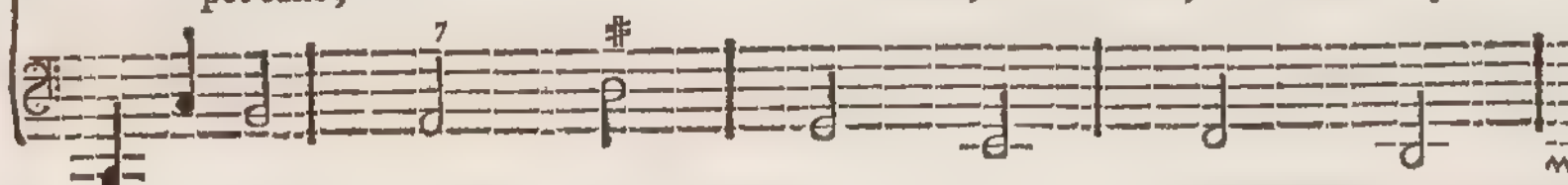


Dead, the Trum—pet calls, the Trum—



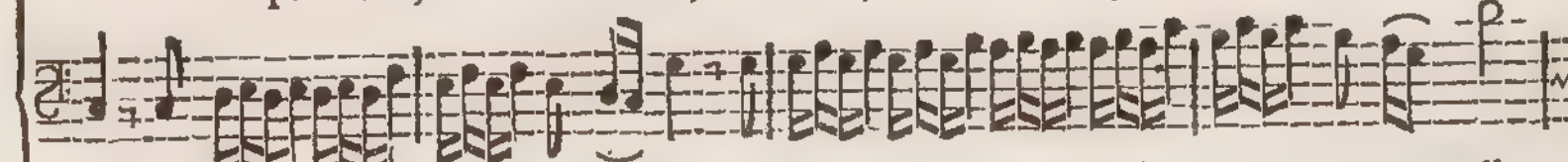
—pet calls;

Awake, a—wake, a—wake ye



—pet calls;

A—wake, a—wake, a—wake ye Dead, the Trum—



Dead, the Trum—

—pet calls, the Trum—

—pet calls,



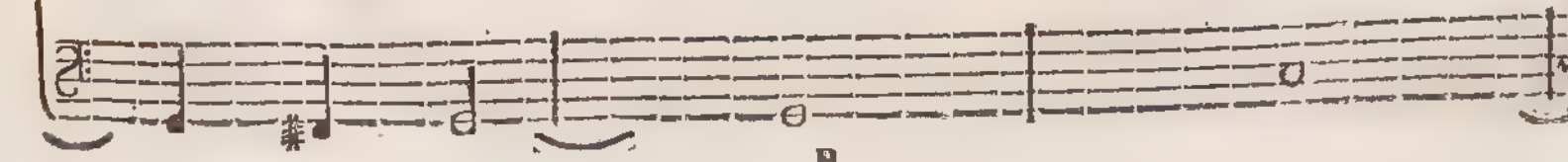
—pet calls; A—wake, a—wake, a—



the Trum—

—pet calls;

A—wake, a—



—wake, awake, awake, awake, a—wake, to Sleep, to Sleep, to Sleep no more,
 —wake, awake, awake, awake, awake, to Sleep, to Slee—p, to Sleep no mere, no, no, no

no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Sleep no more;
 more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Slee—p no more;

Hark! hark! from a—loft, from a—loft, a—loft, the fro—zen Re—gion
 Hark! hark! from aloft, from aloft, the fro—zen Re—gion

falls, with Noise so lou—d, it deafs the Ocean's
 falls, with noise so lou—d, it deafs the Ocean's

roar : A—larm'd, A—larm'd, A—larm'd, A—

roar : A—maz'd, A—maz'd, A—larm'd, A—

-maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—

—maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—

—ring Orbs come down. The Virtuous Soul a--lone ap--pears un--

—ring Orbs come down. The Virtuous Soul a--

mo—v'd, ap--pears un--mov'd ; the Virtuous Soul a--lone ap--

—lone appears, ap--pears [un-mov'd ; the Virtuous Soul a--lone, a--lone, ap--pears un--

—pears un—mov'd, ap—pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha— — — — —

—ke, while Earth's Foundations sha— — — — — ke, while Earth's Foundations shake, af—

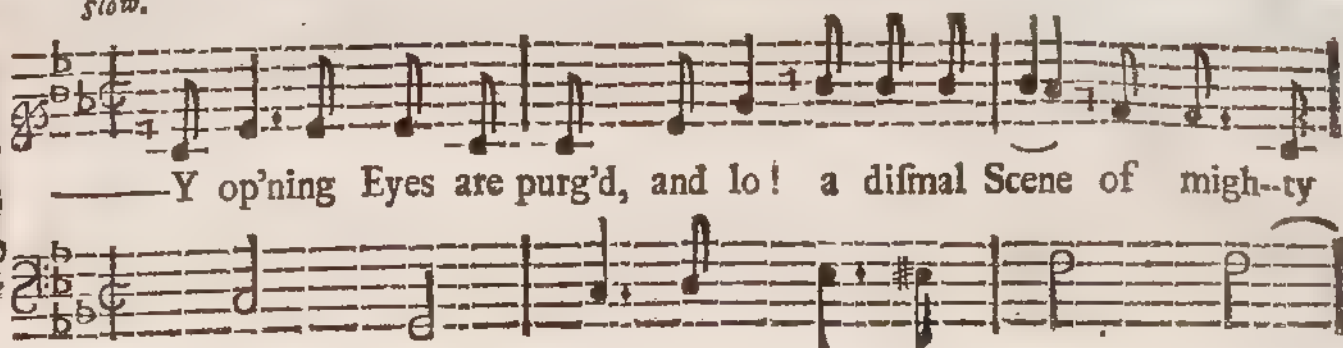
—cends, af—cends, ascends, and mocks the Universal Wreck ; af—cen— — —ds, and

af—cends, af—cends, and mocks the Universal Wreck ; af—cends, and

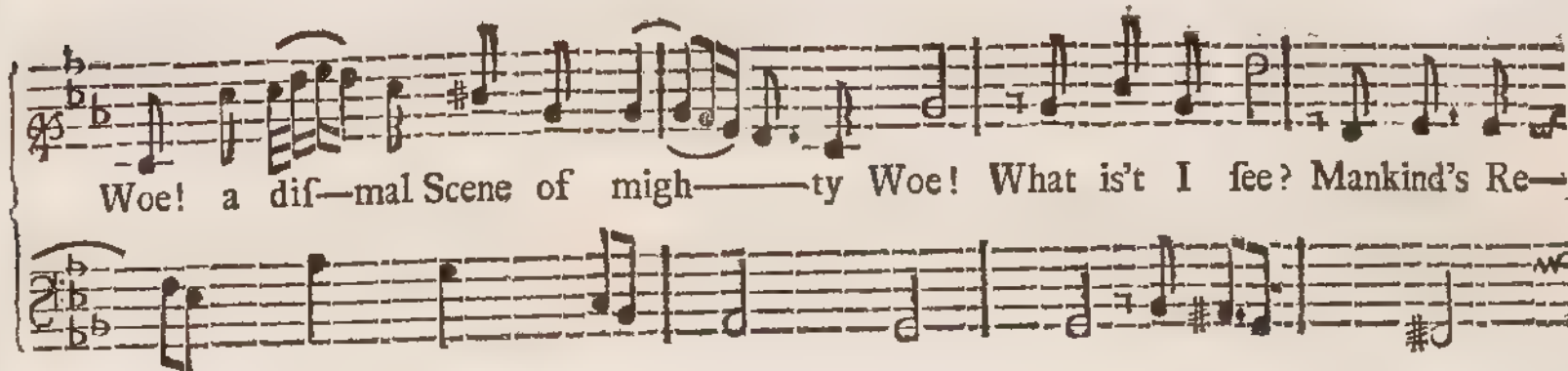
mocks the U ————— ni-ver-sal Wreck.

mocks the U ————— ni-ver-sal Wreck.

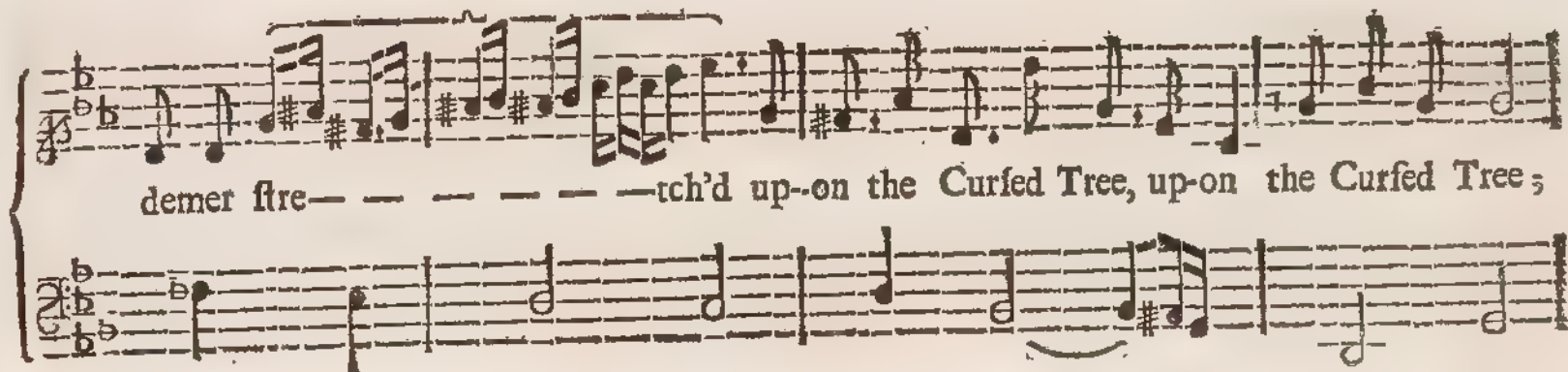
A Divine Song on the Passion of our SAVIOUR.

slow.

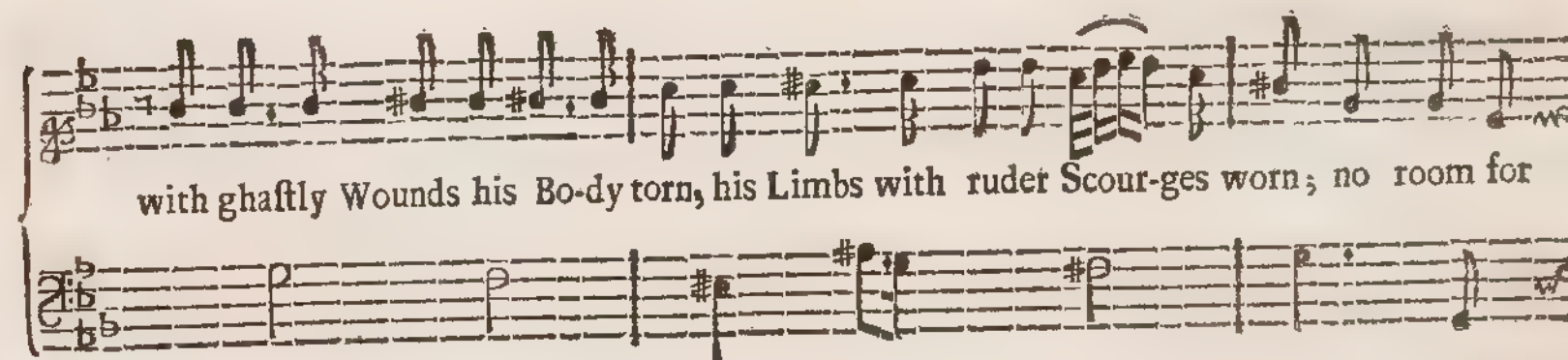
—Y op'ning Eyes are purg'd, and lo! a dismal Scene of migh-ty



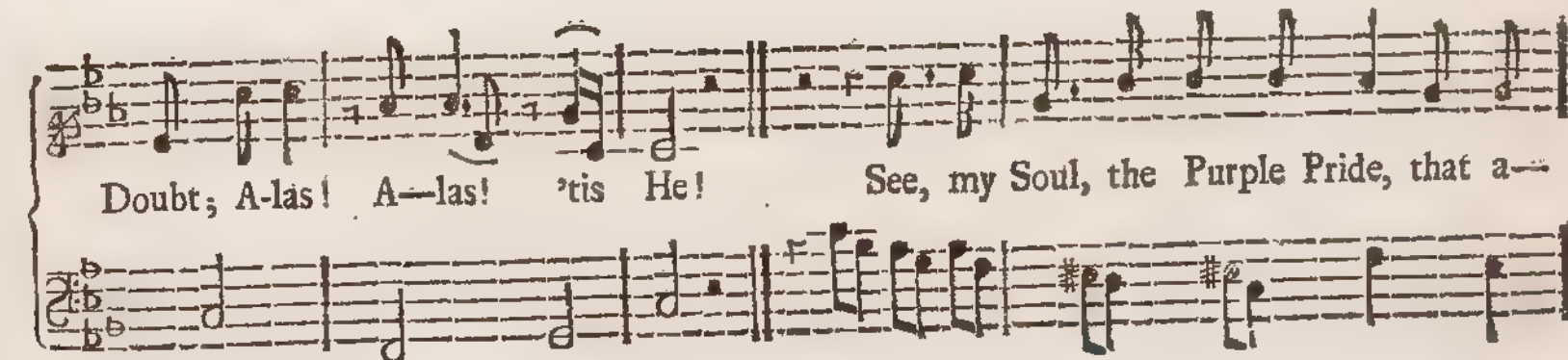
Woe! a dif-mal Scene of migh-ty Woe! What is't I fee? Mankind's Re-



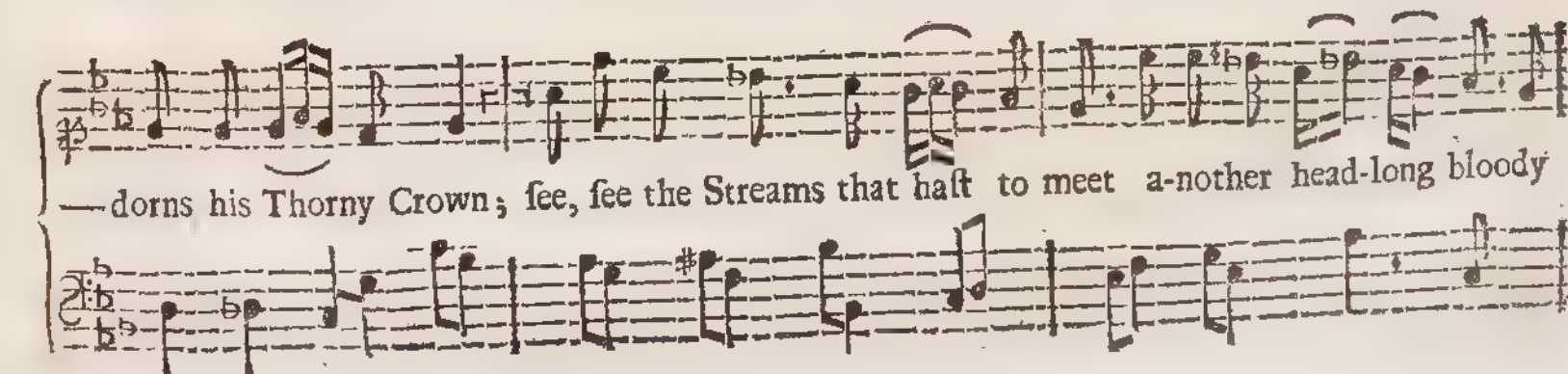
demer fire — — — — — tch'd up-on the Curfed Tree, up-on the Curfed Tree;



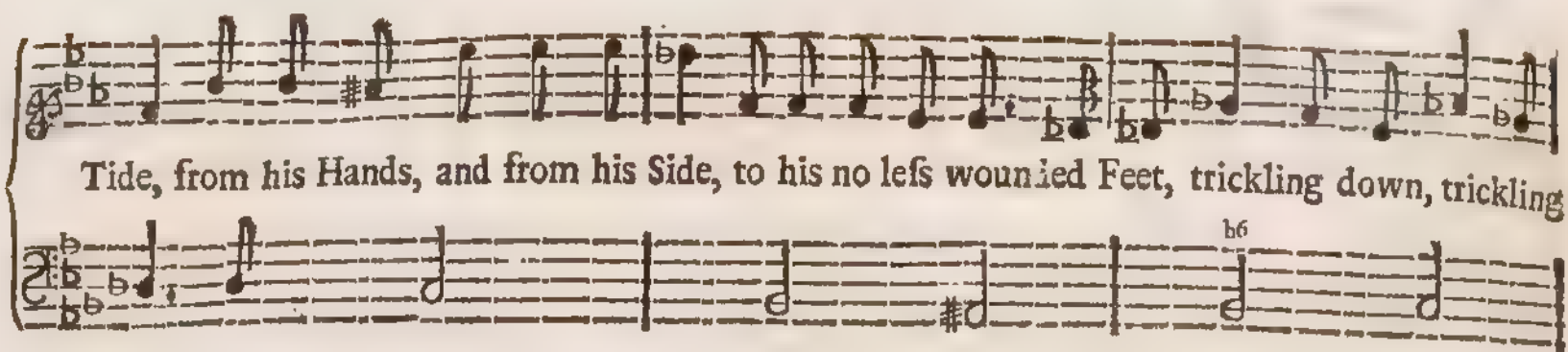
with ghastly Wounds his Bo-dy torn, his Limbs with ruder Scour-ges worn; no room for



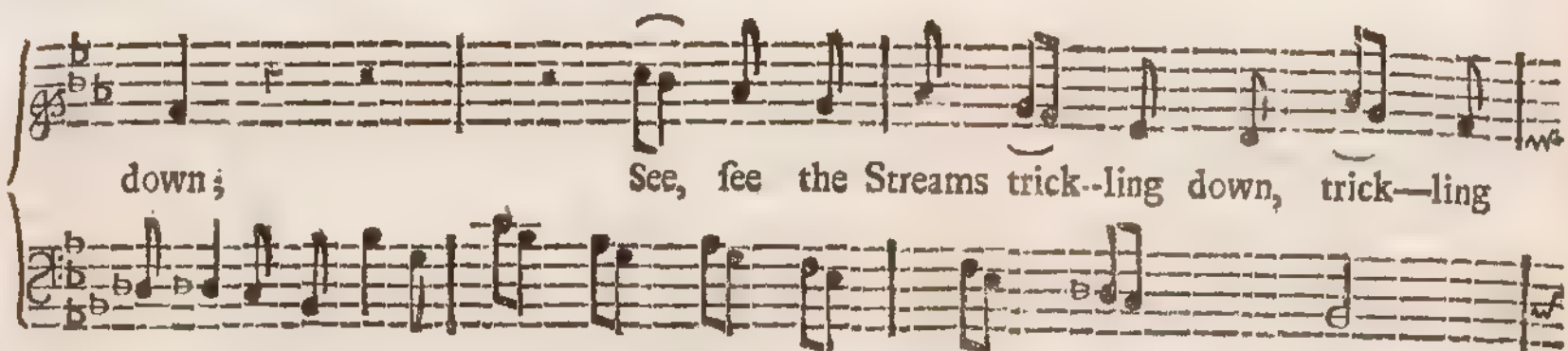
Doubt; A-las! A-las! 'tis He! See, my Soul, the Purple Pride, that a—



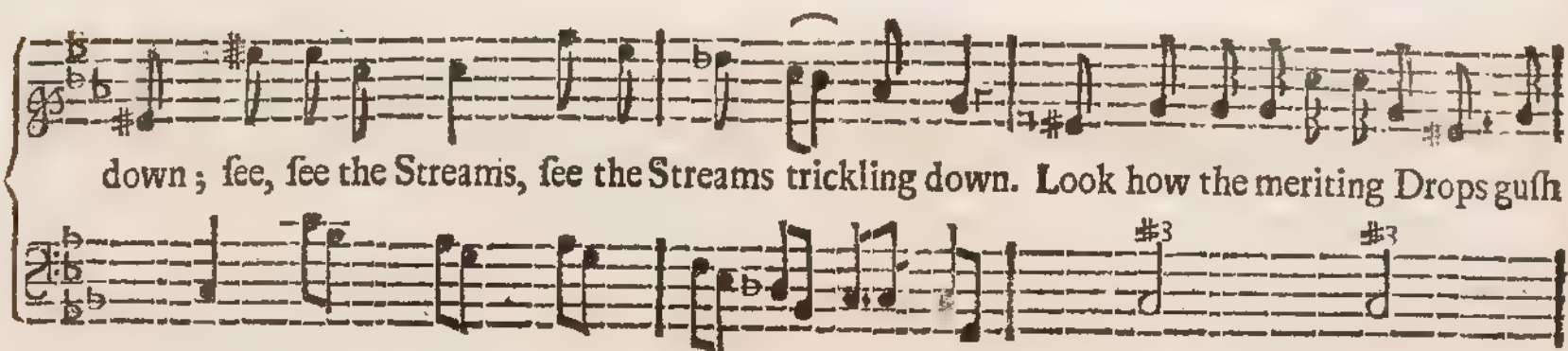
—dorns his Thorny Crown; fee, fee the Streams that halt to meet a-nother head-long bloody



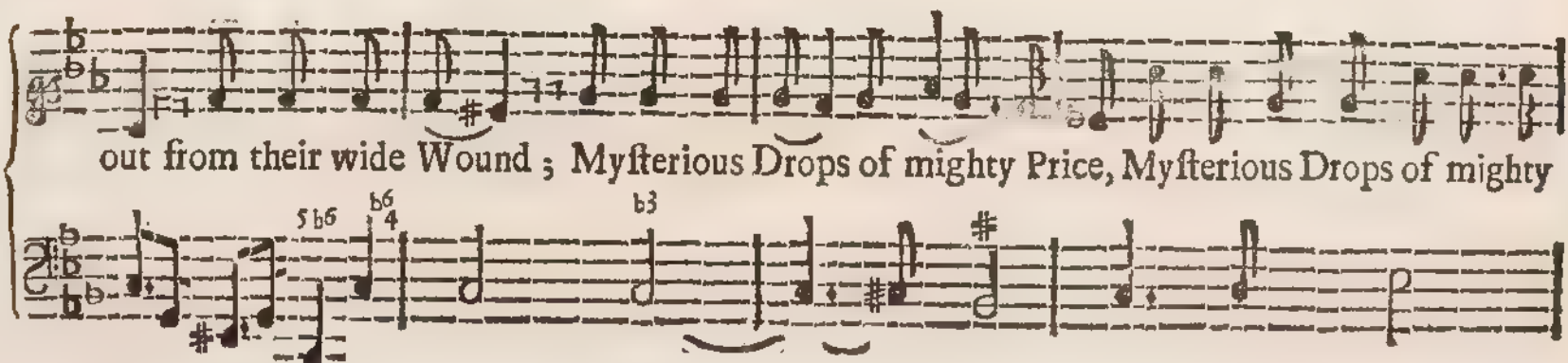
Tide, from his Hands, and from his Side, to his no less wounded Feet, trickling down, trickling



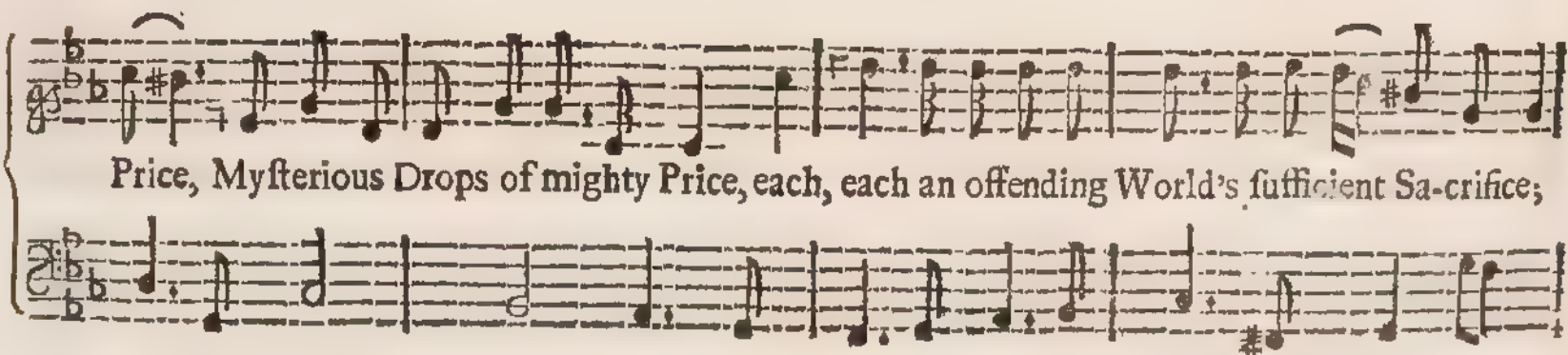
down; See, see the Streams trick-ling down, trick-ling



down; see, see the Streams, see the Streams trickling down. Look how the meriting Drops gush



out from their wide Wound; Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty



Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, each, each an offending World's ſufficient Sa-crifice;



Like common Gore they ſtain the bluſhing Earth a-round, from all his empti'd Veins they

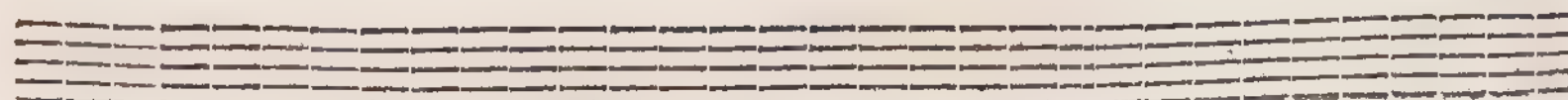
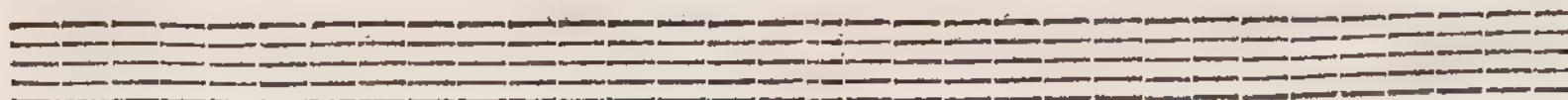
flo—w, from all his empti'd Veins they flo—w, from all his empti'd Veins they

flo—w: Profuse, and Pro-di-gal, as worthless Streams; Ah see 'em how they fall!

Ah see 'em how they fall! ah see 'em how they fall! Profuse, and

Pro-di-gal, as worthless Streams; Ah see 'em how they fall! Ah see 'em how they

fa—ll! Ah see 'em, fee 'em how they fa—ll! Ah see 'em how they fall.



A Divine HYMN, Set by Mr. Jer. Clark.

Very slow.

Blest be those sweet

Regions where E—ter—nal Peace, E—ter—nal

Peace and Mu—fick, Mu—fick, Mu—fick

are ; Blest be those, Blest, Blest be those sweet

Regions where E—ter—nal Peace and Mu—

—fick are ;

that so-lid, so-lid calm, and that bright day, where brighter An-gels Sing and

Pray, that so-lid Calm, and that bright Day, where brigh-ter An-gels

Sing and Pray, where brigh-ter An-gels Sing and Pray.

Slow. We a Ruf-fled World en-

-dure, never Ea-sy, never

ea-sy nor fe-cure; we a

Ruf—fled World en—dure, never Ea—fy; never, never, never

Ea—fy; never, never, never Ea—fy; nor Se—cure, never Ea—fy,

never, never, never Ea—fy; never, never, never Ea—fy, nor Se—cure.

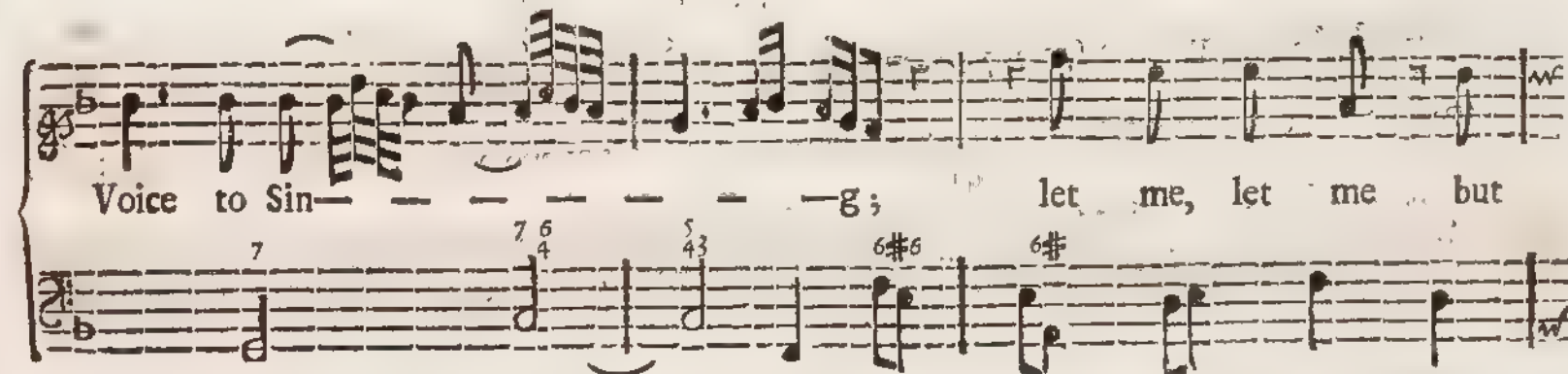
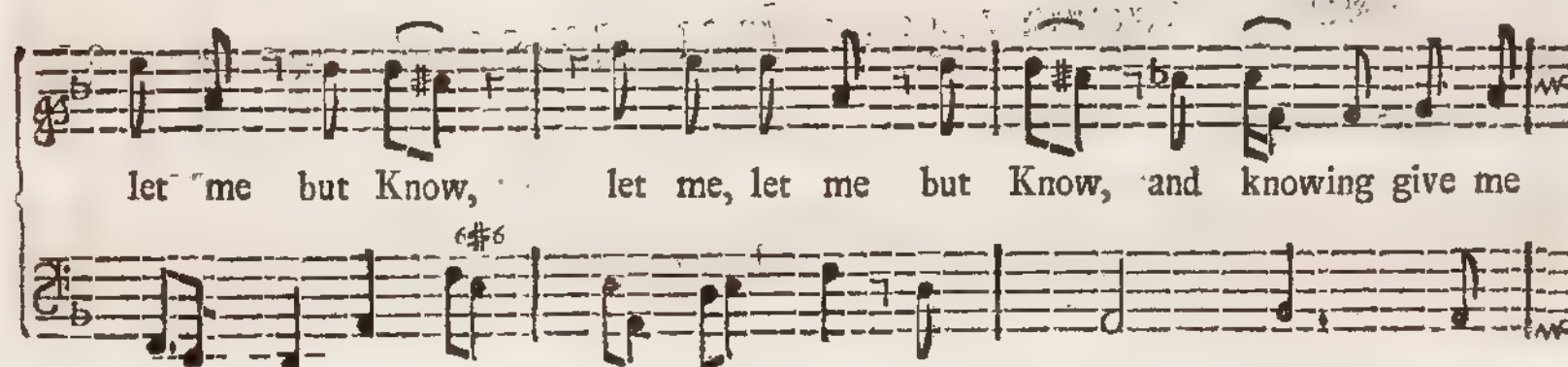
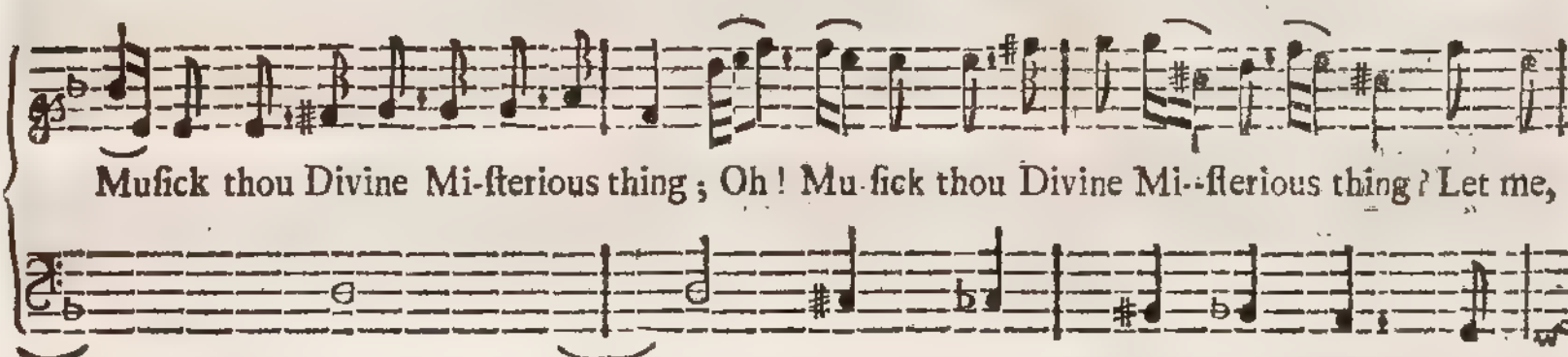
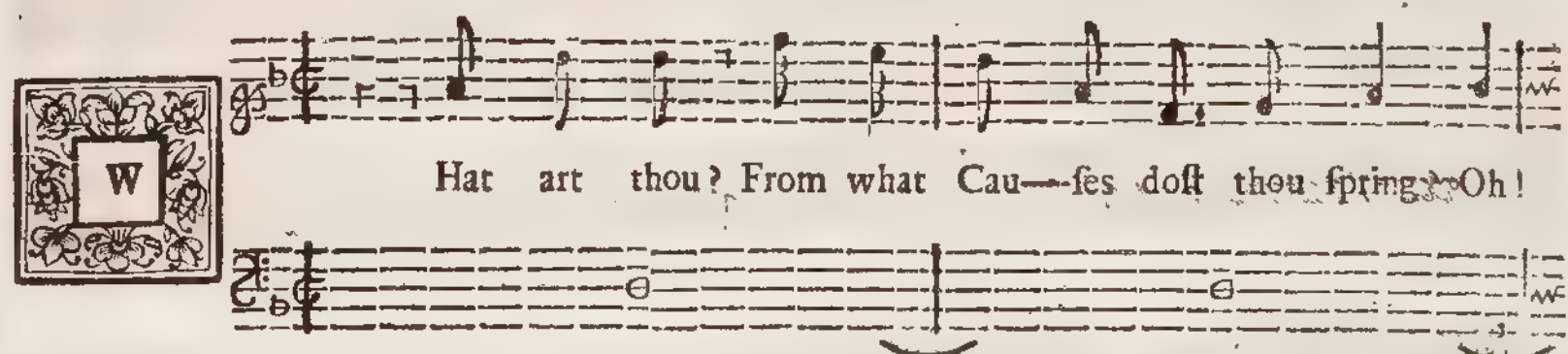
Blest be those Souls, blest, blest, blest be those Souls which dwell a—

—bove, in Ex—ta—fies of Mu— — — — —tual Love; Blest be those

Souls which dwell above, in Ex—ta—fies of mu—tual, mutual Love, in



A HYMN on Divine MUSIC. Set by Mr. William Crofts.



Art thou the warmth in Spring? Art thou the

warmth in Spring, that Ze-phire breaths? Art thou the warmth in

Spring, that Ze-phire breaths, Paint-ing the Meads, and whilst—ling

through the Leaves. The happy, happy, Season, the happy, happy Season that all

grie— — — — — f ex—iles, when God is Pleas'd and the Cre--

—a--tion Smi—les, fmi—

BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

65

lets the Cre-a-tion smiles? Or art thou Love, that mind to mind im-

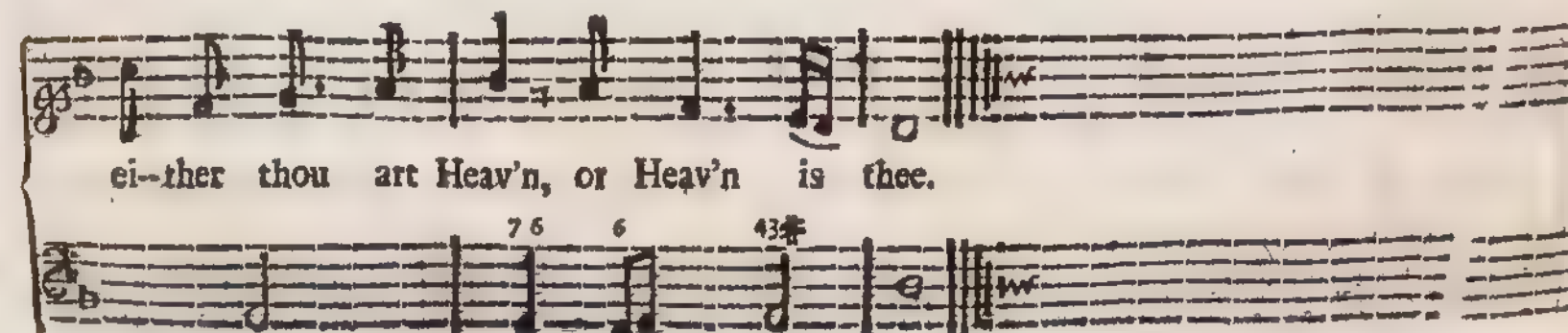
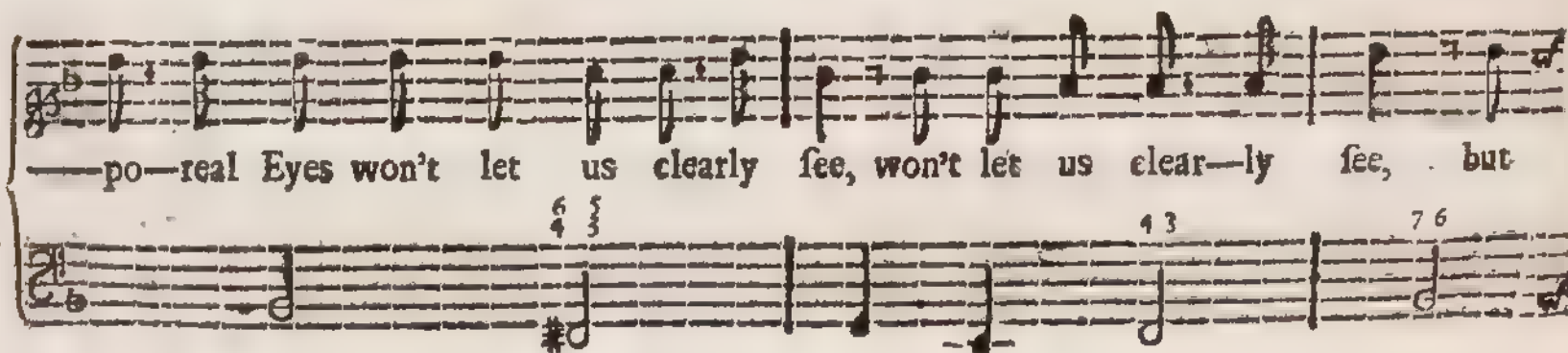
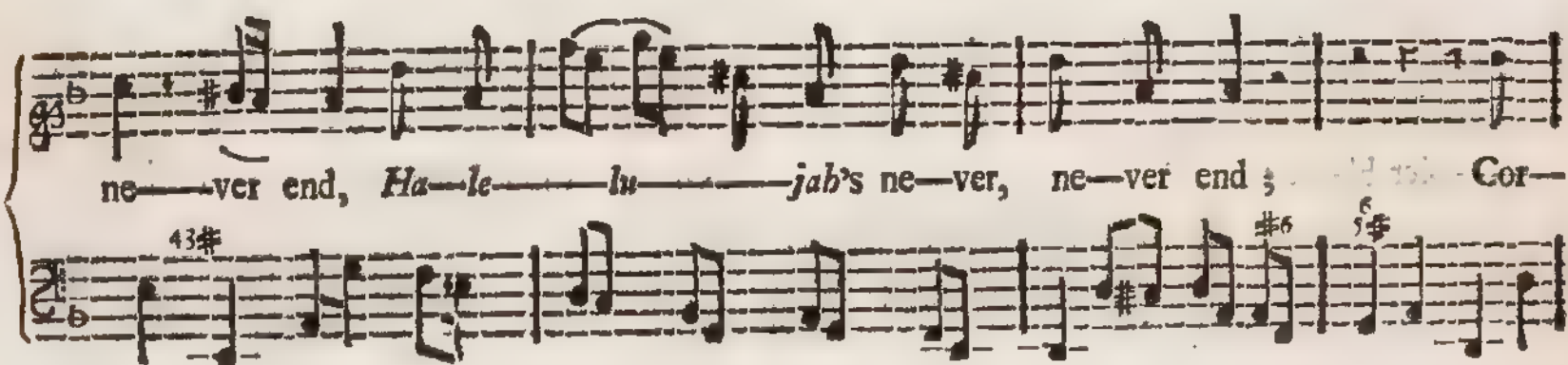
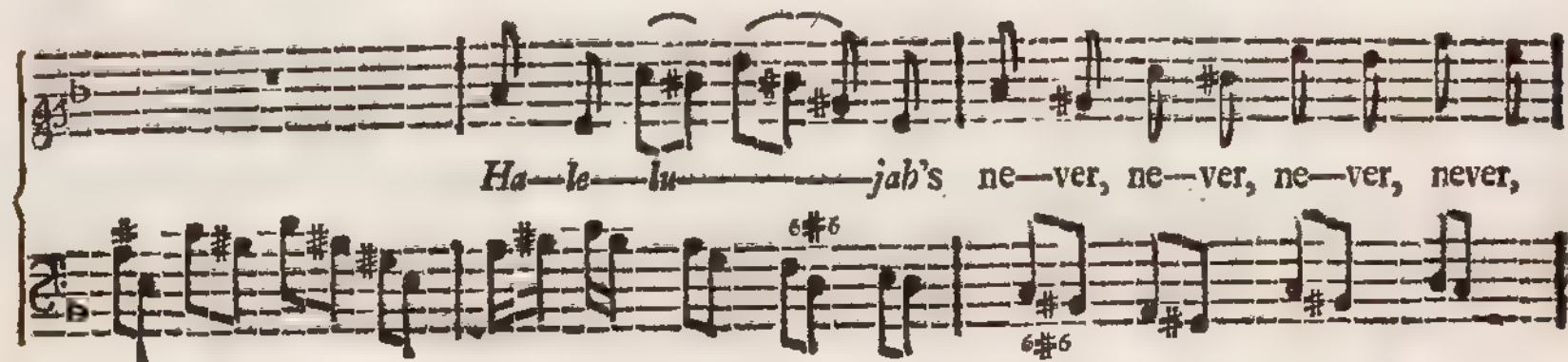
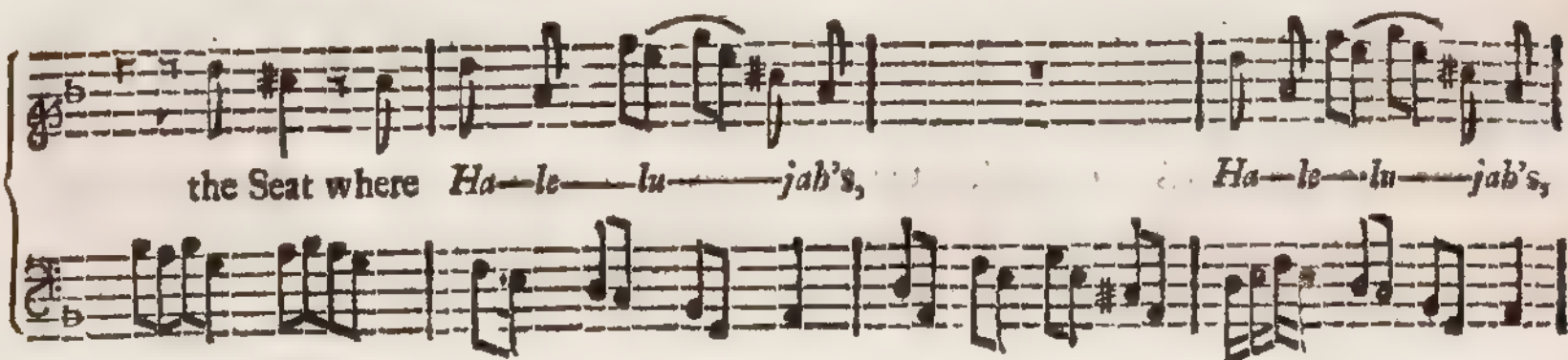
—parts, the end—less concord, the end—less concord of a-greeing Hearts?

Or art thou Friendship, yet a no—

—bler Flame? Or art thou Friendship, yet a no—

—bler Flame, that can a dearer, a dearer way, can a dearer way make

Souls the same? Or art thou ra-ther which do all transcend, the Centre which at

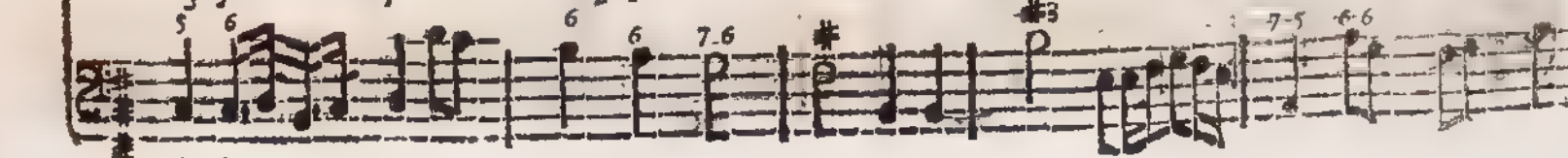
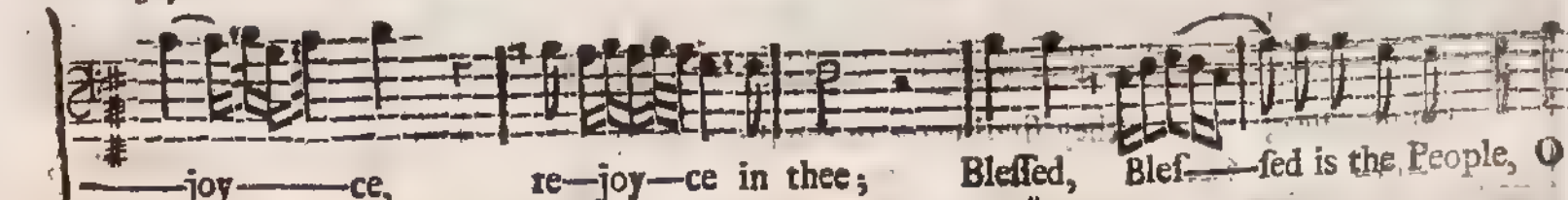
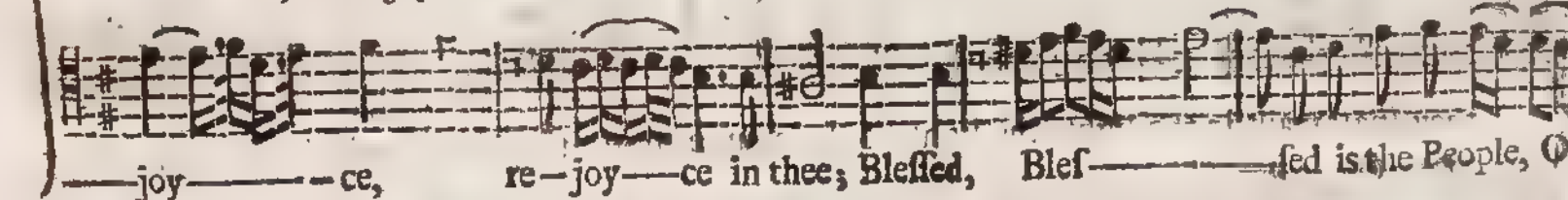
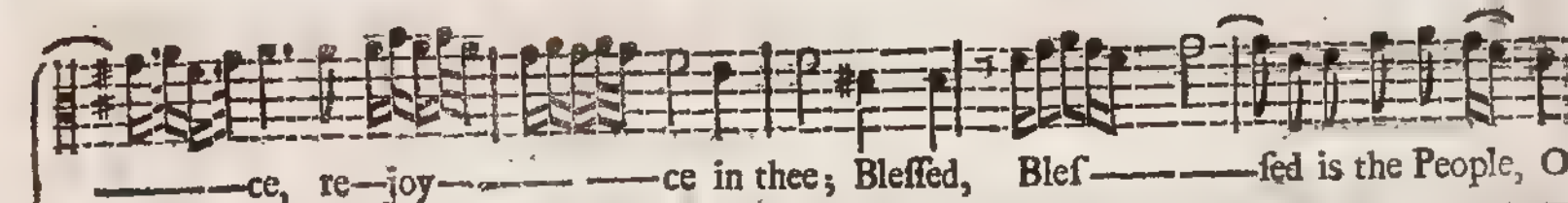
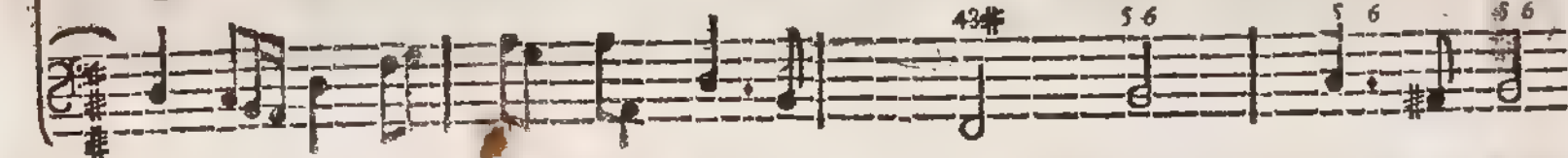
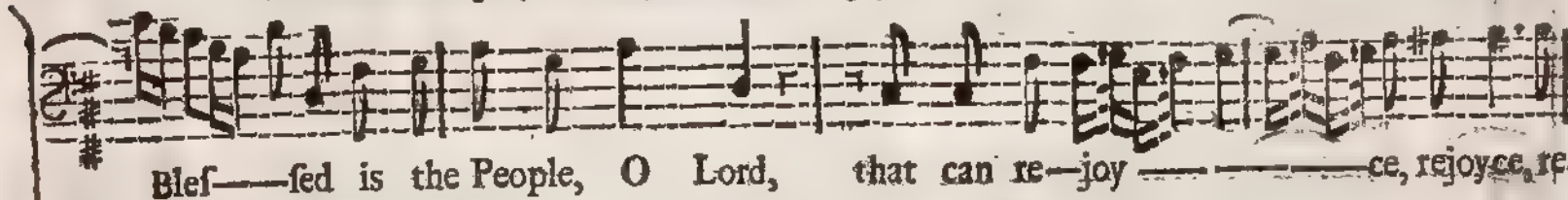
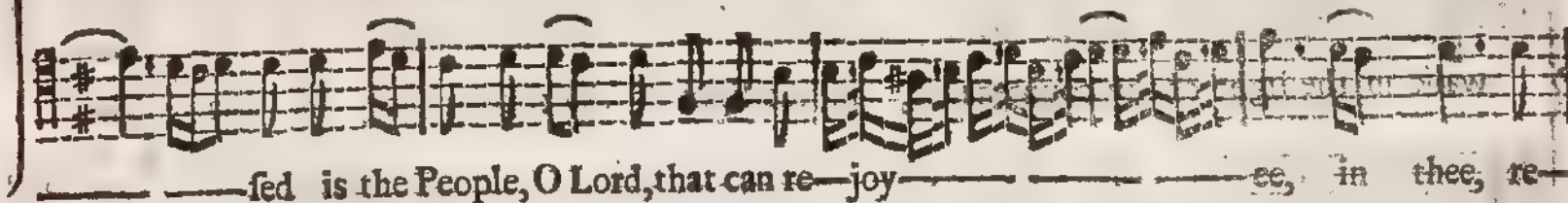
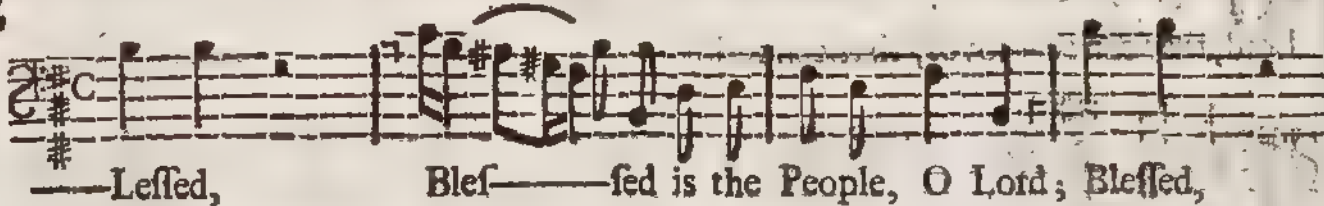
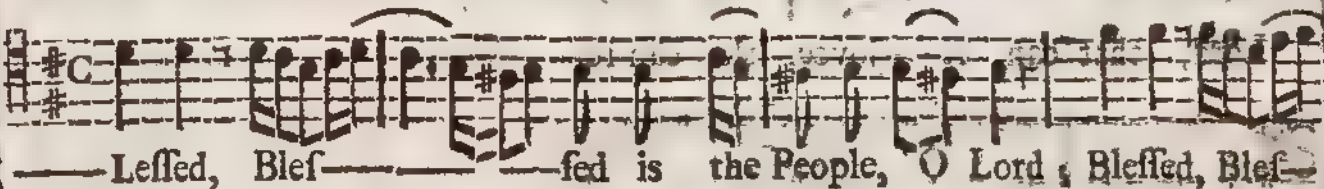
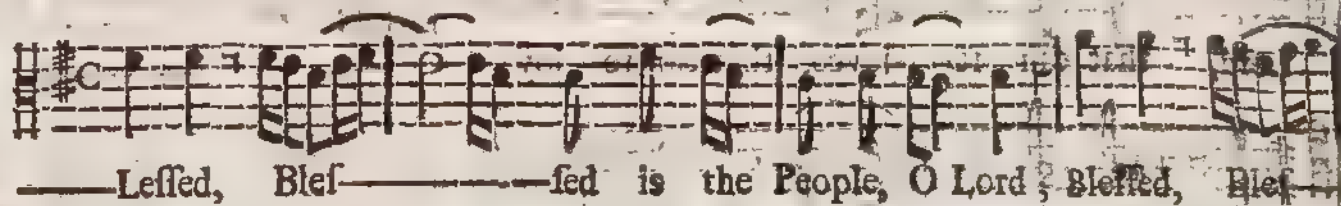


BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

67

An ANTHEM, Set by Mr. William Croft. Psal. 89. v. 16, 17, 18, 19.



Lord, that can re-joyce, that can re-joyce in thee;

Lord, that can re-joyce, that can re-joyce, re-joyce in thee; they shall

Lord, that can re-joyce, that can re-joyce, re-joyce in thee;

thy shall walk in the light of thy countenance, in the light of thy

walk in the light of thy countenance, in the light of thy countenance, in the light,

they shall walk in the light of thy

countenance, they shall walk in the light, in the light of thy

they shall walk in the light, the light of thy countenance; they shall walk in the light of thy

countenance, they shall walk in the light, shall walk in the light of thy countenance,

BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

69

countenance, in the light, in the light, in the light, they shall
countenance, in the light, in the light, in the light, they shall walk in the
they shall walk in the light, they shall walk in the light, they shall walk in the light, they shall walk in the

RITTO.

walk in the light of thy countenance.
light in the light of thy countenance.
light, in the light of thy countenance.

SOLO.

SOLO. Their delight shall be dai—ly, be

dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly in thy Name:

Their de—light shall be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly in thy

Name, and in thy righ—teous—ness, shall they make their boast.

Their delight shall be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be dai—ly, be

dai—ly in thy Name, and in thy Righ—teousness shall they make their boast,

and in thy Righ—teous—ness, and in thy

Righ—teous—ness, shall they make their

boast, and in thy Righ—teousness, shall they make their boast, in thy

Righ—teousness, shall they make their boast, in thy Righ—teous—ness,

in thy Righ—teousness, shall they make their

boast.

SOLO for a BASS.

BASS Loud Organ.

Soft. For thou art the glo-ry, the glo-ry, the

glo-ry of their strength:

Loud Organ.

For thou art the glo-ry, the

Soft.

glo-ry, the glo-ry of their strength: And in thy

loving, loving kindness, in thy lo-ving kindness, thou shalt lift up,

— lift up our horns; for thou art the glo—ry, the glo—ry, the

glo—ry, the glory of their strength; and in thy lo—ving

kindness, and in thy lo—ving kindness, thou shalt lift up, lift

Loud. *Soft.*

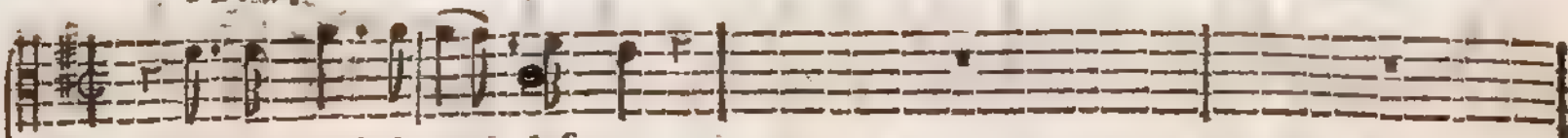
up, lift up our horns; thou shalt lift up, lift up, lift

Loud. *Soft.* *Loud.* *Soft.* *Loud.*

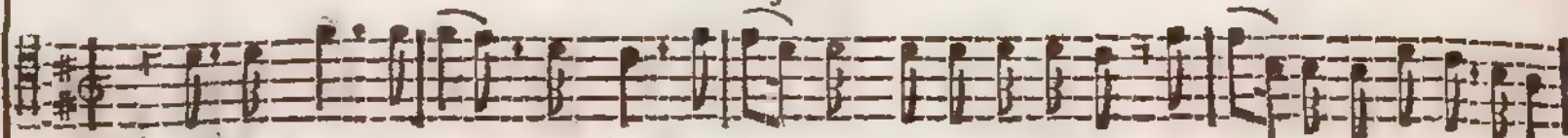
up our horns.

Soft.

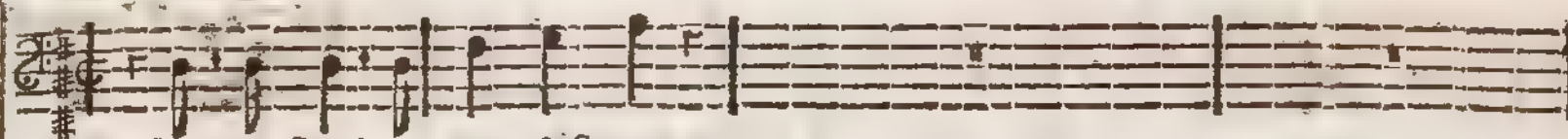
Loud Organ.

Slow.

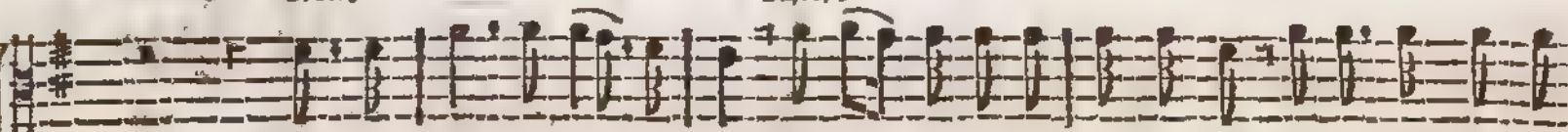
For the Lord is our defence:

Faster.

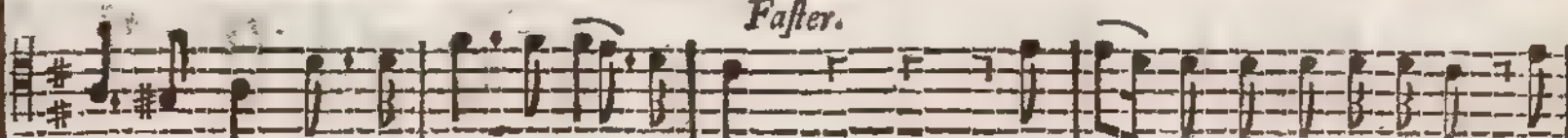
For the Lord is our defence: the ho—ly one of Is—rael, the ho—ly one of Is—rael



For the Lord is our defence:

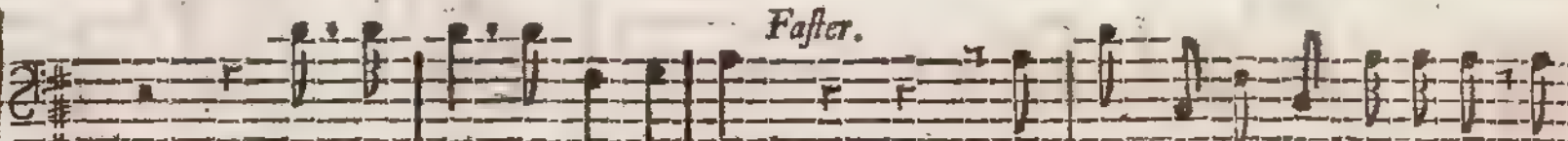
*Slow.**Faster.*

For the Lord is our defence, the ho—ly one of Is—rael, the ho—ly one of

Faster.

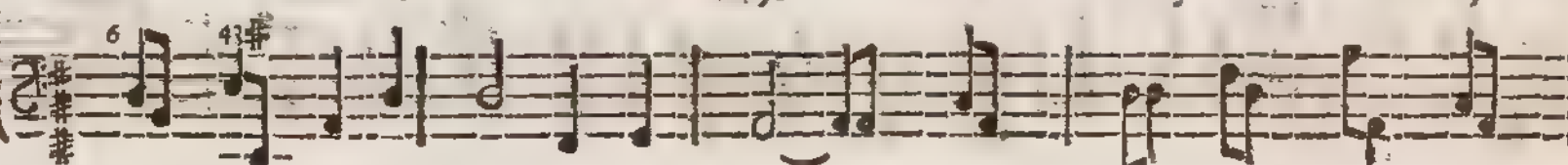
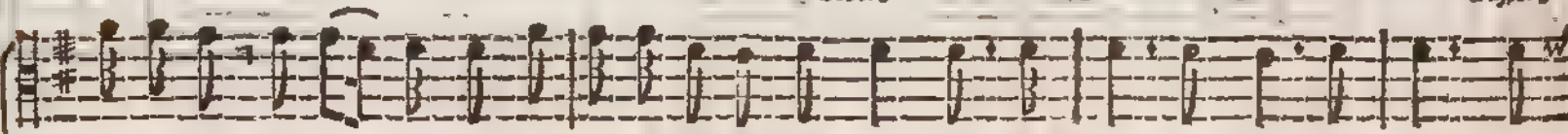
is our king, for the Lord is our defence,

the ho—ly one of Is—rael, the

Faster.

For the Lord is our defence;

the ho—ly one of Is—rael, the

*Slow.**Faster.*

Is—rael, the ho—ly one of Is—rael is our king. For the Lord is our defence: The



ho—ly one of Is—rael, of Is—rael is our king, for the Lord is our defence: The



ho—ly one of Is—rael, of Is—rael is our king; for the Lord is our defence:



BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

75

ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, of
 ho-ly one of If-ra-el, of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of
 the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of

If-ra-el is our king, of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of
 If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the
 If-ra-el is our king, of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the

If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king.
 ho-ly one, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, of If-ra-el, is our king.
 ho-ly one, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, of If-ra-el is our king.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hallelujah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah, Hallelujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, :: :: ::

Hallelujah, :: :: ::

Softe.

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hallel-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

77



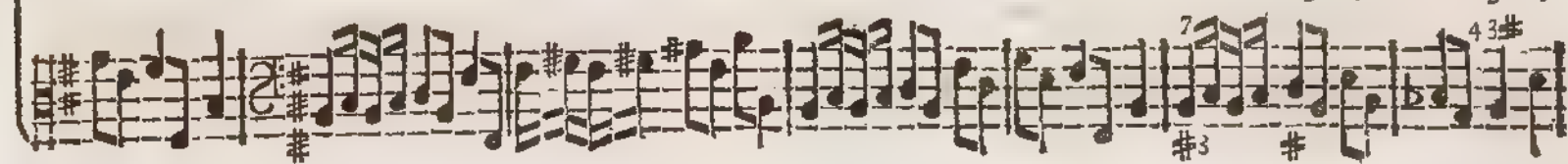
Hal—le—lujah, Hal—le—lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,



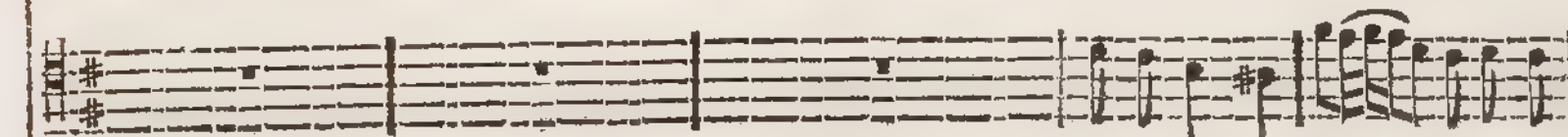
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,



Hallelujah, Hallelujah,



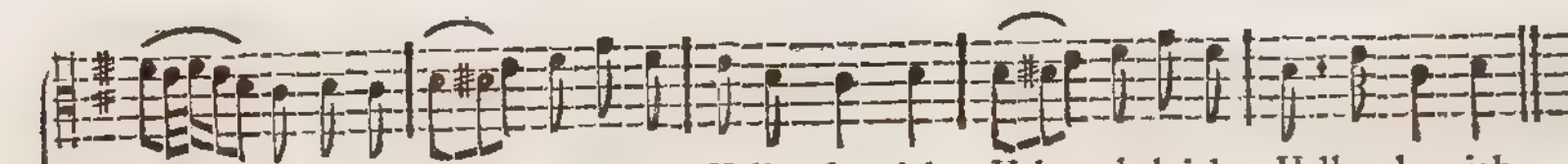
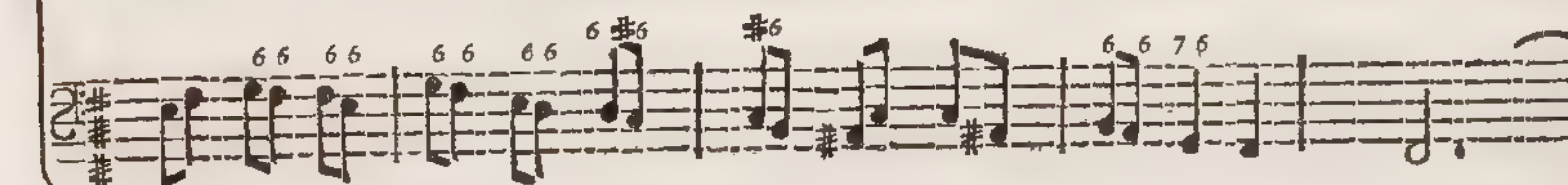
Hal—le-lujah, Hal—le-lujah, Hal—le-lujah,



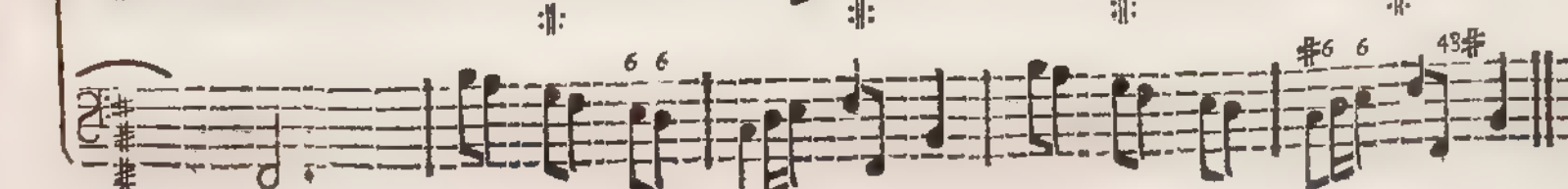
Halle-lu-jah, Hal—le-lujah,



Halle—lu—jah,



Hal—le-lujah, Hal—le-lujah, Halle—lu—jah, Hal—le-lujah, Halle—lu—jah.



X

CHORUS.

slow.

For the Lord is our defence: The ho-ly one of

For the Lord is our defence: The ho-ly one of If-rael, is our

For the Lord is our defence: The holy one of If-rael, the holy one of If-rael is our

For the Lord is our defence:

Figured Bass: #6 4 3 #6 7 2 6 7 6

If-rael is our king, the ho-ly one of If-rael, the holy one of If-rael

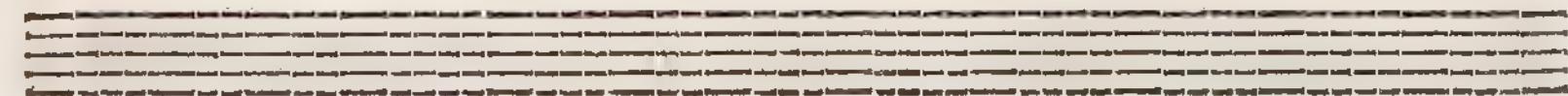
king, the holy one of If-rael is our king, the ho-ly one, the holy one of If-rael

king, the holy one of If-rael, of If-rael

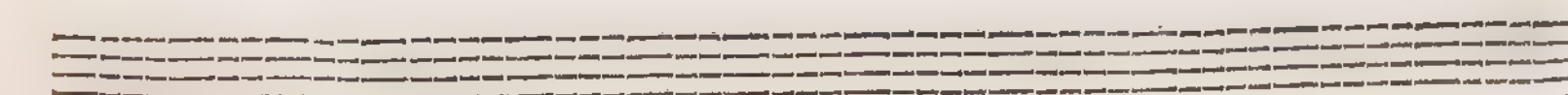
The holy one of If-rael is our king, the ho-ly one, the ho-ly one of If-rael

Figured Bass: 6 4 2 6 7 6 4 3 7 6 9 8 4 3 #6 3#

is our king, for the Lord is our defence:
is our king, for the Lord, the Lord is our defence; the holy one of If-ra-el is—
is our king, for the Lord, the Lord is our defence; the holy one of If-ra-el
is our king, for the Lord, the Lord is our defence;



The ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king, is our king, the ho-ly one of
our king, the holy one of If-ra-el, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our
is our king, the holy one of If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one of
the holy one of Israel is our king, of If-ra-el is our king;



If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one of If-rial, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, the ho-king, is our king, the ho-ly one of If-ra-el, of If-ra-el, the If-ra-el is our king, the ho-ly one, the holy one of If-ra-el, the the ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king, our king, the holy one of

ly one of If-ra-el is our king.
 ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king.
 ho-ly one of If-ra-el is our king.
 If-ra-el, of If-ra-el is our king.

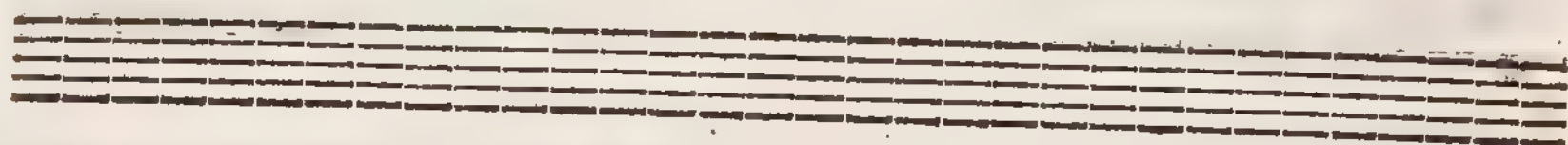
An ANTHEM Set by Dr. Blow. Rev. 7. v. 9.

RITOR.

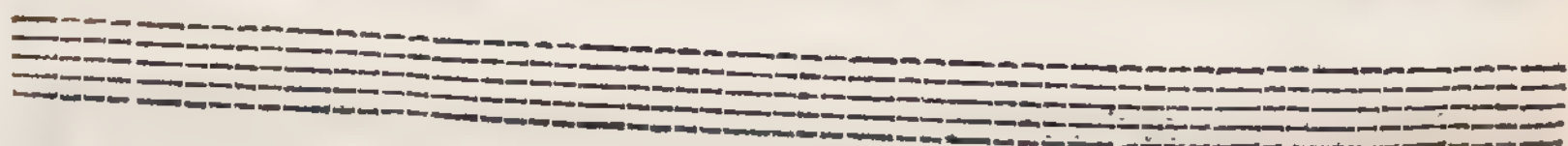
I beheld and lo, and lo a great multitude,
 I beheld and lo, and
 I beheld and lo a great multitude,
 I beheld and

which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and
 lo a great multitude, which no man could number,
 which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and
 lo a great multitude, which no man could number,
 65 6 5

people, who stood be—fore the Throne, clothed with
of all nations, and kindreds, and people;



white robes, and palms were in their hand— = — = — = — s. Cho.
clothed with white robes, and palms were in their hands. Cho.
white robes, and palms were in their hands. Cho.
clothed with white robes, and palms were in their hands. Cho.



CHORUS.

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, which no man could number,

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, which no man could number,

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul—titude, which no man could number,

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul-titude, and lo a great mul—titude, which

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. I beheld and lo a great multitude, and lo a great mul—titude, which

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. And lo a great multitude wch no man could number, wch

VERS. CHO. VERSE.

CHO. I beheld and lo a great mul-titude, and lo a great multitude, wch no man could number, wch

VERS. CHO.

CHO. Verse.
of all nations, and kindreds, and people,

CHO. Verse.
of all nations, and kindreds, and people,

CHO. Verse.
of all nations, and kindreds, and people,

CHO. Verse.
no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people, who stood before the throne,

CHO. Verse.
no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne,

CHO. Verse.
no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne

CHO. Verse.
no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne,

CHO. Verse.
no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, who stood before the throne,

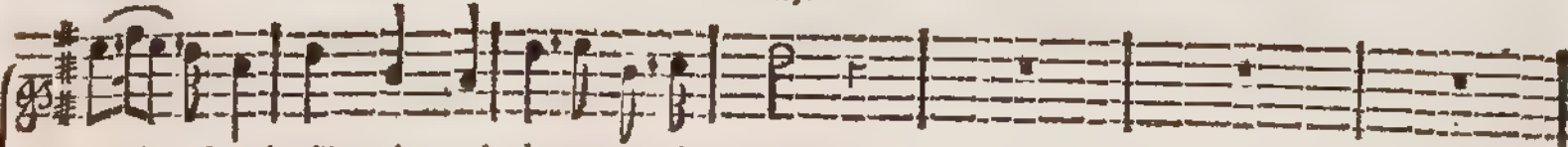
BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

85

CHO.

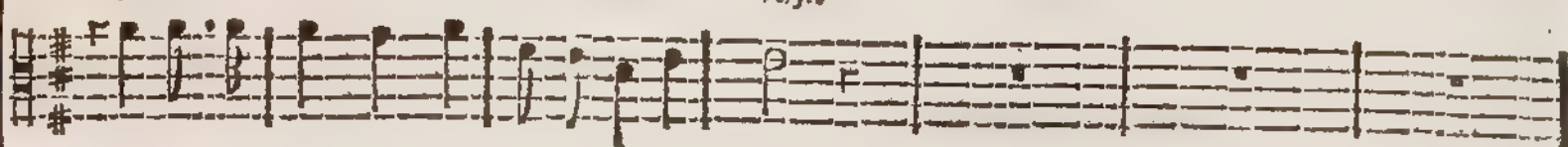
Verse.



cloath—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,

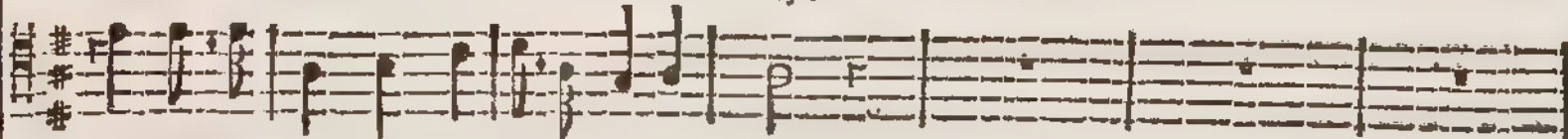
CHO.

Verse.



CHO.

Verse.



cloathed with white robes, and &c.

CHO.

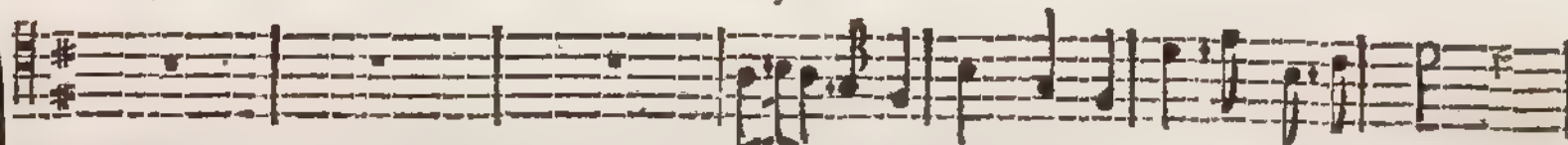
Verse.



cloath—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,

CHO.

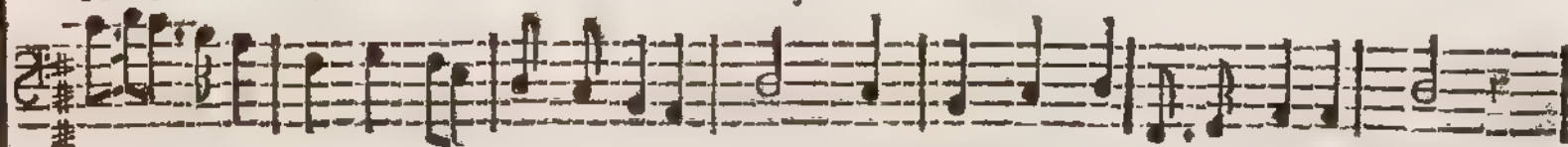
Verse.



cloath—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands,

CHO.

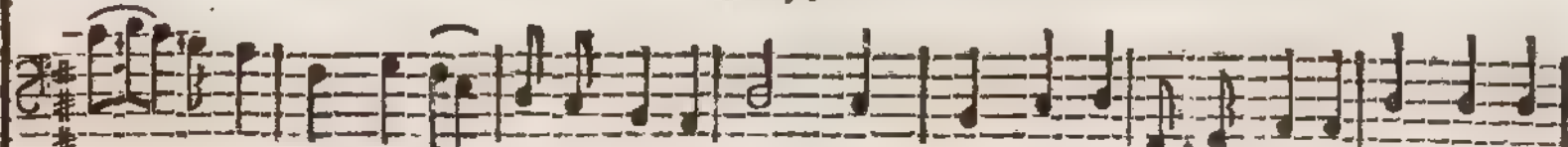
Verse.



with white robes, and palms were in their hands,

CHO.

Verse.



cloath—ed with white robes, and palms were in their hands, with white robes, & palms were in their hands, and they



Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lujah,

cry'd, they cry'd with a loud voice, say-ing Hallelujah,

say-ing, halle-lu-jah, saying halle-lu-jah, say-ing, halle-lujah, halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah,

say-ing, halle-lujah, say-ing halle-lu-jah, say-ing, halle-lujah, halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah,

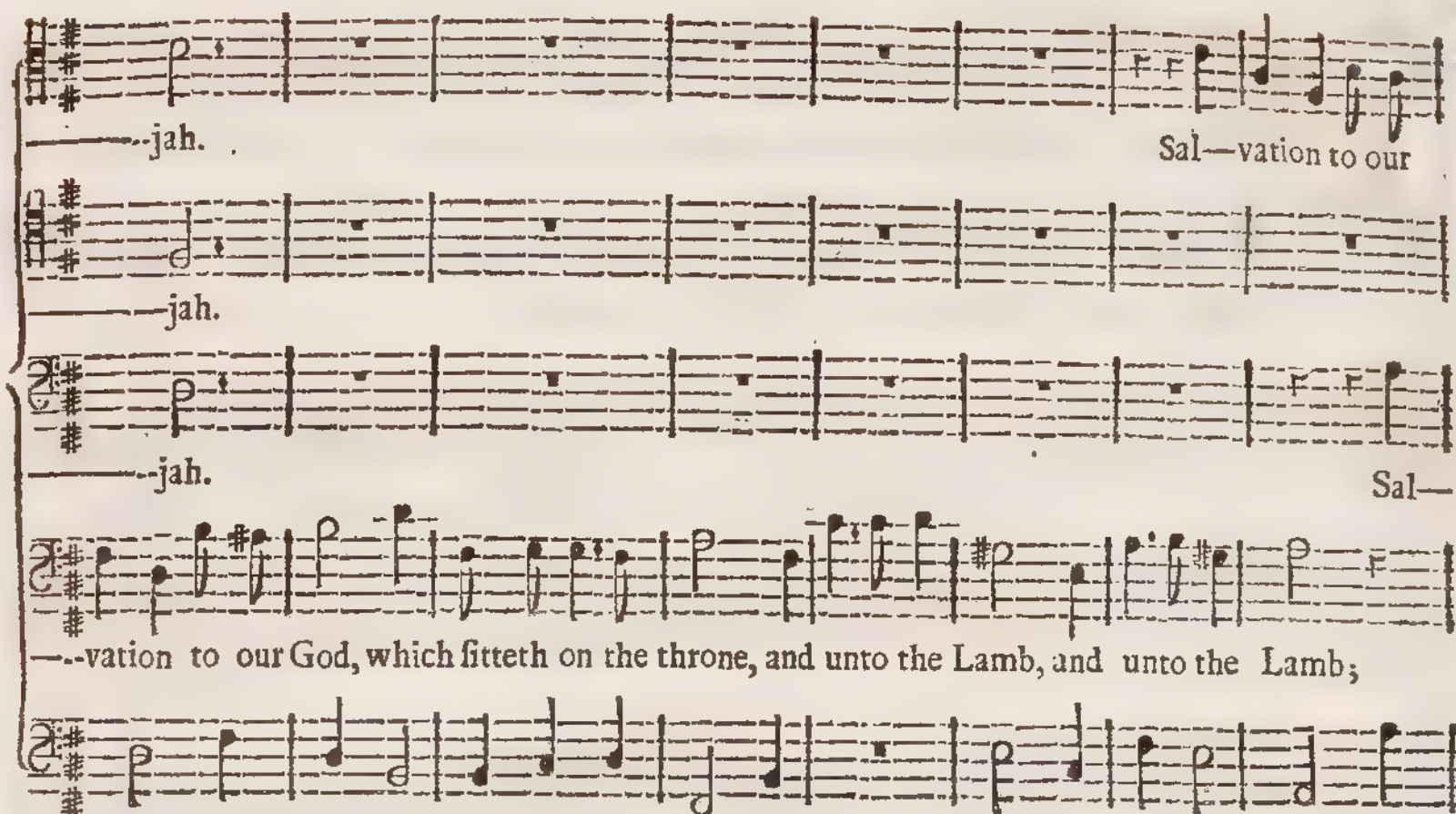
say-ing, halle-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, saying, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,

Sal-

BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

87



—jah. Sal—vation to our

—jah.

—jah. Sal—

—vation to our God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb;



God, to our God, which sitteth on the Throne; fal—vation to our

and un—to the Lamb, unto the Lamb;

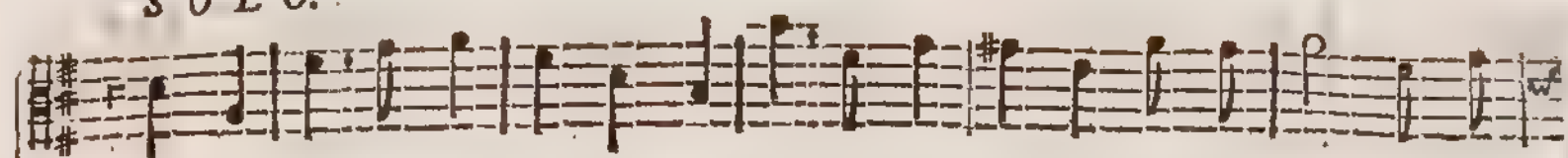
—vation to our God, which sitteth on the Throne;

and unto the Lamb, which sitteth on the Thro—

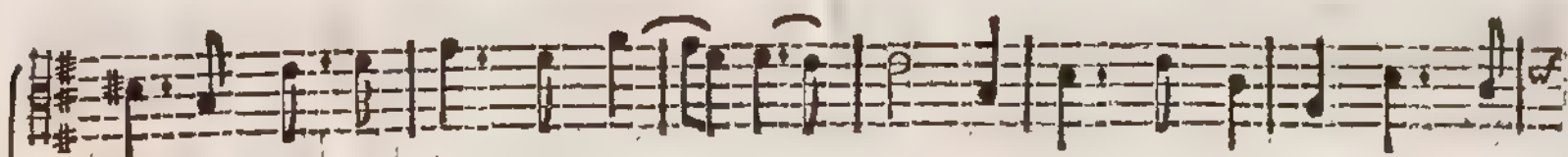
God, to our God which sitteth on the Throne, and un-to the Lamb, and unto the Lamb, which
 salvation to our God, which sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb,
 sitteth on the Throne, which sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb,
 ne; salvation to our

sitteth on the Throne, on the Throne, and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb.
 and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb.
 and unto the Lamb, and unto the Lamb.
 God, which sitteth on the Throne, and unto the Lamb.

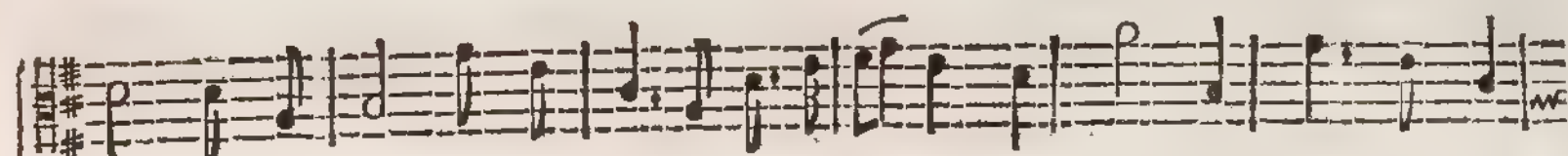
S O L O.



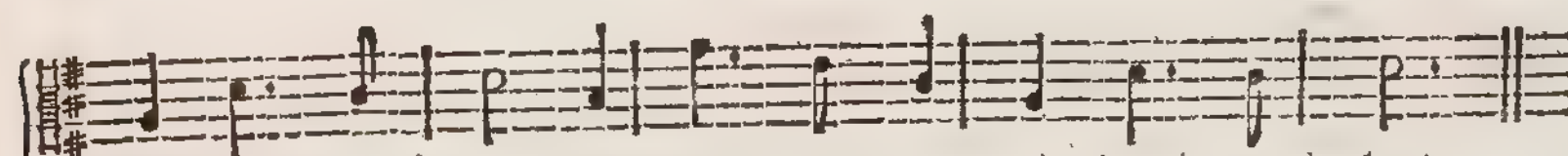
And I heard a voice saying, I heard a voice saying, what are these, what are



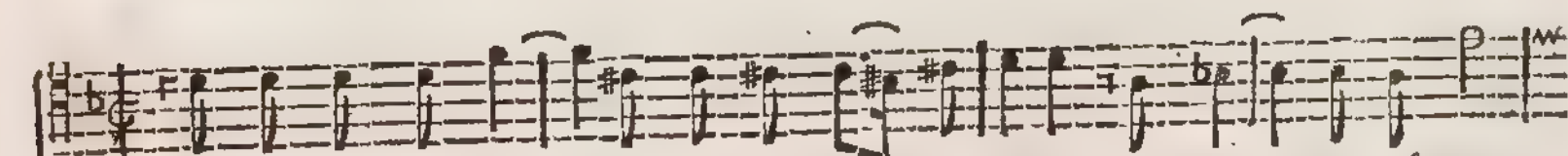
these, that are ar-ray-ed in white robes, and whence came they, and whence came




they; what are these, what are these, that are array'd with white robes, and whence came they,



and whence came they, and whence came they, and whence came they?



These are they which came out of great tri-bu-lation, which came out of great



tri-bu-la-tion, and have washed their robes, have wash-ed their

Robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; have washed their

Robes, and made them white in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the

Soft.

Lamb, in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

SOLO Bass.

Therefore are they, are they before the throne of God, and serve him

day and night in his Temple, and serve him day, and night,

serve him day and night, and night in his Temple.

And all the Angels, who stood round the throne, who

stood round the throne, round the throne, and the Elders with the four

Beasts fell down, down, down, fell down, down, fell down be-fore the

Fell down, down, be-fore the throne, fell down, down, down before the

Fell down, fell down before the throne, fell down, down, down be-fore the

throne, Fell down, down, down, before the throne, fell down, down, down before the

Throne, and worship-ed God.

Throne, and worship-ed God.

and wor-ship-ed God.

throne, and wor-ship-ed God, and wor-ship-ed God, say-ing,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, saying, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-
lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-
lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, say-ing, Hal-le-

lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. CHO.
lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. CHO.
lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

CHO. Cbo. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and thanksgiving, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and thanksgiving, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and thanksgiving, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and wifdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and wifdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and wifdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

bleffing, and glo—ry, and wifdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and

Verfe. Cbo. Verfe. Cbo.

Verse. Cho.

pow'r, for e-ver, and e-ver A—

Verse. Cho.

pow'r, for e-ver, and e-ver A—

Verse. Cho.

pow'r, for e-ver, and e-ver A—

Verse. Cho.

pow'r, and might, be un—to our God ;

Verse. Cho.

pow'r, and might, be un—to our God ;

Verse. Cho.

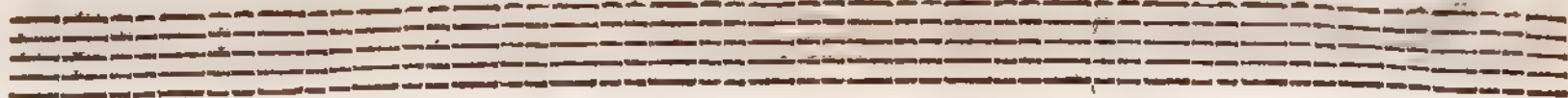
pow'r, and might, be un—to our God ;

Verse. Cho.

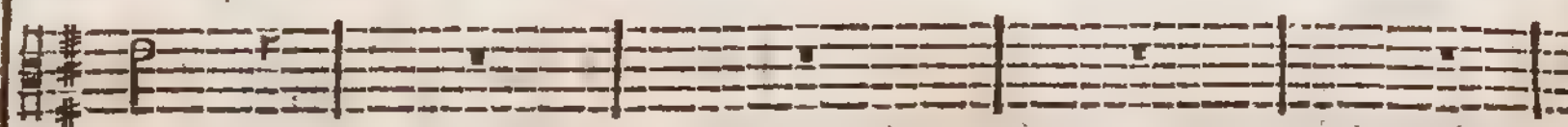
pow'r, and might be un—to our God ; for e-ver, and e-ver A—

Verse. Cho.

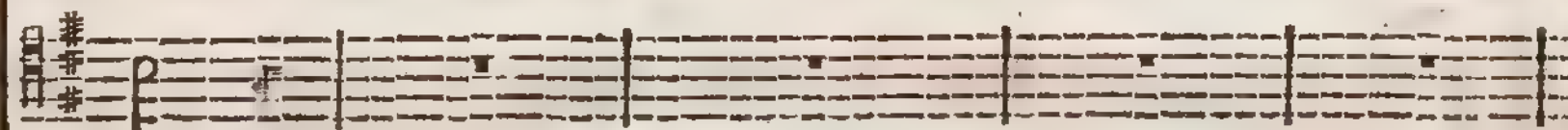
43#



—men.



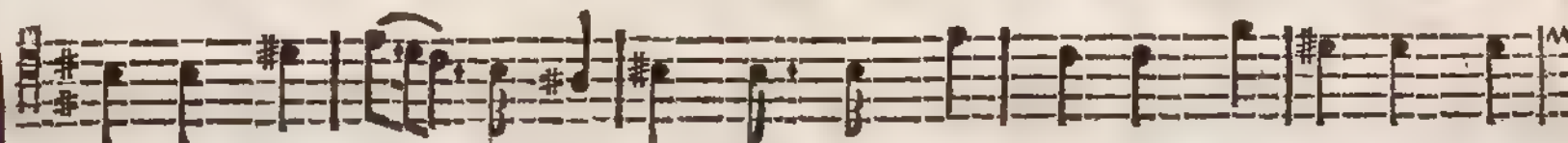
—men.



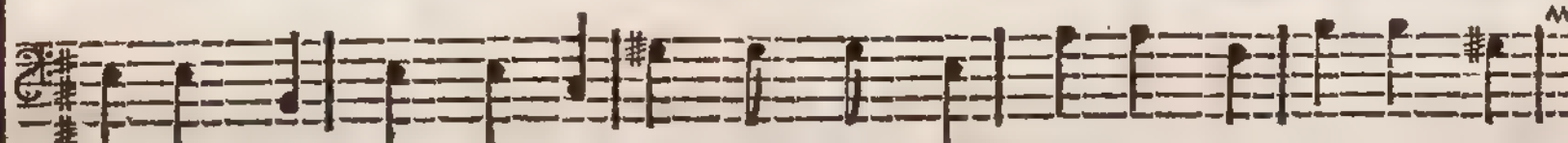
—men.



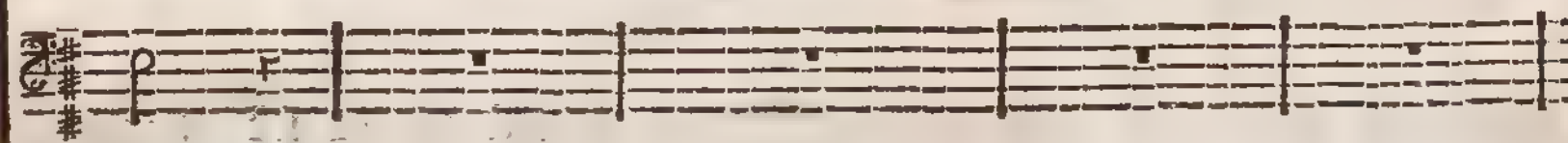
bleffing, and glo—ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and



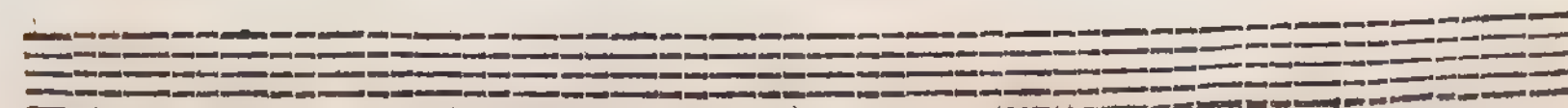
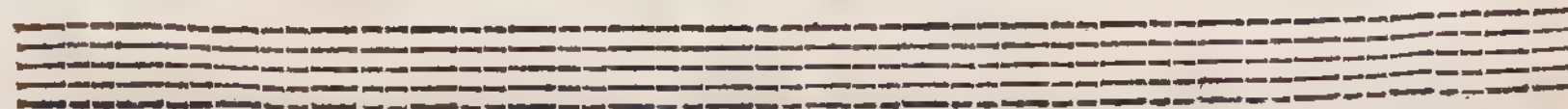
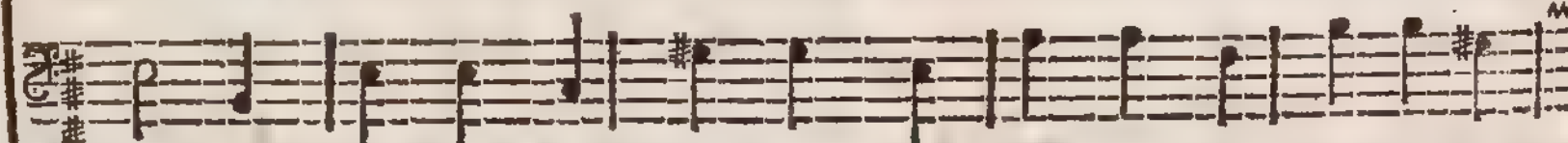
bleffing, and glo—ry, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and



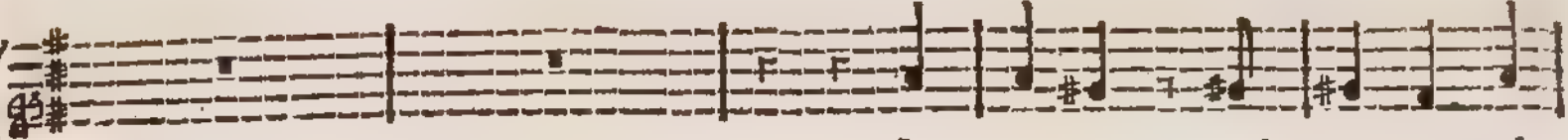
bleffing, and glo—ry, and wisdom, . and thanksgiving, and honour, and



—men.

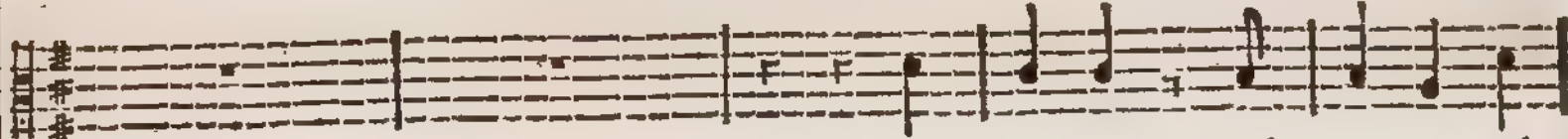


C H O.



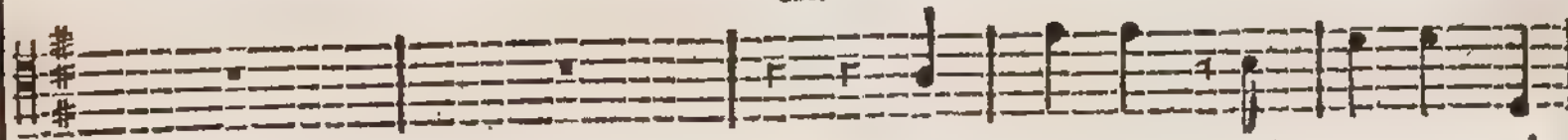
for ever, and ever, and

Cho.



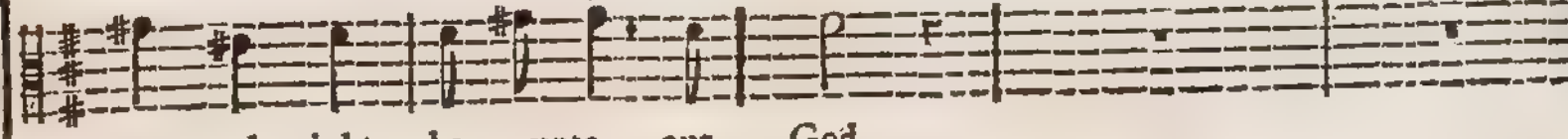
for ever, and e-ver, and

Cho.



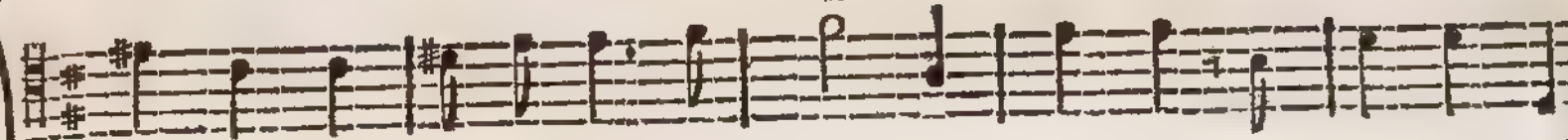
for ever, and ever, and

Cho.



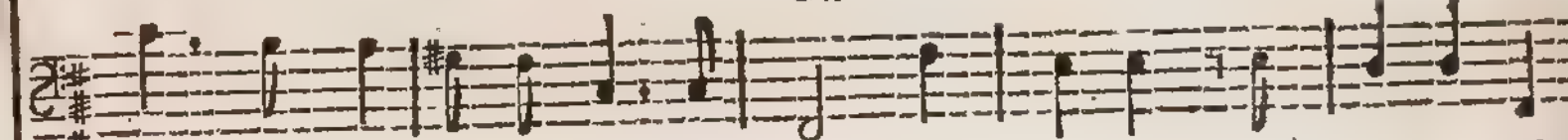
pow'r, and might be unto our God.

Cho.



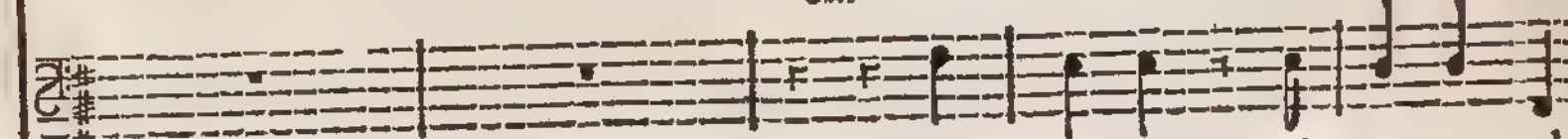
pow'r, and might be unto our God, for e-ver, and e-ver, and

Cho.



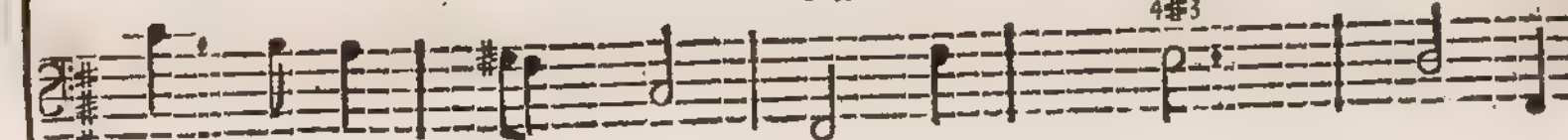
pow'r, and might be un-to our God, for e-ver, and e-ver, and

Cho.



for e-ver, and ever, and

Cho.



4#3

Verse. S.

e—ver, A—men.

Verse. S.

e—ver, A—men. Halle—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

Verse. S.

e—ver, A—men. Halle—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

Verse.

Verse. S.

e—ver, A—men.

Verse.

e—ver, A—men.

Verse. S.

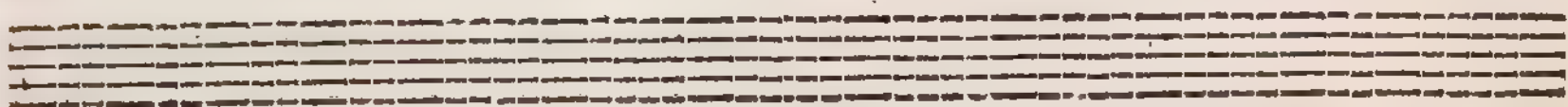
e—ver, A—men. Halle—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

Verse.

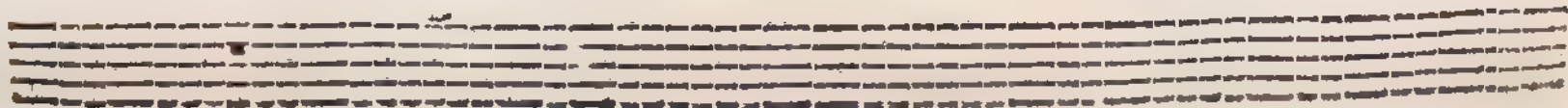
e—ver, A—men. Halle—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—

—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah. CHO.

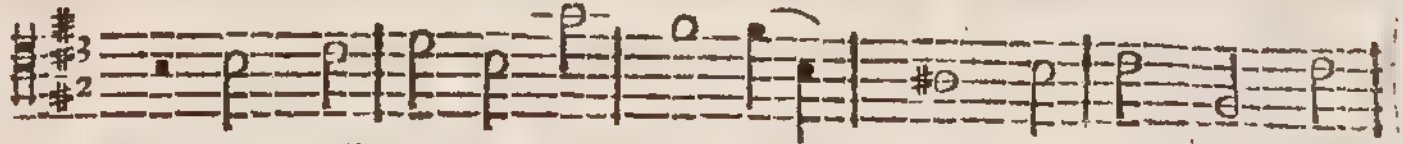
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,



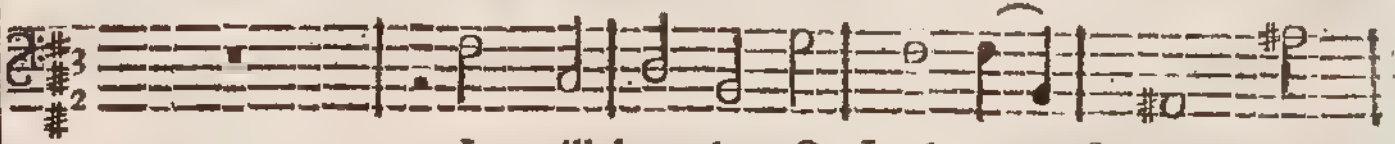
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.



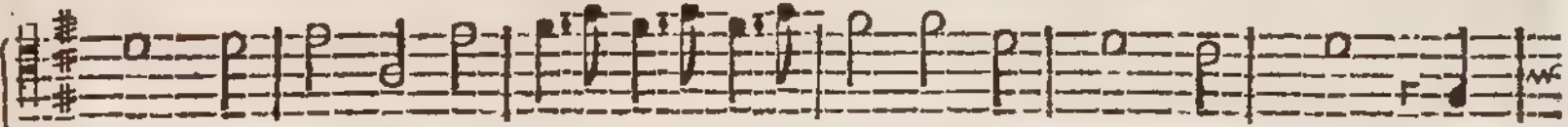
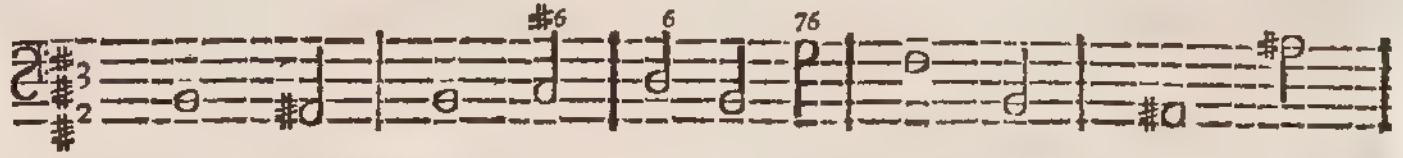
An ANTHEM Sett by Mr. Jer. Clark. Psal. 18. v. 1, &c.



will love thee, O Lord, my strength, will love thee O



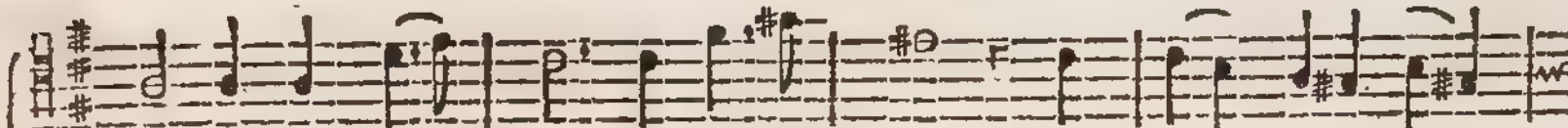
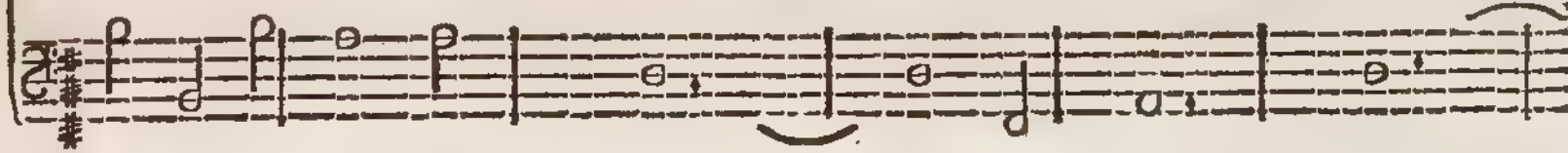
I will love thee, O Lord, my strength, will



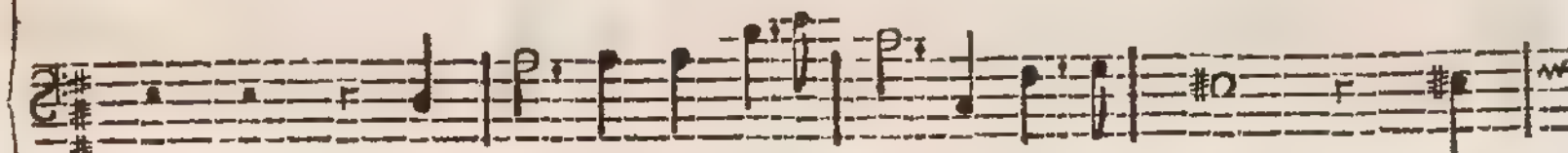
Lord, will love thee, will lo———ve thee, O Lord, my strength; the



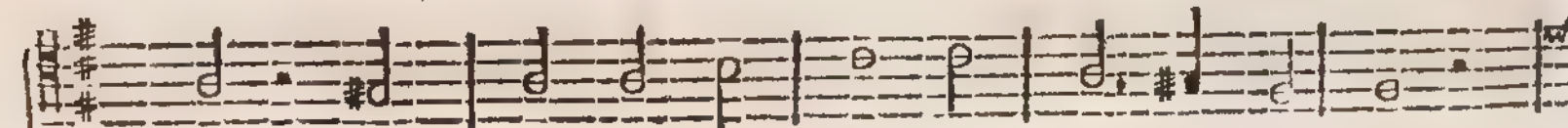
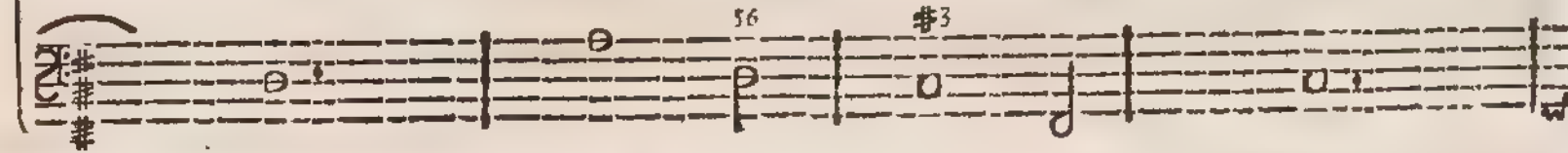
love thee, O Lord, will lo———ve thee, O Lord, my strength;



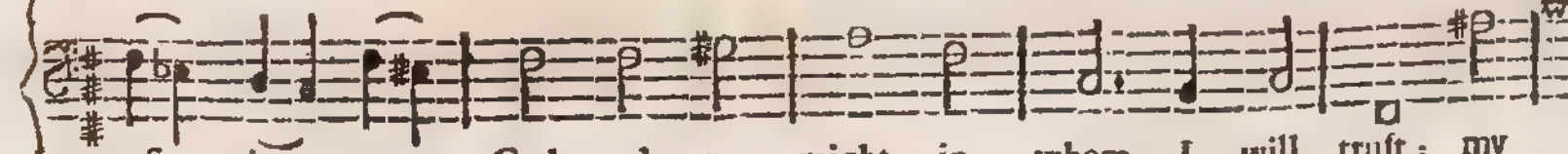
Lord is my strong rock, and my de—fence, my fa—viour, my



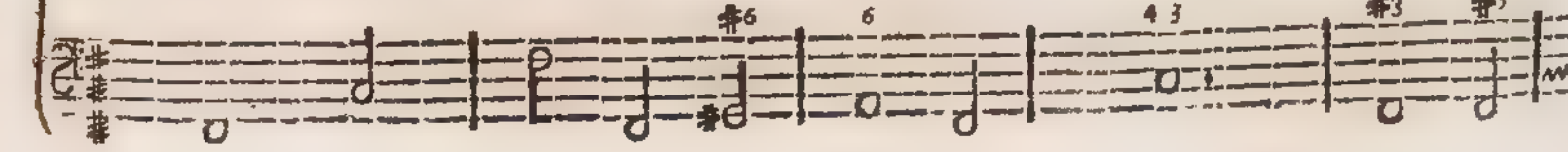
the Lord is my strong rock, and my de—fence, my



God, my God and my might, in whom I will trust;



fa—viour, my God and my might, in whom I will trust; my



the horn al-fo of my fal—va—tion, my buckler, the horn al-fo of my fal—

buckler, the horn al-fo of my fal—vation, the horn al-fo of my fal—

SOLO.

I will call up—on the Lord, I will

call up—on the Lord, which is worthy, which is worthy, wor—

thy to be prais'd; so shall I be safe, be safe from mine e—ne mies,

so shall I be safe, so shall I be safe, be sa—fe, be safe from mine enemies.

SOLO, For a Bass.

The for—rows of dea—

—th compas'd me, the for—rows of

dea—th compas'd me, and the over flowings of un—god—li—ness

made me a—fraid; the pains of

hell, the pains of hell came a—bout me, the sna—res of

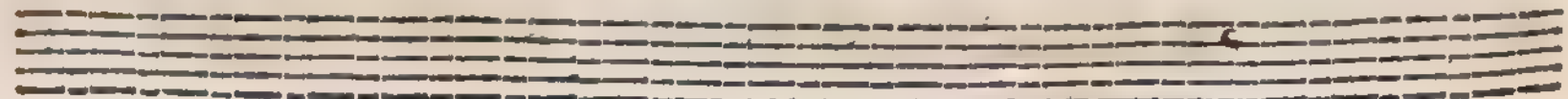
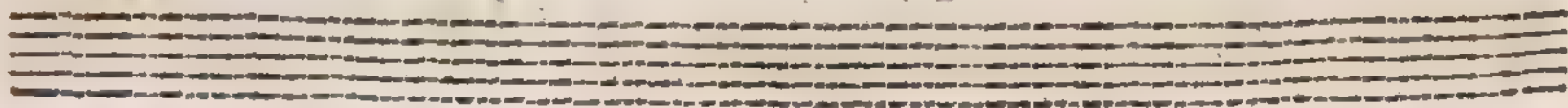
death o-ver took me; the pains of heil came a—

—bout me, the snares of death over—took me.

In my trouble I will call upon the Lord,

In my trou-ble I will call upon the Lord, and complain, com-plain un—

—to my God, and com-plain, complain un—to my God. Verse two Voc.



So shall he hear my voice, so shall he hear my voice out of his ho—ly

temple; and my com—plaint shall come, shall come, shall come be—fore him,

it shall en—ter ev'n in—to his ears.

CHORUS.

The earth trem—bl'd, and quak'd, the earth, trem—

The earth trem—bl'd, and quak'd, the earth trem—

The earth trem—bl'd and quak'd, the earth trem—

The earth trem—bl'd and quak'd, the earth trem—

b 7 # 3 b 7

—bl'd and quak'd;

—bl'd and quak'd; the very foundation of the hills shook, and were re—

—bl'd and quak'd; the very foundation of the hills shook—

—bl'd and quak'd; the very foundation of the

BOOK II.

Harmonia Sacra.

107

the very foundation of the hills shook, and were re—
 —mov'd, remov'd, were re—mov'd, remov'd; be—cause he was wrath, and
 —k, and were remov'd, remov'd, were re-mov'd, be—cause he was wrath, and
 hills shook and were re-mov'd, remov'd, be—cause he was wra—

7 6 b 3 4 3

—mov'd, remov'd be—cause he was wrath. Verse 2. Voc.
 were re—mov'd because he was wrath. Verse 2. Voc.
 were remov'd, be—cause he was wrath.
 —th, and were remov'd, be-cause he was wrath.

6 5 6

The

Lord al-fo thun — — — — — dred out of Heav'n, and the

The Lord al-fo thun — — — — — dred out of Heav'n,

highest gave his thunder, the highest gave his thun — — — — — der,

and the highest gave his thunder, the highest gave his thun-der,

hail stones and coals of fire :

hail stones and coals of fire :

The Lord al—so thun—dred out of

The Lord al—so thun—dred out of

Heav'n, and the Highest gave his thunder, the Highest gave his thunder, hail-stones and

Heav'n, and the Highest gave his thunder, gave his thunder, hail-stones and

RITTO.

coals of fire.

coals of fire.

SLOW.

He shall send down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me

He shall send down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me

out of ma—ny waters, be—cause I have kept the ways of the Lord, and

out of ma—ny waters, be—cause I have kept the ways of the Lord, and

have not for-faken, and have not for-faken, for-fa-ken my God.

have not for-faken, and have not for-faken, for-fa-ken my God.

CHORUS.

He shall fend down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me out of

He shall fend down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me out of

He shall fend down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me out of

He shall fend down from on high to fetch me, and shall take me out of

ma—ny wa—ters, be—cause I have kept the ways of the Lord, and

ma—ny wa—ters, be—cause I have kept the ways of the Lord, and

ma—ny wa—ters, be—cause I have kept the ways of the Lord, and

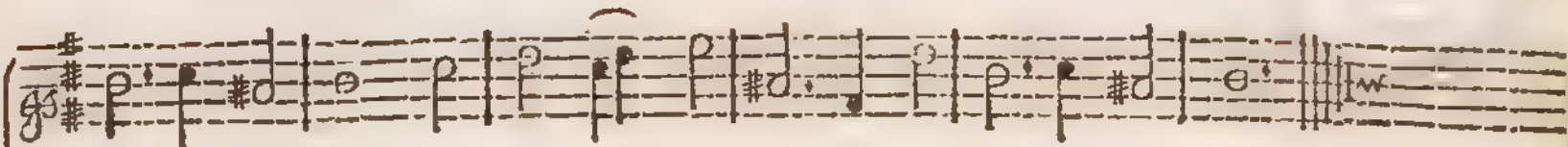
ma—ny wa—ters, be—cause I have kept the ways of the Lord, and

have not for—sa—ken, for—faken my God, and have not for—sa—ken, for—

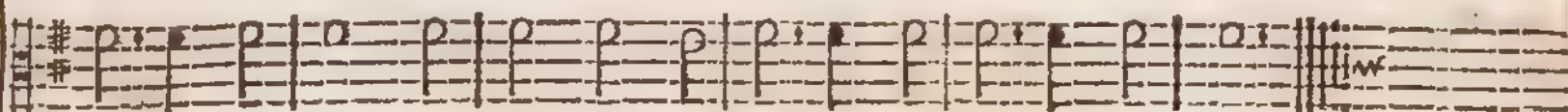
have not for—sa—ken, for—faken my God, and have not for—sa—ken, for—

have not for—sa—ken, for—faken my God, and have not for—sa—ken, for—

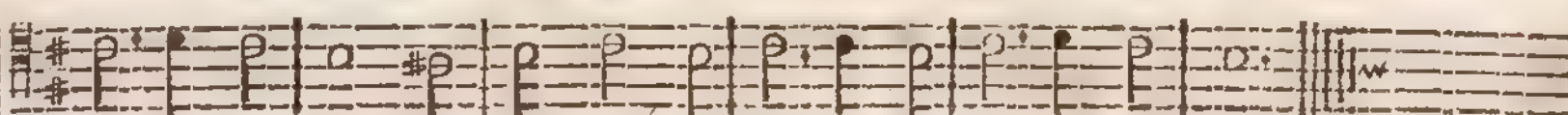
have not for—sa—ken, for—faken my God, and have not for—sa—ken, for—



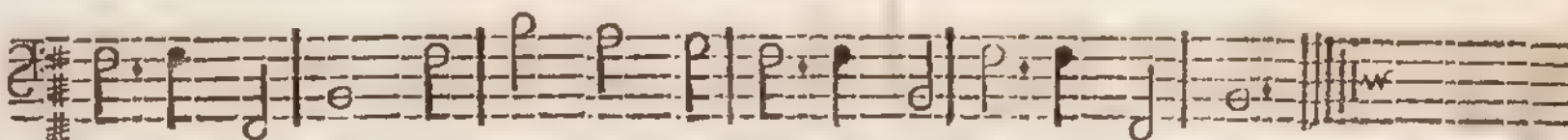
—fa--ken my God; and have not for--fa--ken, for--fa--ken my God.



—fa--ken my God, and have not for--fa--ken, for--fa--ken my God.



—fa--ken my God, and have not for--fa--ken, for--fa--ken my God.



—fa--ken my God, and have not for--fa--ken, for--fa--ken my God.



F I N I S.







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